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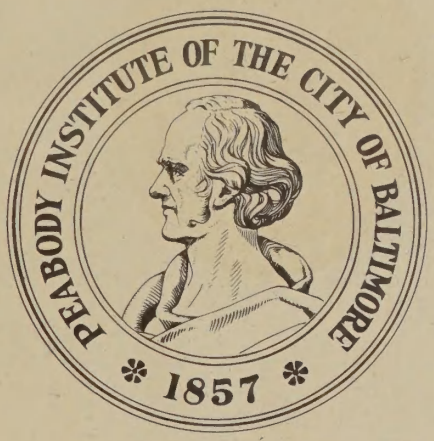
SONGS

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Long Russell Rump

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The Puritan.
Covenanter.
An Exact
COLLECTION
of y^e Choicest Poems
& Songs, Relating to
the late times, & Con-
tinued by the most
Eminent Wits, from
A. 1639. to 1661.

RUMP:

OR AN

EXACT COLLECTION

Of the Choycest

POEMS

AND

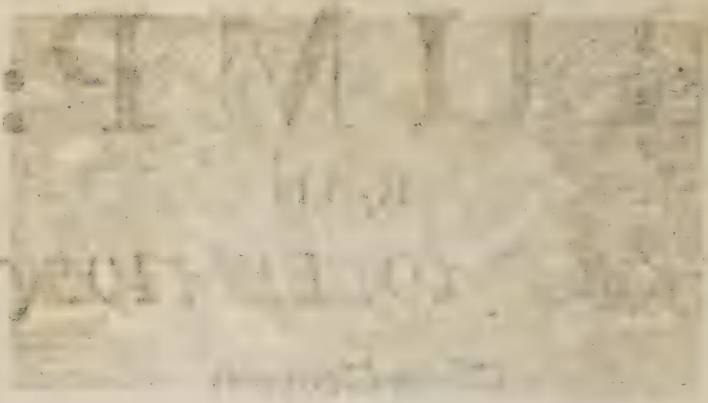
SONGS

RELATING TO THE

Late Times.

By the most Eminent Wits, from *Anno* 1639. to *Anno* 1661.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Brome* at the *Gun* in *Ivy-lane*, and *Henry Marsh* at the *Princes Armes* in *Chancery-lane*. 1662.





TO THE READER.

THOU haſt here a Bundle of Rodds; not like thoſe of the Roman Conſulls, for theſe are ſignes of a No-Government. If thou read theſe Ballads (and not ſing them) the poor Ballads are undone. They came not hither all from one Author; (thou wilt ſoon perceive the ſame hand held not the Pen) yet none but ſhew either Wit or Affection (and that's better) or Both, which is beſt of all. The truth is, this Rump, and indeed the

whole Carcase was so odious and bloody a Monster, that every man has a stone or rotten Egge to cast at it. Now if you ask who nam'd it Rump, *know 'twas so stil'd in an honest Sheet of Paper (call'd* The Bloody Rump) *written before the Tryal of our late Soveraign of Glorious Memory: but the Word* obtain'd *not universal notice till it flew from the mouth of Major General* Brown *at a Publick Assembly in the daies of* Richard Cromwell. *You have many Songs here, which were never before in Print: We need not tell you whose they are; but we have not subjoyned any Authors Names; heretofore it was unsafe, and now the Gentlemen conceive it not so proper. 'Tis hoped they did His Majesty some Service, 'twas for that end they were scribbled. Now (thanks be to God) we have liv'd to that day, that there is no* Cavalier, *because there is nothing else, and 'tis wondrous happy to see how many are his Majesties Faithfull Sub-*

jects

jects, who were ready to hang the Authors *of these* Ballads. *But he that does not blot out all that's past, and frankly embrace their New Allegiance, or remembers ought but what shall preserve Universal Peace and Charity, let him be* Anathema; *For he were a strange man that should now be unsatisfied, when those that writ against the* King *do now write for Him, and those who wrote for Him, need now write no more. Let Heaven now continue these Blessings on His Majesty, that no one Enemy live unreconciled, nor any false Friend be undiscovered, that so there be no strife, but who shall shew most Duty to so Excellent a* KING.

Farewell.

The Stationers to the Reader.

Gentlemen,

YOu are invited here to a Feast, and if Variety cloy you not, we are satisfied. It has been our Care to please you; and it is our Hope you will retribute an Acknowledgement. These are select Things, a work of Time, which for your sake we Publish, assuring you that your Welcome will Crown the Entertainment.

Farewell.

Yours,

H. B. H. M.

RUMP-SONGS.

The First Part.

The ZEALOUS PURITAN. 1639.

MY Brethren all attend,
And list to my relation:
This is the day, mark what I say,
Tends to your renovation;
Stay not among the Wicked,
Lest that with them you perish,
But let us to *New-England* go,
And the Pagan People cherish;
Then for the truths sake come along, come along,
Leave this place of Superstition:
Were it not for we, that the Brethren be,
You would sink into Perdition.

There you may teach our hymns,
Without the Laws controulment:
We need not fear, the Bishops there,
Nor Spiritual-Courts inroulment;

Nay, the Surplice ſhall not fright us,
Nor ſuperſtitious blindneſs;
Nor ſcandals riſe, when we diſguiſe,
And our Siſters kiſs in kindneſs;
Then for the truths ſake, &c.

For Company I fear not,
There goes my Coſin *Hannah*,
And *Ruben*, ſo perſwades to go
My Coſin *Joyce*, *Suſanna*.
With *Abigal* and *Faith*,
And *Ruth*, no doubt, comes after;
And *Sarah* kind, will not ſtay behind,
My Coſin *Conſtance* Daughter;
Then for the truth, &c.

Tom Tyler is prepared,
And th' Smith as black as a coal;
Ralph Cobler too with us will go,
For he regards his ſoul;
The Weaver, honeſt *Simon*,
With *Prudence*, *Jacobs* Daughter,
And *Sarah*, ſhe, and *Barbary*
Profeſſeth to come after;
Then for the truth, &c.

When we, that are elected,
Arrive in that fair Country,
Even by our faith, as the Brethren ſaith,
We will not fear our entry;
The Pſalms ſhall be our Muſick,
Our time ſpent in expounding,
Which in our zeal we will reveal
To the Brethrens joy abounding;
Then for the truths ſake, &c.

Pyms

Pyms *Junćto.* 1640.

TRuth I could chide you Friends, why, how so late?
My Watch ſpeaks Eight and not one pin o'th State
This day undone, can ſuch remiſneſſe fit
Your Active ſpirits, or my more Helliſh wit?
The Sun each ſtep he mounts to Heavens Crown,
Whilſt *Pym* commands, ſhould ſee a Kingdome down;
Y'ave ſpurs enough I'me ſure to make you run,
HOPES guilty, FORTUNES crackt, and th' ILLS y'ave done.
Thus Whilome ſeated was Great *James* his Heir,
Juſt, as you ſee me now, ith' Kingdoms Chair:
There the Great Seal, there *Richmond*, *Hertford* ſate,
There *Marſhall*, *Dorſet*, *Briſtoll*'s temperate pate,
But there ſate *Pembroke*, life of Loyalty,
There *Holland*, flower of Fidelity.
We are no leſſe then *Charles* in power and ſtate,
You are our Junctoes, who were his of late;
Here ſits *K* —— Holy *Say*, and *Seal*,
With *Wharton*, *Warwick*, *Brookes* inſpired zeal:
Stroud, *Hampden*, H—— *Haſlerigge*, bold ſpirits,
Bold *Martin*, *Ludlow*, *Vain*, unmatched wights,
But their Church-Elder, *Whites* Religious beard,
There ſits Abomination Statiſts: *Perd:*
Charles wear at *York* thy Crown that pretty thing
We muſt moſt humbly be at *London* King.
But what's the buſineſſe of the Houſe this day,
How ſpeaks my note, Commiſſioners of Array,

The nineteen Propoſitions to be ſcand
A ſecond time, *M*—— Train-band,
Letters from *Triſtram Whitcombe*, and from *Hull*,
From *Amſterdam*, the Admirall; how full
Of high concernments are we Sirs, adviſe
How we moſt warily may weigh our priſe:
I do conceive it muſt be our firſt play,
Be't right or wrong, by Vote to damn th' Array,
If ever that take footing and advance,
Farewell Militia, and our Ordinance,
But what will the appearance be? yet ſtay,
Who dares our leading Votes and Wills gainſay?
Should any haughty ſpirit preſume ſo far,
What ſerves the Tower for then, or the Bar?
But if we fear the buſineſſe will not bend
As may be moſt conducing to our end:
By ſome feignd wile it muſt be our next Plot
To put it off, and a new time alot,
And juſt Jumpe for our turn: theſe Letters ſhall
From *Whitcombe*, *Hotham*, or our Admirall,
(Though forg'd untruths) be interpos'd and read,
To ſpend the time, and maze the Peoples head;
If the next day we yet ſuſpect to find
Such whoſe juſt Conſcience cannot be inclin'd
To be made Vaſſals to our deſperate ſence,
'Tis eaſie to procure a Conferrence,
Which ſhall out-ſpin the leiſure of the morn,
Then we'le reſume the Houſe, and ſo adjourn
Till five at night, the moderate wearied thus,
Will quit their ſeats and leave us, none but us;
There's Preſident for this, this was the feat
That pluckt the Biſhops from the Barons ſeat,
This wrought good Orders, manag'd many a Vote,
This Art muſt my Diſciples learn by Rote.

But

But if the Accommodation chance to ſpring
Into debate, then your Artillery bring,
And lay that flat, that cold: my Genius ſtarts
With fear to find ith' Houſe two Loyal hearts;
Seem though we muſt teeth outwards to comply,
And humbly kiſſe the feet of Majeſty,
Yet live we cannot, but obedience dead,
Nor ſtand elſewhere but on the Kingdoms head;
Calmes proper are for guiltleſſe ſons of Peace,
Our Veſſels bear out beſt in ſtorming Seas;
Charles muſt not reign ſecure whilſt reigns a *Pym*,
The Sun if it riſe with us muſt ſet with him;
You have one pleaſure which muſt be expreſt
To *Leiceſter*, *Pembroke*, *St* —— and your reſt,
Bid *Eſſex*, *Percy*, and your Quondam Grom
O'th ſtool, to wait us in the Princes Room:
Some of you ſubtilly may in *Cottons* walk,
Sit and allure Affections by your talk,
'Twill be a work worthy your nimble wit,
To gain the Devil and us a Proſelyte.
So, to your buſineſſe, yet ere you be gone
Take my advice, then bleſſing light upon
Your nimble Votes, and firſt be ſure you ſhroud
Your dark deſigns in a Religious Cloud,
Gods Glory, Churches Good, Kings head Supreme,
A Preaching Miniſter muſt be your Theame;
Next ſtructure of your *Babel* to be built,
Muſt ſpecioufly be varniſht o're, and gilt
With Liberty, Propriety of lives
And fortunes, 'gainſt th' high ſtretcht Prerogatives;
And then a Speech or two moſt neatly ſpent,
For Rights and Privilege of Parliament;
Theſe two well mixt, you'le need no other lures
To gain the People, and to make them yours.

If *Charles* displeased, with some witty, tart
Message (and justly too) shall make you start,
Saying ye have put him to his Guard, be sure
Ye then be loud enough, and first cry Whore,
War rais'd against the Parliament, a great
Hinderance of the *Irish* Ayde, and strong Abet
Unto the Rebels : then if any thing
You have may blast the Honour of the King,
Be it bad enough, no matter from what hand,
Wee'l Vote it true, and then to believe command;
But on your memories if I impose no more,
You cannot misse your way when I'me before :
Rise *Synna*, *Sylla*, *Marius*, *Gracchus* Ghost,
With the rest of the whole Mechanick Host,
Romes greatest Earth-quakes, and this little trunck
Make with your desperate Spirits deeply drunk,
Up from your drousie urnes, the Ghost of those
My Ancestors that *Richard* did depose,
Drop flesh into my breast, my soul inspire,
And strongly actuate me with your fire,
That theirs thus mixt with my Malitious Gall,
Mine may with theirs fully possesse you all.
Go and exceed their Villanies as much more
As theirs did all attempts that was before;
Act past example, that it may be known
You copied no example but your own.
And if in after times, when silently
We sleep, another firebrand chance to be,
'Twill be chief Crown and Glory unto him,
To say he playd his Prancks like you and *Pym*.

Upon

Upon Mr. Pyms *Picture.*

READER, behold the Counterfeit of him
Who now controuls the Land; *Almighty* (*Pym*!
A man whom even the Devil to fear begins,
And dares not truſt him with ſucceſleſs ſins;
A man who now is wading through the Floud
Of Reverend *Lauds*, and Noble *Straffords* Bloud,
To ſtrike ſo high as to put Biſhops down,
And in the *Miter* to controul the *Crown*;
The Wretch hath mighty thoughts, and enter- (tains
Some Glorious Miſchief in his Active Brains,
Where now he's plotting to make *England* ſuch
As may out-vye the villany of the *Dutch*;
He dares not go to Heaven, 'cauſe he doth fear
To meet (and not pull down) the Biſhops there:
Is it not ſtrange, that in that Shuttle-head
Three Kingdoms ruines ſhould be buried?
Is it not ſtrange there ſhould be hatch't a Plot
Which ſhould out-doe the Treaſon of the *Scot*,
And even the Malice of a *Puritan*?
Reader behold, and hate the poyſonous man;
The Picture's like him; yet 'tis very fit
He adde one likeneſs more, that's hang like it.

A Song.

To the Tune of *Blue Cappe for me.*

LEt *Scots* now return at *Lesleys* demand,
How all the Affairs in the North-part do ſtand,
And tell him the Parliament is fully agreed
To ſend him good ſtore of Mony with ſpeed,
To ſerve their occaſions: thus ſay, they ſhall find
For to come to paſſe, when the Devil is blind.

Let all their Brethren be new circumcis'd,
And *Burton* and —— for Saints canonis'd,
And at the Sacrament ſit for their eaſe,
And pray unto God, even juſt when they pleaſe,
The *Scots* in deſpite ſhall pleaſe their own mind,
And do what they pleaſe, when the Devil is blind.

Next they will have in each City and Town
All painted Glaſſe-windows to be pull'd down;
One Bell in a Church to call them away,
It's enough when the Spirit doth move them to pray,
Without any Surplice or Tippet behind
The Prieſt ſhall ſay Service, when the Devil is blind.

Laſtly, the Parliament in any caſe
Will down with all Organs, for Piping is baſe;

No

No cringing below the Altar ſhall be,
For that is a Trick of Idolatry:
Now tell me good *Scots*, are not *Engliſh-men*
(kind,
But when this comes to paſſe, ſay the Devil is
(blind.

Mr. Hampdens *Speech againſt* Peace *at the cloſe Committee.*

To the Tune of *I went from England.*

BUt will you now to Peace incline,
And languiſh in the Main deſign,
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not Monarchy deſtroy,
But only as the way to enjoy
The ruine of the Church.

Is not the Biſhops Bill deny'd,
And we ſtill threatned to be try'd?
You ſee the King embraces
Thoſe Councellours he approv'd before:
Nor doth he promiſe, which is more,
That we ſhall have their Places.

Did I for this bring in the *Scot*,
(For 'tis no Secret new) the Plot
Was *Sayes* and mine together:
Did I for this return again,
And ſpend a Winter there in vain,
I went more to invite them hither.

Though

Though more our Mony than our Cauſe
Their Brotherly aſſiſtance draws,
My labour was not loſt.
At my Return I brought you thence
Neceſſity, their ſtrong Pretence,
And theſe ſhall quit the Coſt.

Did I for this my County bring
To help their Knight againſt their King,
And raiſe the firſt Sedition ?
Though I the Buſineſs did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole Deſign,
And ſent them their Petition.

So many nights ſpent in the City
In that inviſible Committee;
The Wheele that governs all;
From thence the Change in Church and State,
And all the Miſchiefs bear the date
From *Haberdaſhers* Hall.

Did we force *Ireland* to deſpair,
Upon the King to caſt the War,
To make the World abhor him :
Becauſe the Rebells us'd his Name,
Though we our ſelves can do the ſame,
While both alike were for him.

Then the ſame Fire we kindled here
With that, was given to quench it there,
And wiſely loſt that Nation :
To do as crafty Beggars uſe,
To maim themſelves thereby to abuſe
The ſimple mans compaſſion.

Have

Have I ſo often paſt between
Windſor and *Weſtminſter* unſeen,
And did my ſelf divide:
To keep his Excellence in awe,
And give the Parliament the Law,
For they knew none beſide.

Did I for theſe take pains to teach
Our zealous Ignorants to preach,
And did their Lungs inſpire,
Read them their Text, ſhew'd them their Parts,
And taught them all their little Arts,
To fling abroad the Fire.

Sometimes to begg, ſometimes to threaten,
And ſay the Cavaliers are beaten,
And ſtroke the Peoples ears;
Then ſtreight when Victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raiſe the price of Fears.

And now the Book, and now the Bells,
And now the Act the Preachers tells
To edifie the People;
All our Divinity is News,
And we have made of equal uſe
The Pulpit and the Steeple.

And ſhall we kindle all this Flame,
Onely to put it out again,
And muſt we now give o're,
And only end where we begun
In vain this Miſchief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in Peace can have their right,
Where's the Neceſſity to fight,
That breaks both Law, the Oath;
They'le ſay they fight not for the Cauſe,
Nor to defend the King and Laws,
But as againſt them both.

Either the Cauſe at firſt was ill,
Or being good it was ſo ſtill;
And thence they will infer,
That either now, or at the firſt
They were deceiv'd; or which is worſe,
That we our ſelves may erre.

But Plague and Famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go aſunder:
But while the wicked ſtarve, indeed
The Saints have ready at their need
Gods Providence and Plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And Gallant Villains if we fail,
When to our fame 'tis told;
It will not be our laſt of prayſe,
Sin' a New State we could not raiſe
To have deſtroy'd the old.

Then let us ſtay and fight, and vote
Till *London* is not worth a Groat;
Oh 'tis a patient Beaſt:
When we have gall'd and tyr'd the Mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We'le have the Spoyle at leaſt.

A Song.

To the Tune of *The Queens old Souldier.*

TO make *Charles* a great King, and give him no (Power,
To Honour him much, and not obey him an (Hower;
To provide for his Safety, and take away his (Tower,
And to prove all is ſweet, be it never ſo ſower.
The new Order of the Land, & the Lands new Order.

To ſecure men their Lives, Liberties and Eſtates
By arbitrary Power, as it pleaſeth the Fates
To take away Taxes, by impoſing great Rates,
And to make us a Playſter by breaking our Pates.
The new Order of the Land, & the Lands new Order.

To ſit and conſult for ever and a day,
To counterfeit Treaſon by a Parliamentary way,
To quiet the Land by a tumultuous ſway,
New Plots to deviſe, then them to betray.
The new Order, &c.

To leave all Votes free by uſing of Force.
That one make Petitions for Counties by courſe,
To make *Pym* as great as his Mothers great Horſe,
Which *William* left *Agnus*, though his meaning was (worſe.
The new Order, &c.

To encourage good Souldiers by caſhiering the (Band,
To hearten brave Spirits by expelling the Land,
To

To quit *Digby* and *Deering*, whom they can't un-
(derſtand
To frame not new Laws, but new Words, if well
(ſcan'd.

The new Order, &c.

To put by brave Doctors, becauſe th'are not
(taught,
To ſet for Preachers men, very well wrought,
Who all the day fiſh, but nothing ere caught;
This, Bretheren, were good, if not very naught.
The new Order, &c.

To ſend them their Zealots to Heaven in a ſtring,
Who elſe to Confuſion Religion will bring,
Who ſay the Lords Prayer is a Popiſh thing,
Who pray for themſelves, but leave out their
(King.
The new Order of the Land, and the Lands new Order.

A Song.

To the Tune of *Cuckolds all a-row.*

KNow this my Brethren Heaven is clear,
And all the clowds are gone,
The righteous men ſhall flouriſh now
Good dayes are comming on;
Come then my Brethren and be glad,
And eke rejoyce with me,
Lawn ſleeves and Rochets ſhall go down,
And hey then up go we.

Wee'le

Wee'l break the Windows which the Whore
Of *Babylon* hath painted,
And when the Popiſh Saints are down,
Then *Burges* ſhall be Sainted;
There's neither Croſſe nor Crucifix
ſhall ſtand for men to ſee,
Romes traſh and trumpery ſhall go down,
And hey then up go we.

What ere the Popiſh hands have built,
Our Hammers ſhall undoe,
Wee'l break their Pipes, and burn their Copes,
And pull down *Churches* too:
Wee'l exerciſe within the Groves,
And teach beneath a Tree,
Wee'l make a *Pulpit* of a *Cask*,
And hey then up go we.

Wee'l down with all the *Verſities*,
Where Learning is profeſt,
Becauſe they practice and maintain
The language of the Beaſt;
Wee'l drive the *Doctors* out of doors,
And parts what ere they be;
Wee'l cry all *Arts* and *Learning* down
And hey then up go we.

Wee'l down with *Deans* and *Prebends* too,
And I rejoyce to tell ye
How that we will eat *Pigs* our fill,
And *Capon* by the belly;
Wee'l burn the *Fathers* Learned Books,
And make the School-men flee;
Wee'l down with all that ſmells of wit,
And hey then up go we.

If

If once the *Antichriſtian* crew
Be cruſh'd and overthrown,
Wee'l teach the Nobles how to ſtoop,
And keep the Gentry down:
Good manners have an ill report,
And turns to pride we ſee,
Wee'l therefore cry good manners down,
And hey then up go we.

The name of *Lords* ſhall be abhorr'd,
for every man's a Brother,
No reaſon why in *Church* and *State*
One man ſhould rule another.
But when the Change of Government
Shall ſet our fingers free,
Wee'l make the wanton *Siſters* ſtoop,
And hey then up go we.

What though the *King* and *Parliament*
Do not accord together,
We have more cauſe to be content,
This is our Sun-ſhine weather;
For if that reaſon ſhould take place,
And they ſhould once agree,
Who would be in a *Round-heads* caſe?
And hey then up go we.

What ſhould we do then in this caſe,
Let's put it to a venture,
If that we hold out ſeven years ſpace,
Wee'l ſue out our Indenture.
A time may come to make us rue,
And time may ſet us free,
Except the *Gallows* claim his due,
And hey then up go we.

The Humble Petition of the House of Commons.

IF *Charles* thou wilt but be so kind
To give us leave to take our mind,
Of all thy store.
When we thy Loyal Subjects, find
Th'ast nothing left to give behind,
Wee'l ask no more.

First, for Religion, it is meet
We make it go upon new feet,
'Twas lame before:
One from *Geneva* would be sweet,
Let *Warwick* fetch't home with his Fleet,
Wee'll ask no more.

Let us a Consultation call
Of Honest men, but Round-heads all,
God knows wherefore;
Allow them but a place to baul
'Gainst Bishops Courts Canonical,
Wee'll ask no more.

Let him be hang'd a Surplice wears,
And Tippet on his shoulders bears,
Raggs of the Whore;
Secure us from our needlesse fears,
Let —— and *Burton* have their ears,
Wee'll ask no more.

Reform each Univerſity,
And in them let no Learning be,
A great Eye-ſore;
From hence make *Romes Arminians* flee,
That none may have free-will but wee,
Wee'll ask no more.

Leſt the Elect ſhould go aſtray,
Let Coblers teach you the right way
To Heavens door;
And leſt their ſoles ſhould wear away,
Let them their Siſters underlay,
Wee'll ask no more.

Next from the Biſhops Hierarchy,
Oh the word ſounds but ſcurvily,
Let's hear't no more;
It ne're was taught the Apoſtles by,
Lay-Elders may the place ſupply,
Wee'll ask no more.

Next, for the State, we think it fit
That Mr. *Pym* ſhould govern it,
He's very poor:
The money that's for *Ireland* writ,
Faith let them have the Devil a bit,
Wee'll ask no more.

For ordering the Militia,
Let us ordain a new new way,
Ne're heard before;
Let the Great Council bear the ſway,
If you will give us leave you may,
Wee'll ask no more;

In

In this we will not be deny'd,
Becauſe in you wee'll not confide,
We know wherefore
The Citizens their Plate provide,
Do you but ſend in yours beſide,
Wee'll ask no more.

Now if that you'll make *Hull* your own,
There's one thing more we muſt ſet down,
Forgot before;
Sir *John* ſhall then give up the Town,
If you will but reſign your Crown,
Wee'll ask no more.

The Anſwer to the Petition, &c.

I *Charles* the King will be ſo kind,
To give you leave to take your mind,
Of all my ſtore,
When I you Loyal Subjects find,
And you thoſe Members have reſign'd,
I askt before.

And when Religion's all your cares,
Or *London* have ſuch heed of theirs,
They had before:
When *Warwick* from *Geneva* dares,
Now Printed, bring the Common-Prayers,
And read them o're.

When all your Conſultations tend,
To pay what you have made men lend,
None knows wherefore;
When you no more ſhall ſay you'll ſend,
And bring me fairly to mine end,
You'll ask no more.

When your Smectymnuus Surplice wears,
Or Tippet on his ſhoulders bears,
Raggs of the Whore;
When *Burton*, —— and *Baſtwick* dares,
With your good leaves, but ſhew their Eares,
They'll ask no more.

When what I borrowed I ſhall ſee,
Y'have paid each Univerſitie,
Of th' City ſtore:
And Doctors, Chaplains, Fellows, be
Free-willers of pluralitie,
They'll ask no more.

When the elect ſhall make ſuch haſt,
By th' Brethren to be embrac't
In Tubs on floore;
When Coblers they ſhall preach their laſt
At Conventicles on a Faſt,
They'll ask no more.

When Biſhops all the Houſe adorns,
And Round-heads for their abſence mourns,
A great Eye-ſore;
When ev'ry Citizen leſſe ſcorns
Lord *Wentworth*'s head, then *Eſſex* horns,
You'll ask no more.

When

When you no more ſhall dare hereafter,
A needleſſe thing which gains much laughter,
Granted before;
When *Pym* is ſent to *Ireland* ſlaughter,
And ne're more hopes to marry my Daughter,
You' ll ask no more.

When you have found a clearer way
For ordering the Militia,
Then heard before;
When *Atkins* on the Training day,
Sha'nt dare his Office to bewray,
Hee'll ask no more.

When naught to me ſhall be deny'd,
And you ſhall all in me confide,
Good cauſe therefore;
When *Denmark* ſhall for me provide,
And now Lord *Digby*'s on my ſide,
Ask me no more.

Laſt when I ſhall make *Hull* my own,
This one thing more I muſt ſet down,
Forgot before,
When I have got into the Town,
I'le make ten more beſides that Clown,
Kneele and implore.

To the five Principal Members of the Honourable House of Commons.

The Humble Petition of the POETS.

AFter so many Concurring Petitions
From all Ages and Sexes, and all conditions,
We come in the Rear to present our Follies
To *Pym*, *Stroude*, *Haslerig*, *Hampden* and ——
And we hope for our labour we shall not be shent,
For this comes from *Christendom*, & not from *Kent*;
Though set form of *Prayers* be an *Abomination*,
Set forms of *Petitions* find great Approbation:
Therfore, as others from th' bottom of their souls,
So wee from the depth and bottom of our *Bowles*,
According unto the blessed form taught us,
We thank you first for the *Ills* you have brought us,
For the *Good* we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the Confidence only to crave it.
Next in course, we Complain of the great *violation*
Of *Privilege* (like the rest of our Nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken
Which never had being, untill they were broken:
But ours is a *Privilege* Antient and Native,
Hangs not on *Ordinance*, or power *Legislative*.
And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please
Without fear of a *Prison*, or *Pursuivants* fees.
Next, that we only may *lye* by Authority,
But in that also you have got the Priority.
Next, an old Custom, our Fathers did name it
Poetical license, and alwayes did claim it.

By

By this we have power to change Age in Youth,
Turn *Non-ſence* into Sence, and Falſhood to Truth;
In brief, to make good whatſoever is faulty,
This art ſome *Poet*, or the *Devil* has taught ye;
And this our Property you have invaded,
And a *Privilege* of both Houſes have made it:
But that truſt above all in Poets repoſed,
That *Kings* by them only are made and Depoſed,
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing;
But when we undertake Depoſing or Killing,
They're *Tyrants* and *Monſters*, and yet then the Poet
Takes full Revenge on the Villains that do it,
And when we reſume a *Scepter* or a *Crown*,
We are Modeſt, and ſeek not to make it our own.
But is't not preſumption to write Verſes to you,
Who make the better *Poems* of the two,
For all thoſe pretty Knacks you do compoſe,
Alas, what are they but *Poems* in proſe,
And between thoſe and ours there's no difference,
But that yours want the rhime, the wit and the ſenſe:
But for lying (the moſt Noble part of a *Poet*)
You have it abundantly, and your ſelves know it,
And though you are Modeſt, and ſeem to abhor it,
'T has done you good ſervice, and thank He'ven for it:
Although the old Maxime remains ſtill in force,
That a Sanctified Cauſe, muſt have a Sanctified Courſe:
If poverty be a part of our Trade,
So far the whole Kingdome *Poets* you have made,
Nay even ſo far as undoing will do it,
You have made *King Charles* in manner a Poet,
But provoke not his Muſe, for all the world knows,
Already you have had too much of his *Proſe*.

The Parliaments Pedigree.

NO *Pedigrees* nor *Projects*
Of after-times I tell,
Nor what ſtrange things the *Parliament*
In former times befell,
Nor how an *Emperour* got a *King*,
Nor how a *King* a *Prince*,
But you ſhall hear what Progenies
Have been begotten ſince.

The *Devil* he a *Monſter* got,
Which was both ſtrong and ſtout,
This many-headed Monſter
Did ſtrait beget a *Rout*:
This *Rout* begat a *Parliament*,
As *Charles* he well remembers,
The *Parliament* got Monſters too,
The which begot *Five Members*.

The *Members Five* did then beget
Moſt of the Houſe of *Peers*,
The *Peers* miſ-underſtandings got
All *Jealouſies* and *Fears*;
The *Jealouſies* got Horſe and Men,
Leſt Warrs ſhould have abounded,
And I dare ſay this *Horſe* got *Pym*,
And he begot a *Round-head*.

The *Round-head* got a *Citizen*,
That great Tax-bearing *Mule*,
The *Mule* begot a Parliament *Aſſe*,
And he begot a *Fool*:

Some

Some ſay the *Fool* got *Warwick*,
And *Rich* gave him his whole Land,
In zeal Lord *Rich* got God knows who,
And God knows who got *H*——

This *H*—— *Surplices* got down,
And thoſe Church Rites that were,
He hath Petitions enough each day,
No need of the *Lords* Prayer:
But it's no wonder that's cry'd down,
And that indeed the rather,
'Cauſe *Pym* and he two Baſtards are,
And dare not ſay, *Our Father*.

Now ſince this is the chiefeſt thing,
Hath got this great diviſion,
Which *London* for to reconcile,
Hath got this great Munition:
The City hath now been refin'd,
From all her Droſſe and Pelf,
They're now about for to new mold,
And Coyn the *Common-wealth*.

To thoſe who deſire no Peace.

SHould all thoſe various Gales, whoſe titles are
Enrol'd within the Pilots Regiſter, (layn
Break from their drowſie Dens, where they have
Bound up in ſlumbers, and invade the Main,
They could not raiſe a ſtorm like that which they
Raiſe in the *Common-wealth*, who would betray

Our

Our Peace to Civil War, in which the State
Muſt bleed it ſelf to death, and have the fate,
After its ſtock of life is ſpent, to lye
Buried i'th Rubbiſh of an Anarchy.
Should Ravens, Bats, and the ſhrill Owl conſpire
To twiſt their Notes into a General Quire,
And chuſe the Mandrake for the Chaunter, they
Could not ſhrill forth ſuch an ill-boding lay,
Or ſtrains ſo Jarring, as do thoſe whoſe throats
Warble the clamorous and untunefull Notes
Of Blood and Death, ſome whirle-wind, Sirs, has (ta'en
Its Lodging up in the Fanatick brain
Of theſe bold ſons of tumult, I dare ſay
They moulded were of ſome diſtemper'd Clay,
Which from its Centre was by Earth-quake torn,
A Tempeſt ſhook the world when they were born;
Sure from its Sphere the Element of Fire
Is dropt, and does their boſomes now inſpire,
The flame lockt up in bold *Ravillacks* urne, (burn.
Is ſnatcht from thence, and in their hearts does
Night, open thy black wombe, and let out all
Thy dreadfull furies, yet theſe furies ſhall
Not chill my heart with any fear, ſince day
Has furies ſhewn, blacker by far then they.
Let *Vaux* now ſleep untill the day of Doom,
Open his eyes, forgotten in his Tomb,
Let none revile his duſt, his Name ſhall be
Extirpated from every Hiſtory,
To yield a room for others, for 'tis fit
Their Names in place of his ſhould now be writ,
Who think that no Religion can be good,
Unleſſe't be writ in Characters of Blood,
No marvail if the Rubrick then muſt be
Blotted from out the Sacred Liturgie,

And

And thoſe red Letters now no more be known,
They'le have no other Rubrick but their own.
But ſhall they thus impetuouſly roule on,
And meet not any Malediction?
Yes ſure, may ſleep, that milde and gentle balme,
Which all unkind diſtempers does becalme,
Be unto them a torture, may their Dreams
Be all of Murders, Rapes, and ſuch like Theams;
And when they're ſpent, may Wolves approach and
(howle,
To break their ſlumbers; may the Bat and Owle,
Before their Gates, to uſher in the dayes
Unwellcome light, ſtretch out their direfull layes;
'Mongſt their diſordered humors, may there be
A deadly Feud, and fatal mutiny;
May ſudden flames their houſes melt away,
And Feavers burn their houſes too of Clay;
May all their faculties and ſences be
Aſtoniſht by ſome drouſie Lethargie,
That there may be allow'd them only ſence
Enough to feel the pangs of Conſcience,
Griping their ſouls, that they who thought it ſin
To have peace without, may have no peace within

The French Report.

ME have of late been in *England*
Vere me have ſeen much ſport,
De raiſing of de Parliament,
Have quite pull'd down de Court,

De

De King and Queen dey ſeperate,
And rule in Ignorance,
Pray judge ye Gentlemen, if dis
Be a la mode de France.

A viſe man dere is like a Ship
Dat ſtrikes upon de ſhelves,
Dey Priſon all, Behead and Whip
All viſer den demſelves,
Dey ſend out men to fetch deyr King,
Who may come home perchance,
Oh fye, fye, fye, it is be Gar
Not a la mode de France.

Dey raiſe deyr Valiant Prentices,
To guard deyr Cauſe with Clubs,
Dey root deyr Biſhops out of doors,
And Preſh demſelves in Tubs,
De Cobler and de Tinker too,
Dey will in time advance,
Pox take dem all, it is (*Mort Dieu*)
Not a la mode de France.

Inſtead of bowing to deyr King,
Dey vex him with Epiſtles,
Dey furniſh all deyr Souldiers out
With Bodkins, Spoons, and Whiſtles,
Dey bring deyr Gold and Silver in,
De Browniſts to advance,
But if dey be cheat of it all,
'Tiz a la mode de France.

But if when all deyr wealth is gone,
Dey turn unto deyr King,

Dey

Dey will make all amends again,
Den merrily we will ſing,
VIVE LE ROY, VIVE LE ROY,
Vee'le Sing, Carouſe and Dance,
De Engliſh men have done fort Bon,
And a la mode de France.

A Loyal Subjects Oath.

THis is my Oath, for ever to deſpiſe,
With heart and ſoul and all my Faculties
The Kings proud foes, and with my life ſubdue
All that to his Sacred Majeſty are not true,
To execute his Precepts with my Blood,
So far as Conſcience dictates it is good;
To make my body a Bullwark 'gainſt his foes,
And to maintain his red and whiteſt Roſe,
Venture Life and Living, Sword and Muſe,
Still to uphold the Glorious Flower-de-luce:
To be the ſame to Prince, and Duke of *York*,
Or for a curſed Jew that eats no Pork,
Let me be Curſed, and receive the Curſe
Hangs over *Pym*, and *Hotham*, and a worſe
I cannot wiſh, he that denyes this Oath,
Let theſe, and my Curſe, light upon them both.

Short

Short and Sweet.

WIſe men ſuffer, good men grieve,
Knaves deviſe, and Fools believe,
Help, O Lord, ſend ayd unto us,
Elſe Knaves and Fools will quite undoe us.

To the City of London.

TEll me Cittz. what ye lack,
That the Knaves of the Pack
Ye do not ſee forth comming,
Love ye Treaſon ſo well,
That ye neither buy nor ſell,
But keep a noiſe with your Drumming.

What is't that you guard,
With your double watch and ward,
Your own wares, or your wifes things,
If down come the Blades,
Then down go the Trades,
They'll not leave a dead or a live thing.

What doth your profit ſay,
When ſhall we ſee the day,
That money ſhall be paid in,
Great *Strafford* he is dead,
Ye have cut off his head,
And the Biſhops all are laid in.

And yet you grow poor,
As any Common whore,
That hath been long a fading;
There's no man will buy,
Ye may leave to ſwear and lie,
As ye uſe to do in your trading.

There's ſomething Behind
That lies in the winde
And brings you thus to nothing,
What doth then remain?
O the Parliament muſt raign,
And you'll have *A King and no King.*

But though their power can
From a VVoman turn a Man,
If they pleaſe ſo to declare him;
Yet let them take heed,
The King is King indeed,
And the Souldiers cannot ſpare him.

Is't nothing ye think
24. in a *Link*
Kings that make his ſucceſſion:
Beſides for our Good,
Three Princes of the *Brood*,
And three Kingdoms in Poſſeſſion.

And all his Vertues too
Should be ſomething to you,
If they could ought amend you;
But 'cauſe Hee's Chaſte and Juſt,
You'd have Cruelty and Luſt,
Another *King Harry* God ſend you.

But

But if you mean to thrive,
And keep your trades alive,
And bring to your City treasure,
Give the King his full Rate,
As well as to the State,
And let Him have *London* measure.

The Players Petition to the Parliament.

HEroick Sirs, you glorious nine or ten,
That can depose the King, and the Kings men,
Who by your Sublime Rhetorick agree,
That prisons are the Subjects libertie:
And though we sent in silver at great rates,
You plunder, to secure us our Estates.
Your serious subtilty is grown so grave,
We dare not tell you how much power you have,
At least you dare not hear us; how you frown
If we but say, King *Pym* wears *Charles* his Crown,
Such a word's *Treason*, and you dare not hear it,
Treason to speak it, and yet not to wear it.
O wise mysterious Synod, what shall we
Do for such men as you e're forty three
Be half expir'd, and an unlucky season
Shall set a period to *Triennial Treason*,
When the fields pitcht, and some, for all their skill,
Shall fight a Bloody Battel on *Tower-Hill*;
Where Master *Pym*, your wise judicious Schollar,
Ascends his Throne, and takes his Crown in Coller;
When *Canterbury* coming forth shall wonder
You have so long secur'd him from the Thunder

Of

Of King-hunting Prentices, and the Mayor
Shall juſſel zealous *Iſaack* from his Chair.
Fore-ſeeing *Brookes*, thou drewſt a happy lot,
'Twas a wiſe Bolt, although 'twas quickly ſhot;
But whilſt you live, our loude Petition craves,
That we the true Subjects, and the true Slaves,
May in our Comick mirth and Tragick rage,
Set up the Theatre, and ſhew the Stage,
The ſhop of truth and fancy, and we Vow
Not to Act any thing you diſallow:
We will not dare at your ſtrange Votes to Jear,
Nor perſonate King *Pym* with his State-ſlear;
Aſpiring *Cataline* ſhall be forgot,
Bloody *Sejanus*, or who e're would Plot
Confuſion to a State; the Warrs betwixt
The Parliament, and juſt *Henry* the ſixt, (power,
Shall have no thought or mention, cauſe their
Not only plac'd, but left him in the *Tower*;
Nor yet the Grave advice of Learned *Pym*,
Make a Malignant, and then Plunder him.
All theſe and ſuch like actions as may mar
Your ſoaring Plots, and ſhew you what you are,
We will omit, leſt that your mention ſhake 'um,
Why ſhould the men be wiſer then you make 'um.
Methinks there ſhould not ſuch a difference be
'Twixt our profeſſion and your quality,
You meet, plot, talk, conſult, with minds immenſe,
The like with us, but only we ſpeak ſenſe
Inferiour unto you; we can tell how
To depoſe Kings, there we are more then you,
Although not more then what you would; then we
Likewiſe in our vaſt Privilege agree,
Only yours are the longer; and controules,
Not only Lives and Fortunes, but mens Souls;

For you declare by Ænigmatick ſenſe,
A Privilege over mens Conſcience,
As if the *Trinity* would not conſent
To ſave a Soul without the Parliament.
Wee make the People laugh at ſome vain ſhew,
And as they laugh at us, they doe at you;
But then i'th Contrary we diſagree,
For you can make them cry faſter then wee:
Your *Tragedies* more really are expreſt,
You murder men in *Earneſt*, wee in *Jeſt*.
There we come ſhort: But if you follow't thus,
Some wiſe men fear you will come ſhort of us.
Now humbly, as we did begin, Wee pray,
Dear *School-maſters*, you'd give us leave to play
Quickly before the King come, for we wou'd
Be glad to ſay y'ave done a little good
Since you have ſate, your Play is almoſt done,
As well as ours, would it had ne'er begun;
For we ſhall ſee e're the laſt Act be ſpent,
Enter the King, *Exeunt* the Parliament.
And hey then up go we, who by the frown
Of guilty Conſciences have been kept down:
So may you ſtill remain, and ſit and Vote, (mote,
And through your own beam ſee your brothers
Until a legal trial do ſhew how
You us'd the King and hey then up goe you:
So pray your humble *Slaves* with all their powers,
That they may have their due, and you have yours.

A Madrigall on Justice, alluding to the PARLIAMENT.

JUstice is here made up of Might,
With two left hands, but ne're a right,
And men that are well-sighted, find
This justice sits with both eyes blind:
Yet though the Matron cannot see,
She holds that edg'd Sword, *Cruelty*,
Which that it may not rust, she whets
In cutting off the Illands *Teats*,
Who long since did *Anathemize*
Englands too too much seeing eyes,
Because they have been found to be
Guilty of *Wit* and *Piety*:
All this and more they rudely vent,
By Privilege of Parliament.

All former Laws fall head-long down,
And are themselves now lawless grown;
Equity hath been lately try'd,
And Right it self been rectifi'd;
The rules that shew a Christian how
To live, must all be ruled now;
The Lesson here to learn, is brought,
And *Ethicks* better manners taught;
Religion, and the Churches wealth,
Of late deprived of their health,
Were brought to th' House, that they might be
Cured of their Integrity;
We found a seam for this great rent,
By Privilege of Parliament.

Moſt men do now the Buttocks lick
Of their great body Politick;
For not the head, but breech, is it
By which the Kingdom now doth ſit;
The world is chang'd, and we have Choyces,
Not by moſt Reaſons, but moſt Voyces,
The Lion's trod on by the Mouſe,
The lower is the upper Houſe:
As once from Chaos order came,
So do their orders Chaos frame,
And ſmoothly work the Lands deluſion,
By a Methodical Confuſion;
These are the things that lately went
By Privilege of Parliament.

They would not have the kingdom fall
By an Ignoble Funeral;
But piouſly prefer the Nation
To a renowned Decollation,
The feet, and lower parts, 'tis ſed,
Would trample on, and off the head,
What ere they ſay, this is the thing,
They love the *Charles*, but hate the *King*;
To make an even Grove, one ſtroke
Should lift the *Shrubb* unto the *Oake*;
Anew-found muſick they would make,
A *Gamut*, but no *Ela* take.
This is the pious good intent
Of Privilege of Parliament.

In all humilitie they crave
Their Soveraign, to be their *Slave*;
Deſiring him, that he would be
Betray'd to them moſt loyally:

For

For it were *Meekneſſe* ſure in him
To be a *Vice-Roy* unto *Pym*;
And if he would a while lay down
His Scepter, Majeſtie, and Crown,
He ſhould be made for time to come
The greateſt Prince in Chriſtendom.
Charles at this time not having need,
Thank'd them as much as if he did.
This is the happy wiſh'd event
Of Privilege of Parliament.

Pym, that ador'd *Publicola*,
Who play'd the baſe ——
Who got a Luſt to ſacrifice
The *Heroë* to the Peoples Eyes,
Whoſe back-from-Hell-fetch'd-knaverie
By ſome is nick-nam'd policie,
Would be a *Lyon* with a pox,
When at the beſt hee's but a *Fox*;
And juſt like him that ſet on fire
The hallowed *Epheſian* Spire,
Hath purchas'd to be largely known,
In that he is an Addage grown:
All this to honeſt *John* is lent,
By Privilege of Parliament.

The Valiant Houſe was not afeard,
To pull our *Aaron* by the Beard;
To hide dark deeds from *Gazers* ſights,
Strove to blow out the Churches Lights,
That ſquares might run round as their head,
They long to have the Rochet ſped:
They Vote down Univerſities,
Leſt men from thence become too wiſe,

And their benighted deeds diſplay,
Whoſe works of darkneſſe hate the day;
Hence they prefer in every Town,
The Petticoat before the Gown;
These bleſſings to the Land are ſent
By Privilege of Parliament.

They put forth Orders, Declarations,
Unacted Laws, and Proteſtations,
O which all can be ſaid, is this,
The whole is one Parentheſis,
Becauſe the ſence (without all doubt)
Were ne're the leſſe, were all left out.
Petitions none muſt be preſented,
But what are by themſelves invented,
Elſe they not heal, but Cicatrize,
And from the cure a Scar doth riſe,
Though Holy Cut, the fault commit,
Yet Long-tail muſt be paid for it;
Unto this wound was laid a Tent,
By Privilege of Parliament.

They paid the *Scottiſh* debt, and thus,
To be more honeſt, they rob'd us;
They feed the poor, with what think ye,
Why ſure with large Calamity,
And once a month they think it fitting
To faſt from ſin, becauſe from ſitting,
They would have winde and ſtorms ſuppreſt,
To drive the Hallcyon from her Neſt:
Charles is a Picture, they make bold
To uſe the Scepter he ſhould hold:
They'd pull down one, but give as good
A Golden Crown, made up of Wood,

And thus is Juſtice juſtly rent,
By Privilege of Parliament.

The Call.

Hoe Yes,
IF there be any Traytor, Viper, or Wigeon,
That will fight againſt God for the true Religi-
That to maintain the Parliaments Votes, (on,
Of all true Subjects will cut the throats,
That for the King and his Countries good,
Will conſume all the Land with Fire and Blood.
I ſay,
If any ſuch Traytor, Viper, Mutineer, be born,
Let him repair to the Lord with the double gilt
(Horn.

Englands Woe.

I Mean to ſpeak of *Englands* ſad fate,
To help in mean time the King, and his Mate,
That's ruled by an Antipodian State,
Which no body can deny.

But had theſe ſeditious times been when
We had the life of wiſe Poet *Ben*,
Parſons had never been Parliament men,
Which no body can deny.

Had Stateſmen read the Bible throughout,
And not gone by the Bible ſo round about,
They would have ruled themſelves without doubt,
Which no body can deny.

But Puritans now bear all the ſway,
They'll have no Biſhops as moſt men ſay,
But God ſend them better another day,
Which no body can deny.

Zealous P—— has threatned a great downfull,
To cut off long locks that is buſhy and ſmall,
But I hope he will not take ears and all,
Which no body can deny.

P—— *Burton*, ſayes women that's lewd and looſe,
Shall wear no ſtallion locks for a buſh,
They'll only have private boyes for their uſe,
Which no body can deny.

They'll not allow what pride it brings,
Nor favours in hats, nor no ſuch things,
They'll convert all ribbands to Bible ſtrings,
Which no body can deny.

God bleſſe our King and Parliament,
And ſend he may make ſuch K—— repent,
That breed our Land ſuch diſcontent,
Which no body can deny.

And bleſſe our Queen and Prince alſo,
And all true Subjects both high and low,
The Brownings can pray for themſelves you know,
Which no body can deny.

Upon

Upon Ambition.

Occaſioned by the Accuſation of the Earl of STRAFFORD, *in the year* 1640.

HOw uncertain is the State
Of that greatneſſe we adore,
When Ambitiouſly we ſore,
And have ta'en the glorious height,
'Tis but Ruine gilded o're,
To enſlave us to our fate,
Whoſe falſe Delight is eaſier got, then kept,
Content ne'er on its gaudy Pillow ſlept.

Then how fondly do we try,
With ſuch ſuperſtitious care,
To build Fabricks in the Ayr?
Or ſeek ſafety in that sky,
Where no Stars but Meteors are,
That portend a ruine nigh?
And having reacht the obje&t of our ayme,
We find it but a *Pyramid* of flame:

The Argument.

WHen the unfetter'd Subje&s of the Seas,
The Rivers, found their ſilver feet at eaſe,
No ſooner ſummon'd, but they ſwiftly went
To meet the Ocean, at a Parliament:

Did

Did not the petty Fountains say their King,
The *Ocean*, was no *Ocean*, but a *Spring*?
As now some do the Power of Kings dispute,
And think it less, 'cause more is added to't.

Pale *Ignorance*, can the excesse of store
Make him seem poorer then he was before?
The Stars, the Heavens, inferiour Courtiers, may
Govern Nights Darkness, but not rule the Day;
Where the Sun Lords it, should they all Combine
With *Lucia* in her brightest dresse, to shine,
Their light's but faint: Nor can he be subdu'd,
Although but one, and they a Multitude.

Say Subjects, are you Stars? be it allow'd,
You justly of your numbers may be proud,
But to the Sun inferiour; for know this,
Your *Light* is borrow'd, not your *Own*, but *His*:
And as all streams into the Ocean run,
You ought to pay your Contribution;
Then do not such Ingratitude oppresse,
To make him low, that could have made you less

The Character of a Roundhead. 1641.

WHat Creature's this with his short hairs,
His little band and huge long ears,
That this new faith hath founded,
The Puritans were never such,
The Sanits themselves, had ne'er so much,
Oh, such a knave's a Rounded.

What's

What's he that doth the Biſhops hate,
And count their Calling reprobate,
Cauſe by the Pope propounded,
And ſaies a zealous Cobler's better,
Then he that ſtudieth every letter,
Oh, ſuch a knave's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth high Treaſon ſay,
As often as his yea and nay,
And wiſh the King confounded,
And dare maintain that Maſter *Pym*,
Is fitter for the Crown then him,
Oh, ſuch a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that if he chance to hear,
A piece of *London's* Common-Prayer,
Doth think his Conſcience wounded.
And goes five miles to preach and pray,
And lyes with's Siſter by the way,
Oh, ſuch a rogu e's a Roundhead.

What's he that met a holy Siſter,
And in an Hay-cock gently kiſt her,
Oh! then his zeal abounded,
Cloſe underneath a ſhady willow,
Her Bible ſerv'd her for her pillow,
And there they got a Roundhead.

A Curtain Lecture.

The Tune, *Cannot keep her Lips together.*

WILL you pleaſe to hear a Song,
Though it want both rime and reaſon,
It was pend to do no wrong,
But for deſcription at this ſeaſon,
Of he or ſhe what ere they be,
That wiſh Church-orders quite confounded,
Yet makes a ſhew, where e're they go,
Of Fervent zeal: I mean a Roundhead.

Firſt hee'l have a ſmoothing tongue,
Next hee'l learn for to diſſemble,
And when he hears of willfull wrong,
He'll ſigh and look as he would tremble,
The next of all then let him fall,
To praiſe mens hearts in ſecret bravery,
A ſpeaking ſtill againſt all ill,
That is the Cloak to hide their Knavery.

Let Charity be uſed much,
In words at length and not in action,
It is the Common uſe of ſuch,
Not to do, but give direction,
They'l be loath to ſwear an Oath,
By yea and nay, you may believe them,
But for their gains, they will take paines,
To cheat and ly, and never grieve them.

The Common-Prayer they like it not,
For they are wiſe and can make better,

And

And such a Teacher they have got,
Confutes it all in word and letter;
For he can rayle mens hearts to quaile
With deep damnation for their sinnning,
But to amend they ne're intend,
And to transgress they're now beginning.

But here is a very worthy man,
That undertakes more than he is able,
That in a Tub sometimes will stand,
In Hey-barn, Sheep-house, or a Stable,
That all the Rout that comes about
To hear his Doctrines, *Saints* he calls them,
They vow and swear they nere did hear
Such worthy things as he hath told them.

They will not hear of Wedding Rings
For to be used in their Mariage,
But say they are Superstitious things,
And doth Religion much disparage,
They are but vain, and things prophane,
Wherefore now no Wit be-speaks them
So to be ty'd unto the Bride,
But do it as the *Spirit* moves them.

No *Pater-Noster* nor no *Creed*
In their Petitions never mention,
And hold there's nothing good indeed
But what is done by their pretention,
Prayers that are old in vain they hold,
And can with God no favour merit,
Therefore they will nothing say,
But as they are moved by the Spirit.

The wiſeſt Schools they count but Fools,
Which do no more than they have taught them
For *Browniſts* they can preach and pray
With Wits their Fathers never bought them;
Then I perceive that wit they have
They gather it by Inſpiration,
No Books they need to learn to read,
If all be true of their relation.

Only the Horn-book I would have
Them practice at their beginning,
That you the better may perceive
The Fruits that comes by fleſhly ſinning.
Nevertheleſſe I would expreſs
All other Books that now are uſed,
Leaſt that the Ghoſt that leads you moſt
By too much Art to be abuſed.

Their Hair cloſe to their Heads they crop
And yet not only for the faſhion,
But that the Eare it ſhould not ſtop
From hearing of ſome rare Relation;
Therefore his Eares he will prepare
To hearken to an Holy Brother.
That in regard he may be heard
From one ſide of the Barne to th' other.

They count their Fathers were but Fools,
Which formerly became ſuch Debters,
To ſpend their Means upon the Schools,
To teach their Sons a few fond Letters,
The Chriſt Croſſe-row's enough to know,
For 'tis the Horn that muſt exalt 'em,
Their Gen'ral Vows his Antler'd Brows
Shall gore the Proudeſt dare aſſault 'em.

At the laſt when they muſt part,
Male and Female go together
Joynd in hand, and joyn'd in heart,
And joyn'd a little for their pleaſure.
Firſt for a Kiſſe they will agree,
And what comes next you may conjecture,
So that the Wicked do not ſee,
And ſo break up the *Roundheads* Lecture.

A Mad World My Maſters.

WE have a King and yet no King,
For he hath loſt his Power,
For 'gainſt his Will his Subjects are
Impriſon'd in the *Tower*.

We had ſome Laws (but now no Laws)
By which he held his Crown,
And we had Eſtates and Liberties
But now they they're voted down.

We had Religion; but of late
That's beaten down with Clubs,
Whilſt that Prophaneſſe Authoriz'd
Is belched forth in Tubs.

We were free Subjects born, but now
We are by force made Slaves,
By ſome whom we did count our Friends,
But in the end prov'd Knaves.

And now to ſuch a grievous height
Are our Misfortunes grown,
That our Eſtates are took away
By tricks before ne're known.

For there are Agents ſent abroad
Moſt humbly for to crave
Our Almes: but if they are deny'd,
And of us nothing have.

Then by a Vote *ex tempore*
We are to Priſon ſent,
Mark'd with the Name of *Enemy*
Of *King* and *Parliament*.

And during our Impriſonment,
Their lawleſs Bulls do thunder
A Licence to their Souldiers
Our Houſes for to plunder.

And if their Hounds do chance to ſmell
A man whoſe Fortunes are
Of ſome Account, whoſe Purſe is full,
Which now is ſomewhat rare.

A *Monſter* now *Delinquent* term'd,
He is declar'd to be,
And that his Lands as well as Goods
Sequeſtred ought to be.

And as if our Priſons were too good,
He is to *Yarmouth* ſent
By vertue of a Warrant from
The *King* and *Parliament*.

Thus

Thus is our Royal Soveraigns name
And eke his Power infus'd,
And by the vertue of the ſame
He and all His abus'd.

For by this Means his Caſtles now
Are in the power of thoſe
Who treacherouſly with Might and Maine
Do ſtrive him to depoſe.

Ariſe therefore brave *Britiſh* men,
Fight for your King and State,
Againſt thoſe Trayterous men that ſtrive
This Realm to Ruinate.

'Tis *Pym*, 'tis *Pym*, and his Colleagues,
That did our woe engender,
Nought but their Lives can end our Woes,
And us in ſafety render.

The Riddle.

SHall's have a Game at Put, to paſs away the (time,
X-pect no foul-play; though I do play the Knave
I- have a King at hand, yea that I have:
C- Cards be ye true, then the Game is mine.
R-ejoyce my Heart, to ſee thee then repine.
A- that's loſt, that's Cuckolds luck.
T-rey comes like Quater, to pull down the Buck.

An Answer to a Love-Elegy (written from I. P. *one of the Five Members, to his Delightfull Friend) in* Latin.

WHat *Latin* Sir? why there is no man
That e're thought you an *English-Roman.*
Your Father Horse could teach you none,
Nor was it e're your Mother tongue,
Your Education too assures
Me, that your *Poem* is not yours:
Besides, I thought you did detest
The Language of the *Latin Beast*,
But now your Impudence I see
Did hereby shew its Modesty;
Each syllable would blush you thought,
If it had bin plain *English* taught,
And that your foul debauched stuff
Might do its Errand fast enough,
Forsooth your Wisedom thought it meet
That Words might run to give 'em feet,
Pardon me, Sir, I'me none of those
That love *Love-verse*, give me your Prose,
I wish each Verse to make delay,
Had turn'd lame *Scazon* by the way,
I read a Hell in every line
Of your Polluted *Fescennine*;
Your Verses stunk; to keep 'em sweet
You should have put Socks on their Feet:
And that the Answer which I shall
Now write, may be Methodicall,

I'le

I'le briefly make ('tis not amiss)
An *Anacephalæosis.*
And first I look'd for *Nestor*; when
Mere *Cupid* trickl'd from your Pen,
Who was your Father, you make proof
By your Colt's tooth, though not your hoof;
She that was great with you, you hold
Did not lye in, but was with fole'd.
I wonder one so old, so grave
Should yet such Youth, such Lightnesse have;
Of the Five Members you alone
Shall be esteem'd the Privy One,
Who (like the *Gnosticks*) preach your *Text*,
Increase and Multiply, and next
Convincing Doctrines you deduce,
Put out the Lights, and make Use.
You say I am a Maid exceeding
Apt to be taught by you good breeding.
But where there's breeding, it is said
There's none, unlesse a broken Maid
Turn Papist, (*Stallion*) they'le dispence
With Whoredom, by an Indulgence,
Turn Fryer, that thou mayst be free
At once with a whole Nunnery,
There 'twill be vertue to ride on
The Purple Whore of *Babylon*.
Thou mayst as soon turn *Turk*, as *King*;
And that, O that's the tempting thing
That thou mayst glut thy Appetite
With a *Seraglio* of Delight.
I am no *Proserpine*, that thus
I should desire an *Incubus*:
But you must vote (if Me you'le win)
No Fornication to be Sin,

You ſay the Houſe takes it not well
The *King* 'gainſt *Rebells* ſhould Rebell;
And that's the reaſon why you ſtand
To be Dictator of the Land,
Which mov'd me to a mighty toyle
Of getting Vardygreaſe and Oyle.
'Cauſe ſuch Itch-Med'cine is a thing
That's fitteſt to anoint you *King*.
You ſay you'l'd undertake and do
Wonders, would I undergo you,
For my ſake you would Cobler play,
Your *Trade* ſhould be to underlay,
For Me you'd your chiefeſt blood,
Pray ſpend it on the Siſterhood,
You wiſh to dye in thoſe great Fights
Of *Venus*, where each Wound delights,
And ſhould I once to Heaven take wing,
You'd follow me, though in a ſtring;
Thank you (good Sir) it is our Will
You your laſt Promiſe doe fulfill;
There's nothing ſpoke that pleaſeth us
Like your (*In funes Cedulus*)
Next come thoſe idle Twittle-twats,
Which calls me many God-knows-whats,
As hallowed, beautifull, and faire,
Supple and kind, and *Debonaire*.
You talk of Women that did wooe,
When I am mad I'le do ſo too;
Then that my Father may not ſpye
The coupling of you and I,
He ſhall be guiltleſly detected,
As a true Subject ill-affected,
And ſo the Proteſtant ſhall lye
In Goal for fear of Popery.

From

(From hence it is that every *Town*,
Almoſt is now a Priſon grown,
Where Loyalty lies fetter'd, then
You do commit more ſins then men.)
But thoſe your words I have thought beſt,
Should puniſht be by being preſt;
And that this Body Politick
May then be well, which now lyes ſick,
May the Greek Π, that fatal *Tree*,
This Spring bear all ſuch fruit as thee.

The Penitent Traytor.

The Humble Petition of a Devonſhire *Gentleman who was Condemned for* TREASON, *and Executed for the ſame, An.* 1641.

To the Tune of *Fortune my Foe, &c.*

ATtend good Chriſtian People to my ſtory,
A ſadder yet was never brought before ye;
Let each man learn here like a good Diſciple,
To ſhun foul *Treaſon*, and the tree that's *Triple*.

Long time I liv'd in the Country next to *Cornwall*,
And there my Children were both breed and born
Great was my Credit, as my debts did ſpeak, (all,
And now I'le ſhew you why my neck muſt break.

There being a Parliament called in *September*,
I was for th' Commons an Elected Member, (dred
And though there were besides above four hun-
Yet I at last was for the fifth part numbred.

For first, I joyn'd with some whom Piety (be;
Made Knaves, lest such their Fathers prov'd should
Their Ignorance to sin enjoyned many Voyces,
Which made bad Speeches, but Excellent Noyses.

Thus by my faction the whole House was sway'd,
All sorts of people flockt to me for Ayd; (gar,
They brought me Gold and Plate in Huggar Mug-
Besides eight hundred pounds worth in Loaf-sugar.

What e're the Grievance was, I did advise
They should Petitions bring in Humble wise,
Which I did frame my self, & thus did rook them,
They paid me when I gave, and when I took them.

By this I gained, and by the Money-Pole,
Which paid my debts, 10000 pounds i'th whole,
My Childrens Portions too, with much content,
I paid in State, by Acts of Parliament.

Thus though I make all Jesuits fly the Nation,
My self did practise much Equivocation,
For oft I Vow'd the Common-wealth as honey
Was sweet to me, but I, by wealth, meant money.

And lest my Plots should after be unmasked,
And how I got such Wealth, chance to be asked,
I cast about how I might gain such power,
As might from Justice safely me secure.

Then

Then firſt I labour'd to diveſt the Crown,
Of all Prerogatives, and bring them down;
Firſt, to both Houſes, and then but one ſhould (them
have them,
Five Members next, and laſt my ſelf would have

Becauſe I knew the State would not admit
Such Change, unleſſe the Church did Uſher it,
I left the old Religion for advantage,
Endeavouring to ſet up one that did want age.

Which when all Learned Levites did withſtand,
(Regarding Gods Word more then my command)
I ſuch ſuppreſt, and made (for which I woe am)
The baſeſt people Prieſts, like *Jeroboam*.

Then each profeſſion ſent out *Teachers*, moe
Then both the Univerſities could doe,
To handle a *Text* the Good-wifes fingers itches,
And vows ſhe'll preach with her Husband for the (Breeches.

By this new Godly lives but few did gain,
The reſt for want of *Trading* they complain,
I told them 'twas a wicked Counſellors plot,
And till his head went off, their wares would not.

This Great mans guilt was Loyalty and Wiſdom,
Which made me caſt about to work his Doom;
The Sword of Juſtice was too ſhort to do't,
2000. Clubs muſt therefore jerk it out.

He being knockt down, ſome others for the like
Were ſent to Priſon, ſome eſcapt in time; (Crime,

Thus Law and Equity in awe was kept here, (ter,
And Clubs were taught how to controul the Scep-

We took from th' Upper-house Votes five times five,
And they aym'd all the Kings Voyce Negative,
Which to effect we did an Order make, (take.
That what he would not give, our selves would

Then we petition'd that the Forts and Towers,
And all the strength o'th Kingdom might be ours,
And thus to save the King from Soveraign dangers,
As if he had better Fall by Us than Strangers.

Whilst he denyes they Legally are stay'd on
By a Law call'd, *Resolv'd upon the Question*,
But still his Chief strength was above our Arts,
His righteous Cause, and loyal Subjects hearts.

Being Arm'd with these, by Heaven he was so blest,
That he soon honour Got, and all the rest,
Bringing all such to punishment endignant,
As were of my Contrived part, Malignant.

O *Tyburn*, *Tyburn*; O thou sad Tryangle,
A vyler weight on thee nee'r yet did dangle,
See here I am at last with Hemp to mew,
To give thee what was long before thy due.

How could I bless thee, could'st thee take away
My Life and Infamy both in one day;
But this in Ballads will survive I know,
Sung to that preaching tune, *Fortune my Foe.*

Then

Then mark good Christian people, and take heed,
Use not Religion for an upper weed,
Serve God sincerely, touch not his *Anointed*,
And then your *Necks* shall never be disjoynted.

God bless the King, the Queen, and all the Chil-
(dren,
(And pardon me all, that I 'gainst them have ill
(done)
May one of that brave Race still rule this Nation,
And now I pray you sing the Lamentation.

The Passage of a Coach travelling to Dover.

THe Foundation of the Coach, a *Guilty Conscience.*
The Axeltree, *Ambition* and *Cruelty.*
The Wheels, *Fears* and *Jealousies.*
The Reins, *too much liberty and licentiousness.*
The six Horses, *five Members* and *K*——
The Postillion, *Captain Venne.*
The Coach-man, *Isaac Pennington* Lord Maior:
In the two ends of the Coach sate *Essex* and *B*—— In the Boots sate *Say* and *Seal*, and the *silent Speaker.* On the hinder part of the Coach was written this Anagram.

Robert Devereux General.
Never duller Oxe greater Rebel.

After

After the Coach follows *Straffords* Ghoſt, crying, *Drive on, drive on, Revenge, revenge.*

As this Coach was going through the City it was ſtaid by a *Court of Guard*, who cry'd, *Where's our Mony? where's our Plate?* the Speaker ſaid, *Ye have the Publick Faith for't.* Whereupon they paſſed towards *Graveſend*, where they ſtayed at the Sign of the *Hope*, where was the Earl of *Warwick*, with a Ship called the *Carry-Knave.*

The Five Members Thanks to the Parliament.

NOw tend your ear a while
To a tale that I ſhall tell,
Of a luſty lively Parliament
That goes on paſſing well.

Which makes our Gratious King, a King
Of ſo much worth and glory,
His like is not to be ſeen or found
In any Humane Story.

Win him who knows how many Crowns,
With loſſe of two or three,
Within ſo ſhort a time as this,
As Wonder is to ſee,

The Country eas'd, the City pleas'd,
O what a World is this!
When upright men did ſtand at Helme,
How can we fail or miſs?

And

And yet beyond all this, the King
Doth in abundance ſwim,
Gramercy *K*—— and *Stroud* ſay I,
Haſlerigge, *H*—— *Hampden*, *Pym*.

And when as our Church Government
Was fallen into Diſorders,
As that upon Groſſe Popery
It ſeemed ſomewhat to border.

So ſweet a Courſe is taken now,
As no man need to fear,
For Biſhops learn'd, and Learned men
Have nothing to do here:

But every one ſhall teach and preach,
As beſt beſeems his Senſe:
And ſo we'll baniſh Popery,
And ſend it packing hence:

Now for that happy Church and State,
Dreſt up ſo fine and trym:
Gramercy *K*—— and *Stroud* ſay I,
Haſlerigg, *H*—— *Hampden*, *Pym*.

For Arbitrary Government,
Star-Chamber, High Commiſſion,
They will themſelves do all that Work,
By their good Kings permiſſion.

If any elſe preſume to do't,
They weigh it not a ſtraw:
They'll club ſuch ſawcy Fellows down,
As Beaſts debarr'd of Law.

And

And let no Wights henceforth presume
To hold it Rime or Reason,
That Judges shall determine what
Is Felony or Treason:

But what the Worthies say is so,
Is Treason to award,
Albeit in Councel only spoke,
And at the Councel-board.

I'le shew you yet another thing,
Which you'll rejoyce to see,
The Prince and People know that these
Men cannot Traytors be.

Then let our King, our Church and State
Acknowledge as is due,
The Benefits they do receive
From this right Divine crue.

And for this Sea of Liberty,
Wherein we yet do swim,
Gramercy *K*——— and *Stroud* say I,
Haslerigg, H——— *Hampden, Pym.*

Upon

Upon the Parliament Fart.

DOwn came Grave Antient Sir *John Crooke*,
And read his Meſſuage in a Book;
Very well quoth *Will. Norris*, it is ſo,
But Mr. *Pym*'s Tayle cry'd No.
Fye quoth Alderman *Atkins* I like not this paſſage,
To have a Fart inter voluntary in the midſt of a (Meſſage.
Then upſtarts one fuller of Devotion
Than Eloquence, and ſaid, a very ill Motion,
Not ſo neither quoth Sir *Henry Jenking*,
The Motion was good but for the ſtinking.
Quoth Sir *Henry Poole* 'twas an audacious trick
To fart in the face of the Body Politick.
Sir *Jerome* in Folio ſwore by the Maſs
This Fart was enough to have blown a Glaſs:
Quoth then Sir *Jerome* the Leſſer, ſuch an Abuſe
Was never offer'd in *Poland* nor *Pruce*.
Quoth Sir *Richard Houghton*, a Juſtice i'th *Quorum*
Would tak't in ſnuff to have a Fart let before him.
If it would bear an *Action* quoth Sir *Thomas Hole-* (*craft*
I would make of this Fart a Bolt or a Shaft.
Then qd. Sir *John Moor* to his great Commendation
I will ſpeak to this Houſe in my wonted faſhion.
Now ſurely ſayes he, For as much as, How be it,
This Fart to the Serjeant we muſt commit.
No quoth the Serjeant, low bending his Knees,
Farts oft will break Priſons, but never pay Fees.
Beſides, this Motion with ſmall reaſon ſtands,
To charge me with that I can't keep in my hands.
Quoth Sir *Walter Cope* 'twas ſo readily let,
I would it were ſweet enough for my Cabinet.

Why

Why then Sir *Walter* (quoth Sir *William Fleetwood*)
Speak no more of it, but bury it with Sweetwood;
Grave Senate, quoth *Duncombe*, upon my ſalvation,
This Fart ſtands in need of ſome great Reformation;
Quoth Mr. *Cartwright*, upon my Conſcience
It would be reformed with a little Frankencenſe;
Quoth Sir *Roger Aſton* it would much mend the (matter,
If this Fart were ſhaven, and waſht in Roſewater;
Per verbum Principis, how dare I tell it,
A Fart by hear-ſay, and not ſee it, nor ſmell it.
I am glad qd. *Sam: Lewknor* we have found a thing,
That no Tale-bearer can carry it the King,
Such a Fart as this was never ſeen
Quoth the learned Council of the Queen,
Yes quoth Sir *Hugh Breſton* the like hath been
Let in a dance before the Queen,
Then ſaid Mr. *Peak* I have a Preſident in ſtore
His Father Farted laſt Seſſions before,
A Bill muſt be drawn then, quoth Sir *John Bennet*,
Or a ſelected Committee quickly to pen it,
Why quoth Dr. *Crompton* no man can draw
This Fart within Compaſs of the Civil-Law,
Quoth Mr. *Jones* by the Law't may be done
Being a Fart intayld from Father to Sonne,
In truth quoth Mr. *Brooke*, this Speech was no lye
This Fart was one of your *Poſt-Nati*
Quoth Sir *William Paddy* a dare-aſſuram (*ram*,
Though twere *contra modeſtum*: 'tis not *præter natu-*
Beſides by the Aphoriſmes of my art
Had he not been deliver'd, h'ad been ſick of a Fart;
Then quoth the Recorder, the mouth of the (City,
To have ſmother'd that Fart had been great pity,

It

It is much certain quoth Sir *Humphrey Bentwizle*,
That a Round-fart is better then a ſtinking fiezle:
Have patience Gentlemen, quoth Sir *Francis Bacon*
There's none of us all but may be miſtaken;
Why right, quoth the great Attorney I confeſſe,
The Eccho of ones —— is remedileſſe.

The old Earle of Briſtol's *Verſes on an Accommodation.*

THe *Parliament* cryes *Arme*, the *King* ſayes *No*,
The New *Lieutenants* cry *Come on, let's go*;
The *Citizens* and *Roundheads* cryes *So, ſo*;
The *People* all amaz'd cryes *Where's the Foe*;
The *Scots* that ſtand behind the Door cryes *Boe*,
Peace, Stay awhile, and you ſhall know:
The *King* ſtands ſtill faſter than they can go.
If that the *King* by force of Armes prevail,
He is invited to a *Tyranny*;
If that by power of *Parliament* he fail,
We heap continual Warre on our Poſterity.
Then he that is not for *Accommodation*,
Loves neither *God*, nor *Church*, nor *King*, nor *Na-*
tion.

The Rump's Hypocricy

WE faſted firſt, then pray'd that War might (ceaſe,
When Praying would not ſerve, we paid for (Peace;
And glad we had it ſo, and gave God thanks,
Which made the *Iriſh* play the *Scotiſh* Pranks.
Is there no God? let's put it to a Vote;
Is there no Church? ſome Fools ſay ſo by rote;
Is there no King, but *Pym*, for to aſſent
What ſhall be done by Act of Parliament?
No God, no Church, no King, then all were well,
If they could but Enact there were no Hell.

The Parliaments Hymnes.

O Lord preſerve the Parliament,
And ſend them long to reign,
From three years end, to three years end,
And ſo to three again.

Let neither King nor Biſhops, Lord,
Whilſt they ſhall be alive,
Have power to rebuke thy Saints,
Nor hurt the Members five.

For they be good and godly men,
No ſinfull path they tread;

They

They now are putting Biſhops down,
And ſetting up Round-head.

From *Holdſworth*, *Bromrigge*, and old *Shute*,
Thoſe able learned Scholars,
Good Lord deliver us with ſpeed,
And all our zealous Followers.

From *Fielding* and from *Vavaſour*,
Both ill affected men;
From *Lunsford* eke deliver us,
That eateth up Children.

Thy holy *Burton*, *Eaſtwick*, ——
Lord keep them in thy Boſome;
Eke him that hath kept out the King,
Worſhipfull Sir *John Hotham*.

Put down the King and *Hartford*, Lord,
And keep them down for aye;
Thy choſen *Pym* ſet up on high,
And eke the good Lord *Say*.

For *Warwick* wee beſeech thee Lord,
Be thou his ſtrong defence,
Holland, *Brooks*, and *S* —— ſhield,
And eke his Excellence.

For *B* —— and *K* —— to
That are both wiſe and ſtout,
Who have rebuk'd the King of late,
And his ungodly Rout.

Once more we pray for Parliament,
That they may ſit ſecure, F And

And may their Conſultations,
From Age to Age endure.

Let all the Godly ſay *Amen*,
And let them Praiſes ſing
To God and to the Parliament,
And all that hate the King.

The Round-heads Race.

I Will not ſay for the Worlds ſtore,
The World's now drunk, (for did I)
The Faction which now reigns would roare,
But I will ſwear 'tis giddy.

And all are prone to this ſame Fit,
That it their Object make,
For every thing runs Round in it,
And no form elſe will take.

To the Round-Noſe Peculiar is
The Ruby and the Roſe;
The Round-lip gets away the Kiſſe,
And that by Favour goes.

The Round-beard for Talke of State,
Carry it at the Club;
The Round-Robin by a like fate
Is Victor in the Tubb.

Hanworths Round-block ſpeak polliey,
The Round-hoſe Riches draw.

The Round-heads for the Gospell bee
The Round Copes for the Law.

Tom his Round Garbe so rules all o're,
The pox take him for mee
That e're lookes for square dealing more,
And hears an health to thee.

On the Queens Departure.

UP, up wrong'd *Charls* his friends, what can you
Thus Mantled In a stupid Lethargie, (te
When all the world's in Arms? and can there be
Armies of Fears abroad and none with thee?
Breath out your souls in sighs, melt into tears,
And let your griefs be equal to your fears;
The Sphæres are all a jarring, and their jarres
Seems counter-like to Calculate the Starres;
The Inferior Orbes aspire, and do disdain
To move at all, unlesse they may attain
The highest Room, our Occedentall Sunne
Eclips'd by Starres, forsakes his *Horizon*,
Bright *Cinthia* too (they say) hath hid her face
As'twere Impatient of her *Sol*'s disgrace;
And our fears tell us, that unlesse the Sunne
Lend us his beams again, the World will run
Into another Chaos, where will be
Nought but the cursed Fruits of Anarchie;
Sedition, Murder, Rapine, and what's worse
None to Implore for Aid; Oh, here's the Curse,
But stay ye Starres, what will ye wish to bee?
More Sunns then one will prove a Prodigie:

To affright the Amazed World, will ye be-night
That glorious Lamp, that Fountain of all light,
Will none but *Sol*'s own Chaire, pleaſe your deſire?
Take heed bold Stars you'le ſet the world on fire.

Pyms *Anarchy.*

ASk me no more, why there appears
Dayly ſuch troopes of Dragooners?
Since it is requiſite, you know;
They rob *cum privilegio.*

Ask me no more, why th' Gaole confines
Our Hierarchy of beſt divines?
Since ſome in Parliament agree
Tis for the Subjects Liberty.

Ask me no more, why from *Blackwall*
Great tumults come into *Whitehall*?
Since it 's allow'd, by free conſent,
The Priviledge of Parliament.

Ask me not, why to *London* comes
So many Muſquets, Pikes and Drums?
Although you fear they'll never ceaſe;
'Tis to protect the Kingdoms peace.

Ask me no more, why little *Finch*
From Parliament began to winch?
Since ſuch as dare to hawk at Kings
Can eaſie clip a Finches wings.

Ask

Ask me no more, why *Strafford*'s dead,
And why they aim'd ſo at his head?
Faith, all the reaſon I can give,
'Tis thought he was too wiſe to live.

Ask me no more, where's all the Plate,
Brought in at ſuch an eaſie rate?
They will it back to th' Owners bring
In caſe it fall not to the King.

Ask me not why the Houſe delights
Not in our two wiſe Kentiſh Knights?
There Counſell never was thought good,
Becauſe it was not underſtood.

Ask me no more, why *Leſley* goes
To ſeize all rich men as his foes?
Whilſt Country Farmers ſigh and ſob,
Yeomen may beg when Kings do rob.

Ask me no more, by what ſtrange ſight
Londons Lord Maior was made a Knight?
Since there's a ſtrength, not very far,
Hath as much power to make as mar.

Ask me no more, why in this Age
I ſing ſo ſharp without a Cage?
My anſwer is, I need not fear
Since *England* doth the burden bear.

Ask me no more, for I grow dull,
Why *Hotham* kept the Town of *Hull*?
This anſwer I in brief do ſing,
All things were thus when *Pym* was K——

To my Lord B. of S. he being at York.

My Lord,
WHen you were laſt at *London* 'twas our fear,
Leſt the ſame *Rout* which threatned *Majeſty*,
Might ſtrike at *you*: 'tis but the ſame Career
To aime at *Crowns*, and at the *Miter* fly.
For ſtill the *Scepter* and the *Croſier ſtaffe*
Together *fall*, 'cauſe they're together *ſafe*:

Yet while the ſence of Tumults deepeſt grow,
And preſſe in *us*, no doubts in *you* ariſe;
There ſtill dwelt *calm* and *quiet* in your *Brow*,
As our *Diſtractions* were your *Exerciſe*:
And taught us, all *aſſaults*, all *Ills* to beare,
Is not to fly from Danger, but from Fear.

That *Courage* waits you ſtill, ſome merely rode
From Tumults and the Peoples frantick Rage,
Counting their *ſafety* by their *far abode*,
And ſo grew *ſafer ſtill* at the next Stage:
But 'tis not ſpace that ſhelters you, the reſt
Secure themſelves by *Miles*, you by your Breaſt.

And now my Lord, ſince you have *London* left,
Where Merchants wives *dine* cheap, & as cheap *ſup*,
Where Fools themſelves have of their Plate bereft,
And ſigh and drink in the *courſe* Pewter cup.
Where's not a Silver *Spoon* left, not that giv'n
When the firſt *Cockney* was made *Chriſtian*. (than

No

No not a *Bodkin*, *Pincase*, all they send
Or carry all, what ever they can happe on,
Ev'n to the pretty *Pick Tooth*, whose each end
Oft purg'd the Relicks of *continual* Capon.
Nothing must stay behind, nothing must tarry,
No not the *Ring* by which dear *Joan* took *Harry*.

But now no *City-Villain*, though he were
Free of a *Trade* and *Treason*, dares intrude,
No sawcy Prentises assault you there,
Engag'd by their *Indentures* to be *rude*:
Whom for the *two* first years their Masters use
Onely to cry down *Bishops*, and cleanse *Shooes*.

There as in silent Orbes you may ride on,
And as in *Charles* his *Wain* move without jarres,
Your *Coach* will seem your *Constellation*,
Not drawn about by *Horses*, but by *Stars*.
Till seated near the *Northern Pole*, wee thence
Judge your *seat Sphear*, *you* its *Intelligence*.

An Elegie on the Most Reverend Father in God William, *Lord Archbishop of* CANTERBURY.

Attached the 18. *of* December, 1640.
Beheaded the 10. *of* January, 1644.

Most Reverend Martyr,

THou, since thy thick Afflictions first begun,
Mak'st *Diocletian's* dayes all *Calme*, and *Sun*,

And when thy Tragick Annals are compil'd,
Old Perſecution ſhall be *Pity* ſtyl'd,
The *Stake* and *Faggot* ſhall be Temp'rate names,
And *Mercy* wear the Character of *Flames*:
Men knew not then *Thrift* in the Martyrs breath,
Nor weav'd their Lives into a four years Death,
Few antient *Tyrants* do our Stories Taxe,
That ſlew firſt by *Delayes*, then by the *Axe*,
But theſe (*Tiberius* like) alone do cry,
'Tis to be *Reconcil'd to let Thee dy.*

Obſerve we then a while into what *Maze*,
Compaſſe, and *Circle* they contrive Delayes,
What *Turnes* and wilde *Perplexities* they chuſe,
Ere they can forge their *Slander*, and *Accuſe*:
The Sun hath now brought his warm Chariot back,
And rode his Progreſs round the *Zodiack*, (ſhell.
When yet no *Crime* appears, when none can tell,
Where thy *Guilt* ſleeps, nor when 'twill break the
Why is His *Shame* deſer'd? what's in't that brings
Your *Juſtice* back, ſpoyles *Vengeance* of her Wings?
Hath *Mercy* ſeiz'd you? will you rage no more?
Are *Windes* grown tame? have *Seas* forgot to *roar?*
No, a wilde fierceneſſe hath your minds poſſeſt,
Which *time* and *ſins* muſt *cheriſh* and *digeſt*:
You durſt not now let *His* clear Blood be ſpilt,
You were not yet grown up to ſuch a guilt;
You try if *Age*, if *Seaventy years* can Kill:
Then y'have your *Ends*, and you are *harmleſſe* ſtill,
But when this fail'd, you do your Paths enlarge,
But would not yet *whole Innocence* diſcharge;
You'll not be *Devil All*, you fain would prove
Good at a *Diſtance*, within ſome *Remove*,

" Virtue hath ſweets which are good Mens due (gaine,
" Which Vice could not Deſerve, yet would (Retaine.

This was the Cauſe, why once it was your Care,
That *Storms* and *Tempeſts* in your *Sin* might ſhare,
You did engage the *Waves*, and ſtrongly ſtood
To make the *Water* guilty of his *Blood*.
Boats are diſpatcht in haſte, and 'tis his doome,
Not to his *Charge*, but to his *Shipwrack* come;
Fond men, your cruel Project cannot doe,
Tempeſts and *ſtorms* muſt learn to kill from *you*;
When this comes ſhort, he muſt *Walke Pilgrimage*,
No *Coach* nor *Mule*, that may ſuſtein his Age,
Muſt trace the *City* (now a *Deſert rude*)
And combate ſalvage *Beaſts* the *Multitude*.
But when his *Guardian Innocence* can fling,
Awe round about, and ſave him by that *King*.
When the *Juſt cauſe* can fright the *Beaſts* away,
And make the *Tyger* tremble at her *prey*.
When nether *Waves* dare ſeize him, nor the *Rout*;
The ſtorm with Reaſon, nor the ſtorm *without*:
Loſt in their ſtreights when *Plots* have vanquiſht bin,
And Sin perplext hath no *Relief*, but *Sin*.
Agents and *Inſtruments* now on you fall,
You muſt be *Judges*, *People*, *Waves*, and *All*.
Yet 'cauſe the *Rout* will have't perform'd by *you*,
And long to ſee *done* what they dare not *Doe*.
You put the *Crime* to *uſe*, it ſwells your *Heap*;
Your *Sin's* your *own*, nor are you *Guilty cheap*,
You *Husband All*; there's no *Appearance* loſt,
Nor comes he once to th' *Bar* but at your *coſt*;
A *conſtant Rate* well *Taxt*, and *Levyed* right,
And a *Juſt value* ſet upon each *ſight*.

At

At laſt they find the *Dayes* by their own *Purſe*,
Leſſe known from *him* than what they do *diſburſe*:
But when it now ſtrikes high for him t'*appear*,
And *Chapmen* ſee the *Bargain* is grown *dear*;
They *Muſter hands*, and their hot ſuits enlarge,
Not to perſue the *Man*, but ſave the *Charge*;
Then leaſt you looſe their *Cuſtome*, (a juſt fear)
Selling your *Sinnes* and others *Blood* too dear.
You grant their Suits, the Manner, and the Time;
And he muſt Dye for what no *Law* calls *Crime*.
Th'*Afflicted Martyrs*, when their pains began.
Their *Trajan* had, or *Diocleſian*.
Their *Tortures* were ſome *Colours*, and proceed;
Though from no *Guilt*, yet 'cauſe they *diſagreed*:
What *league*, what *friendſhip*'s there? They could not (joyn,
And fix the *Ark* and *Dagon* in one *Shrine*.
Faith, combats *Faith*; and how agree can they,
That ſtill go on, but ſtill a ſeveral way?
Zeal, *Martyrs Zeal*, and *Heat* 'gainſt *Heat* conſpires.
As *Theban Brothers* fight though in their *Fires*.
Yet as two diff'rent *Stars* unite their *Beams*,
And *Rivers* mingles *Waves* and mix their *Streams*;
And though they challenge each a ſeveral *Name*,
Conſpire becauſe their *moyſture* is the *ſame*.
So *Parties* knit, though they be *diverſe* known,
The *Men* are *many*, but the *Chriſtian*, *one*.
Trajan, no *Trajan* was to his own *Heard*,
And *Tygers* are not by the *Tygers* fear'd. (Power,
What ſtrange exceſſe then? what's that *menſtruous*
When *Flames* do *Flames*, and *Streams* do *Streams*
(*devour*?
Where the *ſame Faith* 'gainſt the ſame *Faith* doth
(knock,
And *Sheep* are *Wolves* to *Sheep* of the ſame *Flock*?
Where

Where *Proteſtant* the *Proteſtant* defies,
Where *both Aſſent*, yet one for *Diſſent dyes*? (*Wade*,
Let theſe that doubt this, through his Actions
Where ſome muſt needs *Convince*, All may *per-*
(*ſwade.*

Was he *Apoſtate*, who your *Champion* ſtood,
Bath'd in his *Inke* before, as now in *Blood*?
He that unwinds the *ſubtle Jeſuite*,
That Feels the *Serpents Teeth*, and is not *bit*?
Unites the *Snake* finds each *Myſterious knot*,
And turns the *Poyſon* into *Antidot.*
Doth *Nicety* with *Nicety* undoe?
And makes the *Labyrinth* the *Labyrinth's* clew?
That *ſleight* by *ſleight* ſubdues, and clearly proves,
Truth hath her *Serpents* too, as well as *Doves.*
Now, you that blaſt his *Innocence*, Survey,
And view the *Triumph* of this *Glorious day*;
Could you (if that might be) if you ſhould come
To ſeal God's cauſe with your own *Martyrdom*,
(Could all the blood whoſe Tydes move in their
(veins,
Which then perhaps were *Blood*, but now in ſtains)
(Yield it that *Force* and *ſtrength*, which it hath
(took
Should we except his *Bloud*) from *this* his *Book*,
Your *Flame* or *Axe* would leſſe evince to Men,
Your *Block* and *Stake* would prop leſſe than his *Pen*;
Is he *Apoſtate*, whom the *Baites* of *Rome*
Cannot ſeduce, though all her *Glories* come?
Whom all her ſpecious *Honours* cannot hold,
Who hates the ſnare although the *Hook* be *Gold*?
Who *Proſtituted Titles* can deſpiſe,
And from *deſpiſed Titles*, *greater Riſe*?

Whom

Whom *Names* cannot *Amuſe*, but ſeats withall
The *Proteſtant* above the *Cardinall?*
Who *ſure* to his own Soul, doth ſcorn to find
A Crimſon cap the *Purchaſe* of his *Minde*? (fence,
" Who *is* not Great, may blame his Fate's Of-
" Who would not be, is Great in's Conſcience.
Next theſe His *Sweat* and *Care* how to advance
The *Church* but to Her *Juſt Inheritance*,
How to gain back her *Own*, yet *none Beguile*,
And make her *Wealth* her *Purchaſe*, nor her *ſpoyle*:
Then, ſhape Gods worſhip to a *joynt conſent*;
'Till when the ſeamleſſe Coat muſt ſtill be *Rent*:
Then, to repair the *Shrines*, as *Breaches* ſprung,
Which we ſhould *hear*, could we lend *Pauls* a *Tongue*,
Speak, *Speak great Monument*! while thou yet art (ſuch,
And Rear him 'bove their *Scandals* and their *Touch*;
Had he ſurviv'd thou mighſt in Time Declare,
Vaſt things may *comely* be, and *Greateſt Fair*.
And though thy *Limbs ſpread high*, and *Bulk exceed*,
Thou'dſt prov'd that *Gyants* are no *monſtrous breed*:
Then 'bove *Extent* thy *Luſtre* would prevaile,
And 'gainſt *Dimenſion Feature* turn the Scale;
But now, like *Pyrrah's half adopted Birth*.
Where th'iſſue part was *Woman*, Part was *Earth*,
Where *Female* ſome, and ſome to *ſtone* was Bent,
And the *one half* was t'others *Monument*,
Thou muſt imperfect lye, and learn to Groan,
Now for his *Ruine*, ſtraightway for *thine own*:
But *this* and *Thouſand* ſuch *Abortives* are;
By *Bloody Rebels* Raviſht from his care;
But yet though ſome miſcarried in their *Wombe*,
And *Deeds Still-born* have haſtned to the *Tombe*,

God

God (that Rewards him now) forbad his ſtore,
Should all lye hid, and he but give ith' *Ore.*
Many are *Stampt*, and *ſhapt*, and do ſtill ſhine,
Approv'd at *Mint*, a firm, and *Perfect Coyne.*
Witneſs that *Mart* of *Books* that yonder ſtands.
Beſtow'd by him, though by *anothers* Hands :
Thoſe *Attick Manuſcripts*, ſo *rare a Piece*,
They tell the *Turk*, he hath not conquer'd *Greece.*
Next theſe, a ſecond *beautuous Heap* is thrown,
Of *Eaſtern Authors*, who were *all his own.*
Who in ſo *Various Languages* appear,
Babel, would ſcarce be their *Interpreter.*
To *Theſe*, we may that *Fair-built Colledge* bring,
Which proves that Learning's no ſuch *Ruſtick* (thing.
Whoſe *ſtructure* well contriv'd doth not relate
To *Antick fineneſs*, but *ſtrong laſting ſtate* :
Beauty well mixt with *ſtrength*, that it complyes
Moſt with the *Gazer's* uſe, much with his *Eyes*,
On *Marble Columns* thus the *Arts* have ſtood,
As wiſe *Seth's Pillars* ſav'd 'em in the *Flood.*
But did he leave here *Walls*, and only Own
A Glorious *Heap*, and make us rich in *Stone ?*
Then had our *Chanc'lour* ſeem'd to fail, and here
Much honour due to the *Artificer* :
But *this* our *Prudent Patron* long fore-ſaw,
When he Refin'd *rude Statutes* into *Law* ;
Our *Arts* and *Manners* to his *Building* fall,
And he erects the *Men*, as well as *Walls* :
"Thus *Solons Laws* his *Athens* did Renown,
"And turn'd that *throng of Building* to a *Town.*
Yet neither *Law* nor *Statute* can be known
So *ſtrickt*, as to *Himſelf* he made his *own*,

Which

Which in his Actions *Inventory* lyes,
Which *Hell* or —— can never ſcandalize:
Where every Act his rigid eye ſurveyes,
And *Night* is *Barre* and *Judge* to all his Dayes;
Where all his ſecret Thoughts he doth comprize,
And every *Dream* ſummon'd to an *Aſſize*;
VVhere he *Arraigns* each *Circumſtance* of care,
VVhich never parts diſmiſs'd without a *Prayer*;
See! how he *ſifts* and *ſearches* every part,
*A*nd ranſacks all the Cloſets of his heart;
He puts the hours upon the *Rack* and *Wheel*,
*A*nd all his *minutes* muſt *confeſs* or *feel*:
If they reveal one *Act* which forth did come.
VVhen *Humane frailty* crept into the *Loome*,
If one Thread ſtain, or ſully, break, or faint,
So that the *Man* does Inteerrupt the *Saint*,
He hunts it to its *Death*, nor quits his feares,
Till't be *Embalm'd* in *Prayers*, or *drown'd* in *Teares*.
The *Sun* in all his journeys ne're did ſee
One more *devout*, nor one more *ſtrict* than He.
Since his *Religion* then's *Unmixt* and *Fine*,
*A*nd *Works* do *warrant* Faith, as Ore the Mine:
VVhat can his *Crime* be then? Now you muſt lay
The *Kingdoms Laws ſubverted* in his way:
See! no ſuch *Crime* doth o're his *Conſcience* grow,
(VVithout which *Witneſs* ne're can make it ſo;)
A clear Tranſparent *White*, bedecks his mind,
VVhere nought but *Innocence* can ſhelter find,
Witneſſe that *Breath* which did your *ſtain* and *blot*
Wipe freely out, (though *Heaven* I fear will *not*)
Witneſſe that *Calme* and *Quiet* in His *Breaſt*,
Prologue and *Preface* to his *Place* of *Reſt*;
When with the *VVorld* He could undaunted part,
And ſee in *Death* nor *meagre Looks*; nor *Dart*:

VVhen

When to the *Fatal Block* His *Gray Age* goes
With the ſame *Eaſe*, as when he took *Repoſe*.
" He like old *Enoch* to His Bliſſe is gone,
"'Tis not his Death, but his Tranſlation.

A Mock Remonſtrance referring to the Porters Petition.

To Pym *King of the Parliamented,*
The Grievances are here preſented
Of Porters, Butchers, Broom-men, Tanners,
That fain would fight under your Banners;
Weavers, Dyers, Tinkers, Coblers,
And many other ſuch like Joblers,
As Water-men, and thoſe call'd Dray-men,
That have a long time ſung Solamen, *&c.*

WHereas, *Imprimis*, firſt, that is, the Porters,
The heavy burthens laid on their four (Quarters
Is not complain'd of here; nor of Us, any,
*A*lthough We have good Cauſes, and full many,
As yet unknown; but there's a day will come
Shall pay for all, We ſay no more but Mum.
It is well ſaid by ſome, You are about
To give the Church and Government a Rout,
Let it be ſo cry VVe, for it is known,
To do't, you will want more hands than your own.
*A*nd ſince you are * neceſſitated to * *Their Decla-*
Raiſe war, 'ifaith (Sirrevence) do, do, do; *ration.*
'Tis fit that Old things ſhould grow out of date,
Like *Hampden*'s Siſter, or that Beldame *Kate*.

O'd

Old things in course do commonly decay,
When New perhaps may last full many a day;
Old Frocks, old Shirts, old Brooms, old Boots, old Skins
Are much addicted to the Venial sins
Of wearing out; and why not then the Church,
That has left many a simple man ith' lurch.
Beside, the Porters so the Surplice hate,
Their very Frocks they have casheer'd of late;
And rather than endure 'em, you may see,
They wear the Rope, the Hang-mans Livery.
The Butchers too, inspired are at least,
And know the very Intrails of the Beast
That wears those* Smocks, and though they love a Whore,
A *Babilonish* one they do abhor.
In fine, in this great work of Reformation,
Which you intend shall stigmatize the Nation,
We pray to be Fellow-labourers, and
That you our Vertues right may understand,
Know that the Porters shall for Eighteen-pence
Carry the Dreggs of *Rome* in Bottles hence
To any Foreign part you'l think upon,
And bring the Juyce of the *Turks Alcaron*
In lieu of it; the Butcher kill'd in Slaughter
Shall send Gods, and the Laws Disciples after:
There shall not a Religious Relique be
Left in the Church, or in the Library,
But shall be swept away by the Nice hand
Oth' Broom-mens Art, who nothing understand
More than *Kent-street*; If any them deride,
The Tanners come, and then beware their Hide;
And for the Weavers, they can preach, or pray,
As is well known to the Lords, *Brooks* and *Say*.
The Dyers they delight you know in Scarlet,
And care no more for Blood, than any Varlet;

* *Surplices.*

Like

Like Archers good they will come on ſo powring,
That who eſcapes them will eſcape a ſcowring.
The Tinkers they can both make Holes, and mend
('em
In Church or State; if you will but befriend 'em
With Mettle; They care not for God or Divell;
A Pack of ſturdy Rogues inur'd to Evill.
The Cobler vows, and that you'l ſay is News,
To venture All, what over Boots, o're Shooes?
And likewiſe undertakes at a Cheap rate
The Government, though Crabbed, to Tranſlate.
The Water-men more ſlye than any Otters,
Knowing 'tis good fiſhing in troubl'd Waters,
If any do Oppoſe them, though their Betters,
They will betake themſelves unto their Stret-
(chers,
And ſo beſabour 'em in Church and Cloyſters,
Their Bones ſhall rattle, like a Sacke of Oyſters,
In their thin Skins. The Dray-men likewiſe ſhall
With Cruſted Fiſts, fling 'um and fling 'um all.
Thus in Our ſeveral Functions We can ſerve ye,
Men fit for your Employment, pray obſerve ye;
And therefore liſt Us, where your beſt defence is,
In th' Yealow Regiment of's *Oxcellencies*:
So taking leave, reſting at your Commands,
We do ſubſcribe either Our Horns, or Hands.

The Caution.

A SONG.

To the Tune of *Oh Women, Monstrous Women.*

YOu Sep'ratists that Sequister
Your selves from Laws are good,
Your Courses so irregular
Shall now be understood;
Your fond Expounding corrupts the Bibble,
Yet you'l maintain it with your Twibble.
Oh Roundheads, Reundheads, damnable Roundheads,
What do you mean to do?

He that does swear, though to a Truth,
You count him far worse than a Lyer,
Yet you will firk your Sister *Ruth*,
So it may edifie her;
You, like the Devil, abhor a Crosse, (horse.
But I'le have as good Reason from *Pyms* Stone-
Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,
What do you mean to do?

Our Churches Hierarchy you hold
Within a foul Suspition;
And say the Prelates Sleeves are old
Reliques of Superstition;
The very Ragges of *Rome* they are
Such as the Whores of *Babilon* wear.
Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,
What do you mean to do? Therefore

Therefore in Zeal and Piety,
You'l dy their Lawn in blood,
And root out their Society,
A work you think is good;
The Malice is, ſome of your Eares
Were cropt far ſhorter than your hairs.
Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,
What do you mean to do?

When you the Miter have pull'd down,
You'l be hang'd before contented,
Your next Pluck muſt be at the Crown,
A Plot long ſince invented:
But *Grigge* ſwears *Tyburn* ſhall have her due,
Hee'l behang'd himſelf, if he hang not you.
Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,
What do you mean to do?

The Coblers were aſtoniſhed,
The Porters eke, alſo;
To hear the Noyſe that ecchoed
From your vaſt *Tubb* below:
But let him be hang'd will never mend,
The Cobler thinks upon his end.
But you to whom my Lines do tend
Have a care of what you do.

Lilly contemn'd.

A SONG.

WHy art thou ſad? Our Glaſſes flow
Like little Rivers to the Mayne;

And ne're a Man here has a Shrew,
What need'ſt thou then complain?
Then Boys mind your Glaſs,
And let all News paſs
That treats not of this our Canary,
Let Lawyers fear their Fate,
In the turn of the State,
We ſuffer if this do miſcarry,
Chor. *'Tis this will preſerve us 'gainſt* Lillies *predictions,*
And make us contemn our Fate and his Fictions.

'Tis this that ſetts the City Ruff;
And lyne the Aldermen with Fur;
It makes the Watchmen ſtiff and tuff
To call, *where go you Sir*?
'Tis this doth advance
The Cap of Maintenance,
And keeps the Sword ſleeping or waking;
It Courage doth raiſe
In ſuch Men now adaies,
That heretofore cry'd at Head-aching,
Chor. *'Tis this doth infuſe in a Miſer ſome pity,*
And is the Genius, and Soul of the City.

Then why ſhould we diſpair, or think
The Enemy approacheth near?
Let ſuch as never us'd to drink
Sack, be enſlav'd to Fear.
Then to get Honor,
And that waits on her,
Strange Titles, *Illuſtrious* and *Mighty.*
Wee'l have a ſmart Bout
Shall ſpeak us Men and ſtout,
And I'le be the firſt that ſhall fight ye.

Chor.

Chor. *He that ſtifly can ſtand to't, and hath the beſt Braine;*
Shall be ſtyl'd Son of Mars, *and God of the Mayne.*

A Monſter to be ſeen at VVeſtminſter. 1642.

WIthin this Houſe is to be ſeen
Such a Monſter as hath not been
At any time in *England*, nay
In *Europe*, *Africk*, *Aſia*.
'Tis a Round body, without a Head
Almoſt three years, yet not dead.
'Tis like that Beaſt I once did ſee,
Whoſe Tayle ſtood where his Head ſhould be;
And, which was never ſeen before,
Though't want a Head, 'thas Horns good ſtore,
It has very little hair, and yet
You'l ſay it has more hair than wit,
'Thas many Eyes and many Eares,
'Thas many Jealouſies and Fears,
'Thas many Mouths, and many Hands,
'Tis full of Queſtions and Commands.
'Tis arm'd with Muskets, Pikes, it fears
Naught in the World but Cavaliers;
'Twas born in *England*, but begot
Betwixt the *Engliſh* and the *Scot*.
Though ſome are of Opinion rather
That the Devil was its Father,
And the City, which is worſe,
Was its Mother, and its Nurſe.

Some ſay (though perhaps in ſcorn)
That it was a *Cretan* born,
And not unlike, for't has the faſhion
Juſt as may be of that Nation;
For 'tis a Lyer, none oth' leaſt;
A ſlow Belly, an Evil beaſt;
Of what Religion none can tell,
It much reſembles that in Hell.
Some ſay it is a Jew diſguis'd,
And why, becauſe 'tis circumcis'd;
For 'twas deprived long ago
Of many a Member wee well know.
In ſome points 'tis a Jeſuited Prieſt,
In ſome it is a Calviniſt:
For 'tis not Juſtify'd, it ſaith
By Good works, but by Publick Faith.
Some call't an Anabaptiſt: Some
Think now that Antichriſt is come.
A Creature of an uncouth kind,
Both for its Body, and its mind:
Make haſt and ſee't, elſe 'twill be gon,
For now 'tis ſick, and drawing on.

London ſad *London.*

AN ECCHO.

WHat wants thee, that thou art in this ſad *A King* (taking?
What made him firſt remove hence his reſiding? *ſaying.*

Did

Did any here deny him ſatisfaction?
Faction.
Tell me whereon this ſtrength of Faction lyes?
On lyes.
What didſt thou do when the King left Parliament?
Lament.
What terms would'ſt give to gain his Company?
Any.
But how wouldſt ſerve him, with thy beſt endeavour?
Ever.
What wouldſt thou do if here thou couldſt behold him?
Hold him.
But if he comes not what becomes of *London*?
Undone.

Upon bringing in the Plate.

ALL you that would no longer
To a *Monarch* be ſubjected,
Come away to *Guildhall*, and be there liberall,
Your Wiſh ſhall be there effected.
Come come away, bring your Gold, bring your Jewells,
Your ſilver Shap't, or Molten,
If the King *you'l have down, and advance to the Crown*
Five Members *and* K——.

Regard no Proc'amations,
They're Subjects fit to Jeſt on,
Henry Elſing's far better than *C. R.*
Reſolv'd upon the Queſtion.
Come come away, &c.

You *Aldermen* first send in
Your *Chaines* upon these Summons,
To buy Ropes ends, for all the Kings Friends,
They're *Traytors* to the Commons.
Come, come away, &c.

Your *Basons* large, and *Ewers*,
Unto this use alot them,
If ere you mean your hands to clean
From th' Sins by which you got them.
Come, come away, &c.

Bring in your *Cannes* and *Gobletts*,
You Citizens confiding,
And think it no scorn, to drink in a *Horn*
Of your own Wives providing.
Come, come away, &c.

Ye Bretheren strong and lusty,
The Sisters *Exercise* yee,
Get *Babes* of Grace, and *Spoons* apace,
Both Houses do advise yee.
Come, come away, &c.

Let the Religious *Sempstress*
Her silver *Thimble* bring here,
'Twill be a fine thing in deposing a King,
To say you had a Finger.
Come, come away, &c.

Your Childe's redeemed *Whistle*
May here obtain Admittance,
Nor shall that Cost, be utterly lost,
They'le give you an *Acquittance*.
Come, come away, &c.

The

The Gold and Silver *Bodkin*,
The Parliament woo'd ha both,
Which oft doth make, the Houſe to take
A Journey on the Sabboth.
Come, come away, &c.

You that have ſtore of Mony
Bring't hither, and be thrifty,
If th' *Parliament* thrive, they'le ſo contrive
You ſhall have back *Four* for *Fifty*.
Come, come away, &c.

If when the Councell's ended,
Your Plate you will recover,
Be ſure you may the chief Head that day
On the *Bridge* or *Tower* diſcover.
Come, come away, &c.

The Prentices Petition to the Cloſe Committee.

TO you cloſe Members, wee the Young men (come
(If Juſtice in this houſe has any Room?)
With a Petition, but it is for peace;
If you are vext, pray let all Quarrells ceaſe;
Firſt, for Religion.) If't be no offence,
Nor hinder things of greater Conſequence)
We hope you do ſuppoſe there's ſome ſuch thing,
'Cauſe 'thas bin often mention'd by the King.
Wee'ld hav't eſtabliſht, and do hold it fit
That no Lay-Levites ought to meddle with't.

Next

Next, that in ſpight of Treaſon, we may have
A happy peace, but that we need not crave,
For when our bodkins ceaſe 'twil be your pleaſure
That arms may ceaſe, not wanting wil, but treaſure;
Elſe you'le but put the King to farther trouble,
To beat you to't, and make you Subjects double.
We know y'are powerfull, and can wonders do
Both by your Votes and Ordinances too;
In caſe all thoſe Murther'd Innocent men
May by your Votes be made alive again,
Then your admiring Spirits ſhall perſwade us
That neither War nor Famine can invade us:
Till then you'le give us leave to truſt our Eyes,
And from our ſad Experience, now grow wiſe:
Let not the Collonell's gaping ſon o'th' City
Be made the Mouth unto this cloſe Committe;
Whoſe gaudy Troope, becauſe they're boyes, he boaſts
They are the Children of the Lord of Hoſts;
And knows no reaſon, (for indeed tis' ſcant)
Why States are not like Churches Militant.
Next, that Truth, Wiſedome, Juſtice, Loyalty,
And Law, five Members of our Faculty
(Who not by the King; but you, have been ſo long
By Votes Expell'd from your Rebellious throng)
May be reſtored; and in ſpight of *Pym*
Be heard to ſpeak their mind as well as him.
Which if not granted, we do tell you this,
Your Lord (whoſe head's in a Parentheſis)
Shall not ſecure you, but we ſhall unty
That twiſted Rabble of the Hierachy,
Clubs are good payments, and 'mongſt other things
Know we are as many Thouſands as you Kings.
In the Interim pray tell your fore-horſe *Pym*,
Juſt as he loves the King, ſo we love him.

Londons

Londons *Farewell to the Parliament.*

FArewell to the Parliament, with hey, with hey,
Farewell to the Parliament, with hoe,
Your dear delight the City,
Our wants have made us witty,
And a —— for the Cloſe Committee,
With a hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell the Lord of *Eſſex*, with hey, with hey,
Farewell the Lord of *Eſſex*, with hoe,
He ſleeps till eleven,
And leaves the Cauſe at ſix and ſeven,
But 'tis no matter, their hope's in Heaven,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell the Lord *Wharton*, with hey, with hey,
Farewell the Lord *Wharton*, with hoe,
The Saw-pit did hide him,
Whilſt *Haſtings* did out-ride him,
Then came *Brooks* and he out-ly'd him,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *Billy Stroud*, with hey, with hey,
Farewell *Billy Stroud*, with hoe,
He ſwore all *Whartons* lyes were true,
And it concern'd him ſo to do,
For he was in the Saw-pit too,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell the Lord *Brooks*, with hey, with hey,
Farewell the Lord *Brooks*, with hoe,

He

He ſaid (but firſt he had got a Rattle)
That but one hundred fell in the Battle,
Beſides Dogs, Whores, and ſuch Parliament Cattle,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *Say* and *Seale*, with hey, with hey,
Farewell *Say* and *Seale*, with hoe,
May theſe Valiant Sons of *Ammon*,
All be Hang'd as high as *Haman*,
With the old Anabaptiſt they came on,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe

Farewell *K* —— with hey, with hey,
Farewell *K* —— with hoe,
Thy Father writ a Godly Book,
Yet all was fiſh that came to the hook,
Sure he is damn'd though but for his look.
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *K* —— with hey, with hey,
Farewell *K* —— with hoe,
Thy Houſe had been confounded,
In vain he had compounded,
If he had not got a Round-head,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *D*—— *H*—— with hey, with hey,
Farewell *D* —— *H* —— with hoe
Twas his Ambition, or his need,
Not his Religion did the deed,
But his Widow hath tam'd him of the ſpeed.
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell

Farewell *John Hampden*, with hey, with hey,
Farewell *John Hampden* with hoe,
Hee's a ſly and ſubtile Fox,
Well read in *Buchanan* and *Knox*,
And hees gone down to goad the Oxe,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *John Pym*, with hey, with hey,
Farewell *John Pym* with hoe,
He would have had a place in Court,
And he ventur'd all his partie for't,
But bribing proves his beſt ſupport.
VVith hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *John Pym* with hey, with hey,
Farewell *John Pym* with hoe,
For all the feign'd diſaſter
Of the *Taylor* and the Plaſter,
Thou ſhalt not be our Maſter,
VVith hey trolly, lolly, loe,

Farewell Major *Skippon*, with hey, with hey
Farewell Major *Skippon* with hoe,
Ye have ordered him to kill and ſlay,
To reſcue him and run away,
Provide you vote fair weather, and pay,
VVith hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell our VVorthies all, with hey, with hey,
Farewell our VVorthies all with hoe,
For they inſtead of dying,
Maintain the truth by lying,
And get victories by flying,
VVith hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Fare-

Farewell our *Scotch* Brethren, with hey, with hey,
Farewell our *Scotch* Brethren, with hoe,
They March but to the border,
But will be brought no farther,
For neither Ordinance nor Order,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell my little Levites, with hey, with hey,
Farewell my little Levites, with hoe,
Though you ſeem to fear him,
Yet you can ſcarce forbear him,
And when you thank him, you but jeer him,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell fears and jealouſies, with hey, with hey,
Farewell fears and jealouſies, with hoe,
Which, with lying Declarations,
Tumults, traytors, and proteſtations,
Have been the ruine of two Nations,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell little *Iſaack*, with hey, with hey,
Farewell little *Iſaack*, with hoe,
Thou haſt made us all, like *Aſſes*,
Part with our Plate, and drink in Glaſſes,
Whilſt thou growſt rich with 2 s. Paſſes,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell Plate and Money, with hey, with hey,
Farewell Plate and Money, with hoe,
'Tis going down by water,
Or ſomething near the matter,
And a Publique Faith's going after,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell Members five, with hey, with hey,
Farewell Members five, with hoe,
Next Petition we deliver,
Sends you packing down the River,
And the Devil be your driver,
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

A SONG.

New-England is preparing a-pace,
To entertain King *Pym*, with his Grace,
And *Isaack* before shall carry the Mace,
For Round-heads Old Nick stand up now.

No Surpliſſe nor no Organs there,
Shall ever offend the Eye, or the Ear,
But a Spiritual Preach, with a 3. hours Prayer,
For Round-heads, &c.

All things in Zeal shall there be carried,
Without any Porredge read over the buried,
No Croſſing of Infants, nor Rings for the Married,
For Round-heads, &c.

The Swearer there shall puniſht be still,
But Drunkenneſſe private be counted no ill,
Yet both kind of lying as much as you will,
For Round-heads, &c.

Blow winds, Hoyſe sailes, and let us be gone,
But be sure we take all our Plunder a long,
That *Charles* may find little when as he doth come,
For Round-heads Old Nick stand up now.

Sir

Sir John Hotham's *Alarm.*

COme Traytors, March on, to the Leader Sir (*John*,
Though King *Charles* his Friends diſaffect you,
Do not obey him, but obey Devil *Pym*,
And the Parliament will protect you.

Let us plead that we Fight, for the King and his Right,
But if he deſire for to enter,
Let us Armed appear, and let us all ſweare
Our lives for his ſake we will venter.

But if he give Command, to diſarm out of hand,
As we our *Allegiance* do tender,
Let us preſently Sweare, that Commanded we are
By the Parliament not to ſurrender.

If he deſire for to ſee, what Command that may be,
We then will reſolve him no further,
But intreat him to ſtay, while we ſend Poſt away,
He ſhall have a Copy of the Order.

But if he Proclaime, me a Traytor by Name,
And all you that adhere to my Faction, (me,
What an Honour it will be, when my Country ſee
Second *Pym* in a Trayterous Action.

But when the King ſends, to require an amends
Of the Parliament for ſuch denyal;
Whether Treaſon or no, the Law ſhall ne're know,
I muſt be put to your Vote for a Tryal.

And

And to put it to the Voice, or the Parliaments
The Houſe being now ſo empty; (choice,
If there be ſuch a thing, as God or a King,
We'll carry it by five in the twenty.

If ſo pleaſe the Fates, as to change our Eſtates,
That the King his own Rights doth recover,
We will turn to their way, and the Town will
(betray,
Though a Ladder for our pains we turn over.

The Publique Faith.

SOme tell of *Africk* Monſters, which of old,
Vain Superſtition did for God-heads hold,
How the *Ægyptians*, who firſt knowledge ſpread,
Ador'd their *Apis* with the white Bulls head;
Apis ſtill fed with Serpents that do hiſs,
Hamon, *Oſiris*, Monſter *Anubis*.
But Sun-burnt *Africk* never had, nor hath
A Monſter like our *Engliſh Publique Faith*;
Thoſe fed on Snakes, and ſatisfi'd, did reſt,
This, like the Curtain Gulf, will have the beſt
Thing in the City, to appeaſe its ſtill
Encreaſing hunger, Glutting its lewd will
With Families, whoſe ſubſtance it devours,
Perverting Juſtice and the Higher Powers;
Contemning without fear of any Law,
Preying on all to fill its ravenous Maw;
Whoſe *Eſtrich* ſtomack, which no ſteele can ſate,
Has ſwallowed down Indies of Gold and Plate:

This is the *Publique Faith*, which being led
By th' Cities wealth, has in this Kingdom bred
Such various miſchiefs with its viperous breath,
Blaſting its peace and happineſſe to death;
And yet this Idoll which our world adores,
Has made men proſtitute their truth like Whores,
To its foul Luſt, which ſurely may as well
And ſoon be ſatisfi'd, as th' Grave, or Hell;
This preys on Horſes, yet that will not do,
Unleſſe it may devour the Riders too:
This takes up all the Riches of the Land,
Not by intreaty, but unjuſt Command,
Borrowing extortively without any day
But the *Greek Calends*, then it means to pay;
This 'gainſt the Law of Nations does ſurpriſe
The Goods of Strangers, Kings, & in its wiſe (note)
Diſcretion, thinks (though its not worth their
They're bound to take the *Publique Faiths* trim
For their ſecurity, when this *Publique Faith* (Vote
Has broke more Merchants then e're Riot hath,
And yet, good men o'th City, you are proud
To have this Bankrupt *Publique Faith* allow'd
More credit then your King, to this you'll len
More willingly then ever you did ſpend
Money to buy your Wives and Children bread,
By ſuch a ſtrange Inchantment being miſled
To your undoings; you who upon Bond,
Nay ſcarcely upon Mortgage of that Land,
Treble your Moneys value, would not part
With your lov'd Coine, vanquiſh'd by th' power-
Of this *Magician Publique Faith*, juſtly inſtall (full art
Him Maſter of your Bags, the Devil and all
That taught you get them by deceitfull wares,
And ſucking in (like Mornings draughts) young
Heirs: Well,

Well, certainly if this fine humour hold,
Your Aldermen will have no other Gold (Chains,
But what's in Thumb-rings, for their ponderous
They'le be the *Publique Faiths* juſt lawfull gains,
And have the Honour afterwards to be
Hang'd in them for its Publique *Treachery*.
What will become of you then, Grave and Witty
Inhabitants of this Inchanted City?
Who is't ſhall thoſe vaſt Sums to you re-pay,
When Maſter *Publique Faith* is run away?
Or who ſhall thoſe prodigious heaps renew,
Which were prodigally decreas'd by you?
Whom the whole world imagin'd men of thrift,
What will your Orphans do? How will they ſhift,
Whoſe whole Eſtates in th' City Chamber, hath
Been given a ſpoyle to ruin'd *Publique Faith*?
Perhaps you'le pawn your Charter to ſupply
The worthy wants of your Neceſſity.
Who is't will take't, when all (but men miſled
Like you) know 'tis already forfeited?
Who is't will then into New Coine tranſlate
Such monſtrous Cupboards of huge antick Plate?
To *Publique Faiths* vaſt *Treaſury* bring in,
From the Gilt Goblet, to the Silver Pin,
All that was Coinable, and what to do?
Even to create you *Knaves*, and *Traytors* too.
Faith if you chance to come off with your *Lives*,
Your way will be to live upon your *Wives*,
Their *Trading* will be good, when *Fortune* wears
Your Colours in the Caps of th' Cavaliers,
Whoſe Cuckolds you'll be then, & on your brow,
Wear their Horns, as you *Publique Faith*'s do now;
Then, then you'll howle, when you ſhall clearly ſee
That *Publique Faith*, was *Publique Treachery*:

Then you'll confeſs your ſelves to 've been undone
By *Publique Faith*'s man, *Iſaack Pennington*;
Then you'll repent that ever you did fling
Such monſtrous Sums away againſt your King;
When he in *Triumph*, with his *War-like Train*,
Shall to your terrour view your *Town* again;
Unleſſe his Mercy mittigate his wrath,
Juſtly conceiv'd 'gainſt you and *Publique Faith*;
That Reverent Alderman which did defile
His Breeches at the Muſtering ere while,
Shall then again thoſe Velvet Slops bewray,
Cauſe *Publique Faith* did make him go aſtray:
Pauls ſhall be opened then, and you conſpire
No more againſt the Organs in the Quire,
Nor threat the Saints ith' Windows, nor repair
In Troops to kill the Book of Common-Prayer;
Nor drunk with Zeal, endeavour to engroſſe
To your own uſe, the ſtones of *Cheap-ſide Croſſe*:
Then, then you'll bow your heads, your horns and all,
That ſo exalted were to ſave from thrall
Your ruin'd Liberties, and humbly pray
For Mercy, more then upon each *Faſt-day*;
When your Seditious Preachers to the throng,
Make Prayers *Ex Tempore* of five hours long;
Leſt you by early penitence prevent
Your certain danger, if not puniſhment,
Which you by no means may ſo ſafely do,
As quitting *Publique Faith*, and *Treaſon* too: (find,
Then, then, though late, you to your grief will
That you have walkt (as Moles ith' Earth do) blind
Of your fair reaſon, and obedient light,
Involv'd in Miſts of black Rebellious Night:
If theſe Inſtructions will not make you ſee
Your Errour, may you periſh in't for me,

And

And to your Ruine walk in deathfull path,
That leads to'th Gallows with the *Publique Faith.*

The Sence of the Houſe, or the Reaſon why thoſe Members who are the Remnant of the two Families of Parliament cannot conſent to Peace, or an Acccommodation.

To the Tune of *The New-England Pſalm, Huggle Duggle, ho ho ho the Devil he laught aloud.*

COme come beloved *Londoners*, fy fy you ſhame us all,
Your riſing up for Peace, will make the cloſe Committe fall;
I wonder you dare ask for that, which they muſt needs deny,
There's 30. ſwears they'l have no Peace, and bid me tell you why.

Firſt I'le no Peace quoth *Eſſex*, my Chaplain ſayes 'tis Sin
To looſe 100 *l.* a day, juſt when my Wife lyes in;
They cry God bleſſe your Excellence, but if I looſe my Place
They'l call me Rebel, Popular Aſſe, and Cuckold to my face.

You Citizen Fools, quoth *W*—— d' ye talk to
to me of Peace,
Who not only ſtole his Majeſties Ships, but rob'd
him of his Seas,
No no I'le keep the Water ſtill, and have my
Ships well man'd,
For I have loſt and ſtole ſo much, I know not where
to land.

Do Brother do, ſayes *H*—— for Peace breeds
us no quiet,
Beſides my Places to have loſt, with ſixteen Diſh-
es dyet,
I play'd the *Judas* with the King, which makes
the World deteſt me,
Nay ſhould his Majeſty pardon me, 500. would
areſt me.

K—— ſaid, theſe *Londoners* deſerve to looſe
their Eares,
For now they'l all obey the King, like Citizen
Cavaliers;
Let's vote this Peace a deſperate Plot, and ſend
them a denyal,
For if they ſave the Kingdom, they'le give us a
Legal tryal.

The *Welſh-men* rage quoth *S*—— and call me
villanous Goat
For plundering *Hereford*'s Aldermens Gownes to
make my *Beſſe* a Coat,
'Tis true the Town did feed me well, for which I
took good Fleeces,
But if Peace come they'le tear me and all my
Whores in pieces.

Fight

Fight fight quoth *Say*, now now hold up theſe
Jealouſies and Fears,
The work will ſhew I laid the Plot above theſe
17. years;
'Tis I that am your Engineer', but if for Peace
you vote,
Oh then they'le make me go to Church, or elſe
they'le cut my Throate.

My Father *Goodwin* quoth *W*—— calls me a
ſilly Lad,
And wonders they'le ask Peace of me who have
been lately mad;
You chuſe me *Iriſh* General, and I chuſe to ſtay
here,
For ſhould we fight among the Boggs, there's ne-
ver a Sawpit near.

Thoſe Heathen Prentices quoth *Brooks*, that made
my Coach-man ſtay,
Bid me be bare, although I ſpoke but 13. Bulls
that day,
But if Peace lop off my learned Skull, then all my
Houſe you'le ſee
The Sword of *Guy*, the Dun-cows rib, the Aſſes
tooth, and me.

I made a *Speech* quoth *R*—— when his Excel-
lence firſt began,
For which he ſwore by a *Pottle of Sack* to make
me a Gentleman:
But if the King get to *Whitehall* then all my hopes
are paſt,
My Father was firſt Lord of the Houſe, and I
ſhall be the laſt.

Keep Silence, quoth Mr. *Speaker*, but do not hold
your peace,
Let's ſit, and vote, and hold them too't, for I'le do
what you pleaſe;
I have had but poor 6000 *l.* beſides ſome Spoons
and Bowles,
Nay, grant a Peace, and how ſhall I be Maſter of
the Rolles?

Then ſpake 5. Members all at once; who for an
Army cry'd,
Laſt year, quoth they, you reſcu'd us, elſe we had
all been try'd:
What though you be almoſt undone, you muſt
coutribute ſtill,
Or wee'le convey, our Trunks away, and then do
what you will.

My Venome ſwells, quoth *H*—— that his Majeſty
full well knows,
And I, quoth *Hampden*, fetcht the *Scots*, from
whence this Miſchief flows.
I am an Aſſe quoth *Haſlerigg*, but yet I'me deep
ith' Plott,
And I, quoth *Stroud*, can lye as faſt, as Mr. *Pym* can
trott.

But I, quoth *Pym*, your Hackney am, and all your
drudgery do,
Have made good Speeches for my ſelf, and Pri-
viledges for you:
I can ſit down and look on men, whilſt others
bleed and fight,
I eat their Lordſhips meat by day, and giv't their
Wives by night.

Then

Then *Vane* grew black ith' face, and ſwore there's
none ſo deep as I,
The Staff and Signet ſlipt my hand, my Son can
tell you why,
The name of Peace they ſay 'tis ſweet, but oh
it makes me ſhrink,
Straffords Ghoſt doth haunt me ſo, I cannot ſleep
a wink.

Were *Strafford* living, *Mildmay* ſaid, he would do
me no ill,
I hid my ſelf ith' Privy, when the Houſe did paſs
his Bill:
But all my Gold and Silver thread *Gregory* calls
his own,
Though in a Ship I made my will, I was not born
to drown.

You found me, quoth Sir *R*—— *P*—— I had been
long a Knave;
You promis'd I ſhould be ſo ſtill, if you my Vote
might have.
And I, quoth *Laurence Whittaker*, agreed to doe ſo
too,
But if you ſerve old Courtiers thus, they'le do as
much for you.

This Peace, quoth *Michael Oldſworth*, will bring
me never a Fee,
Although my Lord have ſworn for Peace, and
will not follow me.
Down, down with Biſhops, *Wheeler* ſaid, for I have
rob'd the Church:
Oh baſe, will you conclude a Peace, and leave me
in the lurch. Who

Who ſpeaks of Peace quoth *Ludlow*, hath neither
Sence nor Reaſon,
For I ne're ſpoke ith' Houſe but once, and then
I ſpoke High Treaſon,
Your meaning was as bad as mine, you muſt de-
fend my Speech,
Or elſe you make my mouth as foul as was my
Fathers breech.

I'le plunder Him, quoth *Baynton*, that mentions
Peace to Me,
The Biſhop would not grant my Leaſe, but now
I'le have his Fee.
A Gunpowder Monopoly quoth *Evelyn* rais'd my
Father,
But if you let this War go down, they'le call me
Powder Traytor.

Oh *Jove*, quoth Sir *John Hotham*, is this a time to
treat?
When *Newcaſtle* and *Cumberland* me to the Walls
have beat?
You baſe-obedient Citizens d' ye think to ſave
your Lives?
My Sonne and I will ſerve you all as I have ſerv'd
Five Wives.

Indeed, quoth Sir *Hugh Cholmley*, Sir *John* you
ſpeak moſt true,
For I have ſold, and morgaged, moſt of my Land
to you;
My Brother would have ſerv'd the King, but was
forbid to ſtay;
The King fore ſaw at *Keynton-field*, Sir *Harry*
would run away. I went

I went down, quoth Sir *Ralph Stapleton*, with Muſquet, Pike and Drum,
To fetch Sir *Francis Wortley* up, but truly hee'd not come.
Oh Lord, Sir *Robert Harlow* ſaid, how do our Foes increaſe?
I wonder who the Devil it was that firſt invented Peace.

Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon, Sir *Walter Earle* cryes out,
Worſe than blowing up the *Thames*, the Dagger, or the Clout.
Hang me, quoth *Miles Corbet* then, for we are all confounded,
And *Cavaliers* will Cuckold me, as well as did the *Roundhead*.

Quoth Sir *John Wray*, Mr. *Speaker*? I'le end this matter ſtreit,
For this which is my Ninth Speech, I'me ſure is none of my Eight;
I try'd it at my Tables end, my Neighbours know 'tis right,
But Peace will make me ſpeak leſſe wit, and then farewell your *Knight*.

A-vengeance, quoth *Harry Martin* then, I'le ha no Accommodation,
For it was I, that bravely tore his Majeſties Proclamation;
Ith' Houſe I ſpoke High Treaſon, I have ſold both Land and Leaſe;
I ſhall not then keep but 3. Whores, Apox upon your Peace.

You

You see beloved Londoners, *your Peace is out of season,*
For which you have the sence of the House, and every Members reason:
Oh doe not stand for Peace then, for trust me if you doe,
Each County in the Kingdome will rise and doe soe too.

Essex *Petition to the Best of* Princes.

Sir,

THat *All-Majesty* (from whom you take (sake
Your Heaven-Anointed Scepter) for whose
You drink the Dregs of Bitternesse, which turns
Your Crown of Glory, to a Crown of Thornes;
View'd sinfull *Sodom*, *Sodom* that offended
Even him, as we do you, that vilely blended
His gracious Promises, did wrest his Powers,
And violate his Laws, as we do yours;
Yet urg'd by him whose Zeal brookt no denyal,
Would have sav'd all, if ten were found but loyal.
Great Prince, to whom the Breath of Heaven hath
The Principles of Mercy, in whose stead (read
You sit as God to punish, or to spare,
Whose equal Hand can ruine, or repair
Our staggering Fortunes: Pity, and behold
Rebellious *Essex*! People now grown old
In Dis-obedience, who deserv'dly stand (hand.
Like Calves, expecting Death from your Just

'Twas

'Twas we that bleated firſt Rebellion out,
Who being Pulpit-led, not apt to doubt
Our Lecturing Zealots, and but green in reaſon,
Were made too wiſe, and frighted into *Treaſon*:
We are a Cock-brain'd Multitude, a Rabble
Of all Religions, and we daily ſquabble
About vain ſhades, and let the ſubſtance paſſe,
Hating good Manners as we hate the Maſſe;
Our new diſcretions every day convince,
Our old Rebellions, 'gainſt ſo mild a Prince
Were ſcarcely fixt, but a freſh Ordinance comes,
And damns our Conſcience into deeper Sums;
Breaks ope our Houſes, Rifles all our Stuff,
Nay more, as if we had not yet enough,
Plunders our very wits; nay if we do
Shew but a ſorry ſhrug, Malignants too;
That in ſo much our people now obeys
As many *Tyrants* as the Year hath dayes:
But we have ten, ten, ten times multiply'd,
And thouſands more to that, which have deny'd
To bend their knees to *Baal*, whereof ſome lye
Cloyſtered in Grates, where they unpittied, cry
For Superannuated Cruſts, and there remain,
Even taking Gods and *Charles* his Name in vain:
Some ſcorning to be aw'd by Subjects, fled
From their dear *Wives* and *Children*; led
Like *Theeves* to *Gaols*, ſaluted with the Curſe
Of every Dunghill ſcurſe, with durt and worſe,
Where they are ſadly, but yet dearly fed, (dead:
Some ag'd, ſome weak, ſome dying, and ſome
For their dear ſake (great *Charles*) they undertake
Deaths willing Martyrdome, for *Charles* his ſake;
Be gracious to their County, let her know
That ſhe, a miſerable Land, doth owe

Her

Her ſweet Redemption to their Congruous merit,
And leaſt they'le abjure what now they ſcarce in-
Let that accuſtom'd Sun-ſhine of your Eye (herit,
Enrich her ſoyle, that ſhe may ſtill out-vye (now
Her Neighbouring Shires, & let that brand which
She wears, be ſet on th' Epidemick brow;
And let the Loyal Gentry ſtill be known
By this firm Mark from the perfidious Clown;
Let them, like treacherous ſlaves, be alwaies bound
To pay Rack-rents, and only Till the ground;
Let neither them nor their baſe off-ſpring dare
To be ſo rich as buy a Purchaſe there.

Dread Soveraign,
Forgive, Forget, Remember, and Relent,
Reſemble him you ſo much repreſent, (free,
And when pleas'd Heavens ſhall ſet thy Scepter
Triumph in *him*, and wee'll triumph in *thee*.

The Cryer.

O Yes, if any Man or Woman,
Of what degree ſoever,
Lord, *Knight*, *Eſquire*, *Gentleman*, or *Yeoman*,
Felt-maker, *Button-maker*, or *Weaver*,
Coach-man, *Cobler*, or *Brick-layer*,
Sheriff, *Alderman*, or *Mayor*,
In *City*, *Town*, or *Country*, hath
Loſt his *Religion*, or his *Faith*,
Let him forthwith repair to th' Cryer
Of *Weſtminſter*, where let him bring

The

The Mark of what he doth require,
And he ſhall hear on't, if *God bleſſe the King.*

O Yes, if any Man or Woman,
Of what degree ſoever,
From the *Marquis*, to the *Yeoman*,
From the *Straw-hat* to the *Beaver*,
From the *Land-lord*, to the *Dray-man*,
Whether the *Clergy*, or the *Layman*,
Hath loſt a *War-Horſe-Armes*, or *Dragoones*,
That were the *Treaſure* of *Buffoones*;
Jewells, Money, Pearle, or Plate,
Cups for *Service*, or for *State*;
Come to the Cryer, and you then (when.
Shall find them he knows where, but God knows

The Cavaliers Prayer.

GOd bleſſe the *King* and *Queen*, the *Prince* alſo,
And all his *Loyal Subjects* both high and low,
For *Roundheads* can pray for themſelves we know;
Which no body can deny.

The Devil take *Pym* and all his Peers,
God bleſſe Prince *Rupert* and his Cavaliers,
For if they come hither *Pym* will ſtink with fears;
Which no body can deny.

God bleſſe *Rupert* and *Maurice* withall,
That gave the Roundheads a great downfall,
And knockt their Noddles 'gainſt *Worceſter* wall;
Which no body can deny.

Lawn-

Lawn ſleeves and Surplices muſt go down,
For why, King *Pym* doth ſway the Crown;
But all are Biſhops that wears a Black Gown;
Which no body can deny.

Let the Canons roar, and the Bullets flye,
King *Pym* doth ſwear he'll not come nigh,
He ſayes, its a pittyfull thing to dye;
Which no body can deny.

The *Horners* they are brave Blades,
I do not know, but it is ſaid
The ſtout Earl of *Eſſex* is free of that trade;
Which no body can deny.

The Baker over *Burton* cannot domineer,
For it is moſt firmly reported here,
He's as free of the Pillory as ever they were;
Which no body can deny.

There is *Iſaack Pennington* both wiſe and old,
I do not know, but 'tis for truth told
That he is turned poor Sexton of *Pauls.*
Which no body can deny.

There is a *Lord W*—— both wiſe and round,
He will meet *Prince Rupert* upon any ground,
And if that his hands behind him be bound;
Which few people will deny.

To whom it concerns.

COme, come, ye Cock-brain'd Crew, that can (ſuppoſe
No truth, but that which travells through the (Noſe;
That looks on Gods Anointed with thoſe Eyes,
You view your Prentices; ye that can prize
A Stable with a Church; that can Impeach
A Grave Devine, and hear an Hoſtler preach:
Are ye all mad? has your Fanatick zeal
Stifl'd your ſtock of Sences at a Meal?
Have ye none left to look upon theſe Times?
With Grief, which you and the unpuniſht Crimes
Have brought upon this miſerable Land?
Are ye all Bruits? not apt to underſtand
The neighbouring ſtroke of Ruine, till't be paſt?
And you become the Sacrifice at laſt?
What would you have? can Reformation border
On Sacriledge? or Truth upon Diſorder?
Can Rifleing, and Religion dwell together?
Can the way hence be ſaid the next way thither?
Go, ply your Trades, *Mechanicks*, and begin
To deal uprightly, and Reform within;
Correct your prick-ear'd Servants; and perſwade
Your long lov'd Arm-fulls; if you can thus trade
In Pigges and Poultry: let them ceaſe to ſmooth
Your Rumpled Follies, and forbear to ſooth
Your pious Treaſons, thus to kick and flinge,
Againſt the *Lords Anointed*, and your *King*.

By the Author.

That neither loves for *Faſhion* nor for *Fear*,
As far from *Roundhead*, as from *Cavalier*.

To the City.

DRaw near you factious Citizens; prepare
To hear from me what hideous Fools you
(are;
What lumps of ſordid Earth; in which we find
Not any leaſt Reſemblance of a Mind;
Unleſſe to Baſeneſs and Rebellion bent
Againſt the King, to ayde the Paliament;
That Parliament, whoſe Inſolence will undoe
Your Cities Wealth, your Lives, and Safety too:
Are you ſo ſtupid, dull, you cannot ſee
How your beſt Vertues now are Treachery?
Apparent Treaſon, Murder, and the like:
How with unhallowed hands your ſtrive to ſtrike
Him, whom you ſhould your Loyalty afford,
(*Great Charles*) the *bleſt Anointed of the Lord*?
How you do daily contribute, and pay
Mony, your Truths and Honours to betray?
Bigg with Phanatique thoughts, and wilde de-
(ſire:
'Tis you, that blew up the increaſing Fire
Of foul Rebellion, you that only bring
Armies into the *Field* againſt your *King*;
For were't not for ſupportment from your Baggs,
That *Great* and *Higheſt Court* that only braggs

Of

Of your vain folly, long ere this had bin
Puniſh'd for their bold Sacrilegious ſin,
Of *Actual Treaſon*, there had never come
Upon this Kingdom ſuch a *Martyrdom.*
Armes hang'd up as uſeleſſe, and the State
Retain'd his freedom; had you kept your Plate,
No *Keinton-Battails* had with Mothers curſe,
Made Childleſs there the Treaſon of your Purſe;
The *Publick Purſe* o'th *City*; which muſt be
Eſteem'd the Cauſe of *Publick Miſery*;
No *Drums* had frighted *ſilken Peace* from out
The *Neighbouring Countries*, nor need you about
Your *City* with your *guilded Muſquets* goe
Trayning, not for good Service, but for Shew;
That the whole Town may ſee your *Feathers* (ſpread
Over your *Hatts*, as th' *Hornes* doe o're your (*Head*;
The *Humble Parliament* had never dar'd
To have preſcrib'd *Laws* to their *King*, but ſpar'd
Their Zeal in bringing *Innovations*, and
Diſtractions o're the beautious face oth' *Land*,
They would not then have ſo Supreamly brought
Their Votes, to bring the Kingdomes *Peace* to (nought;
Nor with ſo ſleight a value lookt on Him,
King Charles, and only doted on *King Pym*;
Nor for Authencick doctrine, have allow'd
As Law, the Precepts of Ingenuous *Stroud*;
Hampden nor *Martyn* had not then lookt bigge
Upon their *King*, nor *Arthur Haſlerigge*;
Nor yet *K* —— on whom we now confer
The ſtyle of *Trayterous Earle* of *M* ——
Secur'd by you, the *Patrons* of the Cauſe,
Condemn'd his *Loyalty*, and the *Kingdoms Laws*;

Nor miſ-led *Eſſex*, had not you been, nere
had acted on this *Kingdoms Theater*
So many *Tragedies*; nor *Warwick* ſought
T'ingroſſe the Naval Honours, no nor thought
On any Action ſo unjuſt, unmeet,
As keeping from his Majeſty his *Fleet*;
Tis you have done all this, y'ave been the Head,
The very Spring from whence this River ſpread
The ſtreams of foul *Rebellion*; which we know
At laſt will drown'd you with its over-flow;
You the *Arch-Traytors* are, you, thoſe that ſlew
The Kingdoms happineſſe, and th' Allegiance due
Unto his *Sacred Majeſty*: you, you that have
Betray'd this Nations Honour to the Grave
of laſting Obloquy; you that have deſtroy'd
The ſmiling wealth of th' *City*, and made void
The good Opinion, which the *King* before
Had of your Loyalties, and th' Faith you bore
To th' *Royal Stem*; which ſtill has to your great
Advantage made this *City* their *Chief Seat*.
Fond and ſeditious Fools, d'ye think, yee
Are wiſer than Times *numerous Progeny*?
That have Ador'd your *City*, when did *They*
Your harmleſſe *Anceſtors*, ſtrive to give away
Their Wealth, and Duty from their *Sovereigne*
Lord,
To make themſelves *Traytors* upon *Record*?
When did they their *Plate* and *Coine* bring in?
To be the Cauſe of their own *Ruyning*?
They never us'd to fright their *King*, nor draw
Tumults together, to affront the *Law*.
No, nor good *Houſes*, their *Corſlets* ſlept, and all
The *Armes* they us'd hung up in each mans Hall.

They

They did not then *enamel'd Muſquets* carry
To *Train* in *Moor-fields*, and in *Finsbury*:
But did in *Comely Archery excell*,
Like honeſt grave Children of *Adam Bell*,
And *Climme oth' Clough*, now each of you will be
More than a furious *Wi liam Cloudeſlee*;
And trace the Streets with terror, as if *Ven*,
With *Fulk* and *Mannwaring*, were the only Men
Whom you did owe *Allegiance* to; as if *They*
Could give you priviledge to diſobey
The *Royal Mandate*, which does them proclaim
Guilty of *Treaſon*, and you of the *ſame*;
As deeply ſtand Impeacht, and will at laſt
Pay dearly for't, when your *vain hopes* are paſt.
All *ſuccours*, which you *credit* for your *Merit*,
Will be afforded you, by the *help* oth' *Spirit*,
That is the *Devil*; ſure the *Heavenly Powers*,
Will never *Patronize* ſuch *Acts* as *yours*.
Poor baffl'd *City*! baffled by a *Crue*
Of Men, which are as arrant Fools as you;
Surely your *Brains* can never be ſo *dull*
As not *conceive this*, which each *empty Skull*
Muſt needs *reſent*; how that *their only Ayme*
Is, *to create your City all one Flame*,
And as the *Smoak* and *Sparks* do *up aſpire*,
They'le *ſit* and *laugh* (like *Nero*) at the *Fire*
Themſelves have made; unleſſe your *Heads* be all
Horns and no *Fleſh*, you needs muſt ſee the *Fall*
That threatens *you*, like *Lightning*: To *eſchew*
Which *Ruine*, 'twould be Wiſedom to *renue*
Your loſt Allegiance, and *Repentance* bring,
As a *freſh Victim*, to *appeaſe your King*;
For be aſſur'd, *Who to the King's untrue*,
Muſt in their Nature needs be falſe to you.

The MONSTER.

PEace, *Vipers* peace, let *Crying blood* nere ceaſe
To haunt your *bloody Souls*, that love not
And curſt be that *Religion*, that ſhall cry, (*Peace.*
A *Reformation* with *Phlebotomye*;
Your *Impious Firebrands*, whom the very *Tears*
Of *Growning England*, buried in their *Fears*,
Cannot extinguiſh; whom the *bleeding Veins*
Of *deſperate Ireland*, which even now remains
A very *Golgotha*, cannot aſſwage
Thoſe *Stripes*, the earneſt of *Another Age*
Taſte of your *ſalvage Piety*, and ly
The *Lamb-leſs Martyrs* of your *Cruelty*;
Whilſt you lye ſoftly emb'red, to encreaſe
The *flames* of *Chriſtendome*, and cry *no Peace*,
Let *Sampſons* coupled *Meſſengers* convey
Thoſe *Firebrands* hence, and let them make their
To their own *Houſes*, *conſume* and *devaſte*, (way
Burn down their Barnes, and lay their *Graynards*
Demoliſh all within *doors*, and *without*, (*waſte*,
Make havock there, *deſtroy both Branch and Root.*
Let all their *Servants* flee *amaz'd*; and cry,
Fire, *Fire*, and let no helping hand be nigh;
Let their *Wives* live, but only live t' appear
Thornes in their *Sides*, and *Thunder* in their *Ears*;
May all their *Sons* run mad into the Street,
And ſeeking *Refuge* there, there may they meet
Th' *encountering Sword*, and whom it ſpares to
May they be *Slaves*, and labour at the *Mill*: (*kill*,
Let all their *Daughters beg*, and *beg* in *vain*;
Let them be *raviſht* firſt, and then be *ſlain*;

Let

Let all their *Kindred* wander up and down,
Like *Vagabonds* be lasht, from *Town*, to *Town*:
Let *baseneſſe* be Entituled on their *Names*,
Too firm for all recoveries: O let *Shames*,
Reproach, and *Lasting Infamy*, remain
In *deeper Characters* than that of *Cain*;
Let *Caitiff P*—— and that *Bloody Plot*,
Be *Sanctified* now, or at leaſt forgot;
And let thoſe *Vipers* vindicate their *Crimes*
In every *Almanack* to after times; (ſences,
Where may there *Treaſon* live among their
More firm then Reigns of either *Kings* or *Princes*.
Thus may theſe *Firebands* thrive, and if this *Curſe*
Succeed not, let it yield unto a worſe. (good,
For them, let them burn ſtill, till Heaven thinks
To *Quench* them in their *Generations Blood*;
So that the *World* may hear them hiſſe and cry,
Who lov'd not *Peace*, in *Peace* ſhall never dye.

The Earl of Eſſex *his Speech to the Parliament after* Keinton *Battle.*

HAil to my *Brother Round-heads*, you that ſit
At home, and ſtudy *Treaſon*, 'bove my *Wit*
Or *Valour* to maintain; it's you whoſe hearts
And brains are ſtufft with all Devilliſh darts
Of *Rapine*, and *Rebellion*; you whoſe dark
Religious Villanies, hates the leaſt ſpark
Of Juſtice or Obedience to the King;
To you, and none but you, true News I bring,

With all my *Fellow Rebells* that ſurvive,
'Mongſt whom in faith my ſelf ſcapt ſcarce alive:
For when the Cavaliers, and Popiſh Schollers
Charg'd us ſo hot, my Coach full of *Rex-dollers*
I could have given to have been ten miles off;
And though the Zealots of our Party ſcoff,
And taunt the King's well-wiſhers, take't from me,
Happy were all the Round-heads that did flee;
They ſcapt a ſcowering, which through very fear
Took me and all my Regiment in th' Rear,
At the firſt Charge; for that when we ſhould fight,
We ſneakt away, and had more mind to ——
For had I dard, to venture my dear life,
I ſhould have fought once for the *Whore my Wife*;
Yet I dare ſwear that we had won the day,
Had not ſo many fallen and run away:
And yet for all this Blood that hath been ſpilt,
My Sword is guiltleſſe, for faſt by the hilt
I held it in my Scabbard, and ſtill cry'd,
Well done, Fight on, unto the Fools that dy'd;
Whilſt I ſtole towards *Warwick*, to avoyd
The Field, with the ſad Spectacle quite cloyd:
I loſt my Coach, and (which doth make me fret)
I loſt *Blake*'s Letter in my Cabinet,
That reveal'd all our *Treaſon*, he good man
Suffer'd at *Oxford*, and unleſſe I can
Repent, 'tis ſaid, that I muſt dye like him,
Be Hang'd and Quarter'd, and you Mr. *Pym*:
We muſt be cautious, for the Cavaliers
Have deſperate ſouls, concerning thoſe baſe fears
That brought mee back again; beſides, the (King
Has a Juſt Cauſe you know, and though we bring

The

The silly Multitude into the Noose,
Our own hearts tell us we are like to loose
Our heads, if *Charles* prevail; which we must do
If he proceeds thus, to kill ten for two,
You must provide new Armour, and more Armes,
And a new Generall, that dares hear *Alarms*
Of *Drums* and *Trumpets*; one that may have sence
And valour to excell my Excellence.
The *Peevish Women* as I pass'd the *Strand*,
Blesse me knee deep, and would have kiss'd my hand,
As King, whilst I most curteously vayl'd
My Hat, and Feather to them, others rayl'd;
And them as wisht, or knew I had the worst,
For one that pray'd for me, dovoutly curst.
The truest News of all I hope to tell ye,
Is that I have more mind to fill my belly,
Then fight again, for that same *Dutchland Devil*,
Rupert, the Prince of mischief, and all evil,
My Victuals took away, and burst my *Waggons*,
Whilst the *Kings Forces* fought with fiery *Dragoons*,
And beat me out o'th' *Field*; although we blind
The Multitude, and say w' had sea and wind,
Yet I protest the Elements themselves
Conspir'd to ruine us, *Rebellious Elves*:
And to conclude, some *Jeering Cavalier*,
Has put upon us, in a *Song*, this Jeer,
Rather than they should have the better a,
That you and I were drawn and hang'd, *&c.*

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS *upon the &c. in the* Oath.

SIr *Roger* from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;
Whose yearly Audit may, by strict account,
To twenty Nobles, and his vails Amount;
Fed on the common of the female charity,
Untill the *Scots* can bring about their parity,
So shotten, that his Soul like to himself,
Walks but in *Querpo*: this same Clergy Elf,
Encountring with a Brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to Cudgels with the Oath:
The Quarel was, a strange mis-shapen Monster
&c. (God blesse us!) which they conster
The brand upon the buttock of the Beast,
The Dragons tayle ty'd on a knot, a neast
Of young *Apocraphas*, the fashion
Of a new mental Reservation.
While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, saying, My pious Brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I fasted twice;
And so by revelation know it better,
Than all the Idolaters o'the Letter.
With that he swell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliah* with his Weavers beam:
I say to thee, *&c.* thou ly'st,
Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist:
Rubbish of *Babel*, for who will not say,
Tongues were confounded in *&c*?

Who

Who ſwears *&c.* ſwears more Oaths at once
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce:
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
The old half Serpent in his numerous folds.
Accurſt *&c.* thou, for now I ſcent,
What lately the prodigious Oyſters meant.
Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'ſt thou to lack
this Sign in thy prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernal plot
Of Powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the Oath, and you ſhall ſoon deſcry it,
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it;
'Gainſt whom the Church, whereof I am a Mem-
Shall keep another fifth day of *November*: (ber,
Yet here's not all, I cannot halfe untruſſe
&c. it's ſo abominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin'd!
Unrip *&c.* and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſary, and which is worſe,
Th' Apparatour upon his skew-ball'd horſe.
Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
&c. will be too far to ſwear;
For 'tis (to ſpeak in a familiar ſtyle)
A *York-ſhire* wea-bit, longer than a mile.
Then *Roger* was inſpir'd, and by Gods-diggers,
Hee'l ſwear in words at large, and not in Fi-
(gures.
Now by this drink, which he takes off as loath
To leave *&c.* in his liquid Oath.
His Brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synods *Cataline*.
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Till they had quite ſworn out th' eleventh quart:

While

While all that saw and heard them, joyntly pray,
They and their tribe were all, *&c.*

The Publique Faith.

STand off my Masters: 'Tis your pence apeece,
Jason, *Medea*, and the Golden Fleece;
What side the line good Sir? *Tigris*, or *Po?*
Lybia? Japan? Whisk? or *Tradinktido?*
St. Kits? St. Omer? or *St. Margaret*'s Bay?
Presto begon? or come aloft? what way?
Doublets? or Knap? the Cog? low Dice? or high?
By all the hard names in the Letany,
Bell, Book and Candle, and the *Pope*'s great toe
I conjure thy account: Devil say no.
Nay, since I must untruss, Gallants look to't,
Keep your prodigious distance forty foot,
This is that *Beast of eyes* in th' *Revelations*,
The *Basilisk* has twisted up three Nations.
Pontem Hixius doxius, full of tricks,
The *Lottery* of the vulgar lunaticks.
The *Knapsack* of the State, the thing you wish,
Magog and *Gog* stew'd in a Chaffendish.
A bag of Spoons and Whistles, wherein men
May whistle when they see their Plate agen.
Thus far his Infancy: his riper age
Requires a more mysterious Folio page.
Now that time speaks him perfect, and 'tis pity
To dandle him longer in a close Committee,
The Elf dares peep abroad, the pretty Fool
Can wag without a truckling standing-stool;

Revenge

Revenge his Mother's infamy, and ſwear
Hee's the fair Off-ſpring of one half-ſcore year;
The Heir of the Houſe and hopes, the cry
And wonder of the Peoples miſery.
'Tis true, while as a Puppy it could play
For Thimbles, any thing to paſſe the day;
But now the Cub can count, arithmetize,
Clink *Maſenello* with the *Duke* of *Guiſe*;
Sign for an *Iriſh purchaſe*, and traduce
The *Synod* from their Doctrine to their Uſe;
Give its Dam ſuck, and a hidden way
Drink up arrears *a tergo mantica*.
An everlaſting Bale, Hell in Trunk-hoſe,
Uncaſed, the Divel's *Don Quixot* in proſe.
The Beaſt and the falſe Prophet twin'd together,
The ſquint-eyed emblem of all ſorts of weather.
The refuſe of that Chaos of the earth,
Able to give the World a ſecond birth.
Affrick avaunt! Thy trifling Monſters glance
But Sheeps-eyed to this Penal Ignorance.
That all the Prodigies brought forth before
Are but Dame Natures bluſh left on the ſcore.
This ſtrings the Baker's dozen, chriſtens all
The croſs-leg'd hours of time ſince *Adam*'s fall.
The Publick Faith? why 'tis a word of kin,
A Nephew that dares *Cozen* any ſin.
A Term of Art, great *Bohemoth*'s younger Brother,
Old *Machiavel*, and half a thouſand other.
Which when ſubſcrib'd writes *Legion*, names on truſs,
Abaddon, *Belzebub*, and *Incubus*,
All the *Vice-Royes* of darkneſs, every ſpell
And Fiend wrap'd in a ſhort Triſſillable.
But I fore-ſtall the Show. Enter and ſee,
Salute the Door, your *Exit* ſhall be free.

In

In brief 'tis call'd Religions eaſe, or loſs;
For no one's ſuffer'd here to bear his croſſe.

A Committee.

CAſt *Knaves* my *Maſters*, fortune guide the chance,
No packing I beſeech you, no by-glance
To mingle pairs, but fairly ſhake the bag,
Cheats in their ſpheres like ſubtile ſpirits wag.
Or if you pleaſe the Cards run as they will,
There is no choyce in ſin and doing ill.
Then happy man by's dole, luck makes the ods,
He acts moſt high that beſt out-dares the gods.
Theſe are that *Raw-bon'd Herd* of *Pharaoh*'s Kine,
Which eat up all your Fatlings, yet look lean.
Theſe are the after-claps of bloudy ſhowres,
Which, like the *Scots*, come for your guide and yours.
The Gleaners of the Fielde, where, if a man
Eſcape the ſword, that milder frying-pan;
He leaps into the fire, cramping the claws
of ſuch can ſpeak no Engliſh but the Cauſe.
Under that foggy term, that Inquiſition,
Y'are wrackt at all adventures *On ſuſpition:*
No matter what's the crime, a good eſtate's
Delinquency enough to ground their hate.
Nor ſhall calm innocence ſo ſcape, as not
To be made guilty, or at leaſt ſo thought.
And if the ſpirit once inform, beware,
The fleſh and world but renegadoes are.

Thus

Thus once concluded, out the *Teazers* run,
And in full cry and ſpeed till *Wat*'s undone.
So that a poor *Delinquent* fleec'd and torn
Seems like a man that's creeping through a horn,
Finds a ſmooth entrance, wide, and fit, but when
Hee's ſqueez'd and forc'd up through the ſmaller (end,
He looks as gaunt and pin'd, as he that ſpent
A tedious twelve years in an eager Lent;
Or bodies at the *Reſurrection* are
On wing, juſt rarifying into aire.
The *Emblem* of a man, the pitied *Caſe*
And ſhape of ſome ſad being once that was.
The *Type* of fleſh and blood, the Skeleton
And ſuperfices of a thing that's gone.
The winter quarter of a life, the tinder
And body of a corps ſqueez'd to a cinder;
When no more tortures can be thought upon,
Mercy ſhall flow into oblivion.
Mercifull Hell! thy Judges are but three,
Ours multiform, and in plurality!
Thy calmer cenſures flow without recall,
And in one doom ſouls ſee their finall All.
We travel with expectance: Suffrings here
Are but the earneſts of a ſecond fear.
Thy plagues and pains are infinite; 'tis true;
Ours are not only infinite, but new.
So that the dread of what's to come, exceeds
The anguiſh of that part already bleeds.
This only difference ſwells 'twixt us, and you,
Hell has the kinder *Devils* of the two.

The Model of the New Religion.

WHoop! *Mr. Vicar* in your flying frock?
What news at *Babel* now? how ſtands the
When wags the ſtoud? no *Ephimerides*? (*Cock!*
Nought but confounding of the languages?
No more of th' Saints arival? or the chance
Of three pipes two pence and an ordinance?
How many Queer-religions? clear your throat,
May a man have a peny-worth? four a groat?
Or do the *Janſſo* leap at truſs-a-fayle?
Three Tenents clap while five hang on the tayle?
No *Querpo model*? never a knack or wile?
To preach for Spoons and Whiſtles? croſs or pile?
No hints of truth on foot? no ſparks of grace?
No late ſprung light? to dance the wilde-gooſe chaſe?
No *Spiritual Dragoones* that take their flames
From th' inſpiration of the City Dames?
No crums of comfort to relieve your cry?
No new dealt mince-meat of Divinity?
Come lets's project: by the great late *Eclipſe*
We juſtly fear a famine of the lips.
for Sprats are roſe an *Omer* for a ſowſe,
Which gripes the conclave of the lower Houſe.
Let's therefore vote a cloſe humiliation
For opening the ſeal'd eyes of this blind Nation,
That they may ſee confeſſingly, and ſwear
They have not ſeen at all this fourteen year:
And for the ſplints and ſpavins too, tis ſaid
All the joynts have the *Riffcage*, ſince the head

Swell'd

Swell'd so prodigious, and exciz'd the parts
From all *Allegiance*, but in tears and hearts.
But zealous *Sir*, what say to a touch at Prayer?
How *Quops* the spirit? In what garb or ayre?
With *Souse* erect, or pendent, winks, or haws?
Sniveling? or the extention of the jaws?
Devotion has its mode: *Dear Sir*, hold forth,
Learning's a venture of the second worth.
For since the peoples rise and its sad fall,
We are inspir'd from much, to none at all.
Brother adieu! I see y'are closely girt,
A costive *Dover* gives the *Saints* the squirt.
Hence (Reader) all our flying news contracts
Like the *States Fleet*, from the *Sceans* into *Acts*:
But where's the Model all this while, you'll say
'Tis like the Reformation, run away.

To a Fair Lady weeping for her Husband Committed to Prison by the Parliament. 1643.

TUsh, let them keep him if they can,
He's not in hold while you are free,
Come, sigh no more, but pledge the man,
What though in Fetters, yet can he
Be Prisoner unto none but thee;
Then dry your Eyes, for every tear
Makes them like drowned worlds appear,

Poſt through the Aire, my fancy went,
With wings diſguis'd, and there ſtood by
When he was brought to th' Parliament,
And ſtreight *to th' Bar, to th' Bar*, they cry,
The ſmiling Captain asked, *Why?*
With that they ſoon drew up his Charge,
Which Lady you ſhall hear at large.

Imprimis, he was married late
With a Gold Ring, unto a Dame,
Would make the beſt of us a Mate;
Witty, Pretty, Young, and Quaint,
And fairer then our ſelves can Paint:
Her lips do ſet mens teeth on edge,
Sure 'tis a Breach of Priviledge.

And her Malignant beauty, can
Provoke our Members up to riſe,
Nay make our General prove a man;
And the Star-Chamber of her Eyes,
Robs Subjects of their Liberties:
And then her voice keeps Eares in awe,
Even like the High-Commiſſion Law.

Nay more, the fair Delinquent hath
A pair of Organs in her throat,
Which when ſhe doth inſpire with breath,
She can command in every noat,
More then both our Houſes Vote
Her very Hair, put in Array,
Can fetter our Militia.

Her Cheeks ſtill Natures Pattent have,
Not yet call'd in, for only ſhe

In them ingroſſed all that's brave,
And other Ladies Huckſters be,
Her Beauty's the Monopolie;
When theirs is ſpent, to her they come,
And chaffer with her face for ſome.

She keeps an Alter on her brow,
Her Eyes two Tapers on each ſide,
There Superſtitious Lovers bow;
Her Name is *Mary* too beſide,
Who owns a Faith that's ſanctifi'd;
Let's clap up him till further leiſure,
And ſend for her to wait our pleaſure.

Then go fair Lady, follow him,
Fear no *Trumpet*, fear no *Drum*,
Fair Women may prevail with *Pym*,
And one ſweet ſmile when there you come,
Will quickly ſtrike the *Speaker* dumb:
If not, then let one tear be ſpent,
And 'twill diſſolve the Parliament.

Mr. Fullers *Complaint.*

*E*Ngland once *Europes* joy,
Now her ſcorn;
Ambitious to be forlorn,
Self, by ſelf torn;
Stand amaz'd?
Thy woes are blaz'd,
By ſilence beſt,
And wanting words, even wonder out the reſt.

Help Gracious King,
The ſource and ſpring
Of all our bliſs,
Alas the fault's not his;
Good Prince how is he griev'd,
That he's miſtook?
Or what's a Curſe,
Far worſe, he is not believ'd.

Help long-wiſht for Parliament,
If ſo good by your intent;
And will,
And skill,
Why ill is your ſucceſſe?
Alas Malignant humors lurk,
And cauſe the Phyſick not to work,
To give our woes redreſſe.

Help in the Law, ye Learned Sages,
Studied well in former ages:
But our Rents
Are above all Preſidents;
In fight, what's might,
That's right:
For Statutes are by Lawyers awed,
And Common-law by Canon-law out-lawed.

Help ye Divines our ſouls to plaiſter,
Settle the Legacy which your Maſter
Bequeath'd to his own at his deceaſe,
Even Peace:
Alas alas in *Gilead*,
There is no balm for to be had;

O Cruell, (fuell.
They that ſhould holy water bring, bring fire and

No help, no help,
Why then 'tis vain
For to complain;
And why men ſin with all their heart,
Sorrow only but in part;
And ſtill they cry
That all is ill,
And love to make't and keep't ſo ſtill.

Since then our wounds
Are grown ſo wide,
And all means try'd,
And all deny'd;
Good God help us at laſt,
Before all help be paſt,
For this is ſure,
Men made the wounds, which only God can cure.

Upon wearing the Kings Colours.

ALas, what take ye pepper in the Noſe
To ſee King *Charles* his Colours worne in (Poſe?
'Twas but an Ornament to grace the Hat,
And muſt we have an Ordinance for that?
O ſerious worthies! how can you diſpence
With ſo much time to draw a Grievance thence?
But you do very well to make it known,
When others Liberties ſurmounts your own;

You can and will ſuppreſſe it, well, you may
Do even what you pleaſe, we muſt obey;
I hope you'll take in hand the *Taylors Trade*,
And teach us how our *Apparell* muſt be made,
That women in a Vote ſhall plainly ſee
How wide their Smocks and Petticoats ſhall be:
If this continue, faith turn *Barbars* too,
And cut our hair of the ſame length you do;
And let it be no leſs a Crime then *Treaſon*,
To wear, do, or ſpeak any thing that's reaſon:
As for the King, you'll ſay he's King, 'tis true,
But he can rule himſelf, and order you:
What, can he ſo? he's mightily too blame,
And faln into diſpleaſure for the ſame;
He will not grant that you're his Friends, 'tis true,
Should you rule two Kingdoms as a third does you,
Leſt from a Ribbin then, ſhould ſpring a Faction,
'Twas wiſely done to ſtop its growth i'th' Action;
Yet in deſpight of you, that this controule,
I'le wear my Soveraigns Colours in my *Soul*.

A Weſtern Wonder.

DO you not know, not a fortnight agoe,
How they brag'd of a Weſtern wonder?
When a hundred and ten, ſlew five thouſand men,
With the help of Lightning and Thunder.

There *Hopton* was ſlain, again and again,
Or elſe my Author did lye;
With a new *Thanksgiving*, for who are living,
To God, and his Servant *Chudleigh*.

But

But now on which ſide, was this Miracle try'd,
I hope we at laſt are even;
For Sir *Ralph* and his Knaves, are riſen from their Graves,
And Cudgel'd the Clowns of *Devon*.

And now *St*——— came, for his Honour was lame
Of the Gout three months together; (Gout,
But it prov'd when they fought, but a running
For his heels were lighter then ever.

For now he out-runs, his Armes and his Guns,
And leaves all his money behind him;
But they follow after, unleſſe he take water
At *Plymouth* again, they will find him.

What *Reading* hath coſt and *St*——— hath loſt,
Goes deep in the Sequeſtration;
Theſe wounds will not heal, with your new Great Seal,
Nor *Jepſons* Declarations.

Now *Peters*, and *Caſe*, in their Prayer and Grace,
Remember their new *Thanksgiving*;
Iſaack and his *Wife*, now dig for their life,
And ſhortly muſt do't for their living.

A SONG.

THe world is now turn'd upſi de-down,
'Tis thought K. *Charles* will keep his Crown,
The *Roundheads* now ſhall all be put down,
And alas poor Parliament now, now, now.

Prince *Rupert* made fair work t'other day,
He kild all the Troopers that durſt to ſtay,
The reſt he kild, their Horſes running away :
And alas poor Parliament now, now, now.

And *Eſſex* his hornes hung ſo in his light,
Alas poor Cuckold, he could not ſee to fight,
And both Houſes they were all ready to ——
And alas poor Parliament now, now, now.

Then ſend for *W* —— and give him good pay,
He'le hoiſe up his Sayles and carry you away,
In hopes you'le ſtand his Friend another day :
And alas poor Parliament now, now, now.

Upon Alderman Atkins *bewraying his Slops on the great Training day.*

I Sing the ſtrange adventures and ſad Fate,
That did befall a Collonel of late,
A portly Squire; a Warlike hardy wight,
And pity 'tis, we cannot call him Knight,
A ſtout man at Cuſtard, and Son of *Mars*,
But oh the foul diſaſter of his ——
Before the *Worthies*, and the reſt beſide,
Who ſaw how he his Courſer did beſtride,
Weilding his *Truncheon*, like a *Weavers* beam,
And yet —— his hoſe in every ſeam ;
I cannot tell how fair he was i'th' Cradle,
But ſure I am he was foul enough i'th' Saddle :

For

For feats of *Armes* none could come near him then,
He ſmelt ſo ſtrong, and when eight thouſand men
Diſcharg'd their Muſquets, he diſcharged too,
But what? his Office and his Guts? what though
He made a Houſe of Office of his Hoſe?
Stand further off, if it offend your Noſe:
Belike he meant to hanſell his New Satten,
Or, like fat Oxen, in his dung to batten;
But when in triumph he from *Finsbury*
Came home to *Leaden-hall*, he call'd to ſee
His *Hellena*, his Sultaneſſe, when ſhe
At's firſt approach ſmelt out his Knavery;
And left by the hot skirmiſh of the day,
Her *Paris* might miſcarry in the way,
Or mett with ſome wounds, ſends for in all haſte
Shambrook the Chirurgion, who begins at th' waſte
T'untruſs, and as he fumbling downwards tends,
He had the buſineſſe at his fingers ends; (Queau
Foh, quoth the Chirurgion, call the Kitchin
With clout in hand to make his Worſhip clean;
Then about th' Maſter all the Servants ſhuffl'd,
He, like old *Lockwood* in the Counter, ſcuffl'd,
Shew'd two broad mighty Hanches all bewray'd,
Nay then, quoth *Shambrook*, how ſhall I be paid;
The Devil a wound I ſee, is this the prime
Of the ſix City Colonels in good time?
They ſay that ſhitten luck is good, and I
Will put it to the Vote of Chivalry,
Whether all be not likely well to jump
In th' New Militia, when a —— is trump.

The Downfall of Cheapside-Crosse, May 2, 3, 4. 1643.

WHat hast thou done poor *Crosse*, that this (hard doome
Is laid upon thee? what is now become
Of all thy gilded Images? for behold, (Gold,
That now is Stone and Brick, which once seem'd
The City-Rulers, in their Graver wit,
And late got Power, have now thought it fit,
That thou shouldst be demolisht, and pluckt down
By th' warrant of Lord *Isaack Pennington*;
London's chief (*ut vis*) who thinks store of good
He doth, in prisoning, hanging, shedding blood,
In robbing, plundering each that's good to's (King,
Because no Plate, nor Mony, they will bring
Into *Guildhall*: nay then it is no wonder,
If by his Order thou art pluckt asunder,
When first the top of thee with many a knock
They did beat down, (Lord) how the silly flock
Of Round-heads shouted, looking up to th' Skies,
Giving God thanks for the great Victories
They had got 'gainst thee, whilst the Drums did (beat,
And Trumpets sounding; truly it was meet:
They threw their Hatts up, and their Muskets (shot,
They shook their Heads, and clapt their Hands, (what not?

And

And thus when any Picture, Legge, or Arme
Was thrown to th' Ground, the Roundheads all
(did swarme,
And sundry heaps tumbling one on another,
Striving who first should see it, then a Brother
A long Prayer made for thanks, that now they
(might,
Doe what they list, be it nor Just, nor Right;
For now they keep the whole City in awe,
With wrong-expounded, and misconstrued Law,
Doing what they think fit, what's good i'th
(eyes
Of them, being led even as their Spirits rise.
But for their Mildemeanours let this Curse
Light upon them, or a ten-times far worse:
May they no Silver have, nor yet no Gold,
Because there's Crosses in't: and, to be bold,
May they lead Lives so crost with grief and care,
That at the last, may bring them to despair,
May they no good thing quietly enjoy,
May they even perish as they walk, and dye,
And may they still crost be, and crost again,
May Crosses mixt with Losses be their pain,
Nay, because *Crosses* they desire none,
May they have ever Crosses two for one,
May all their Noses rot, that we may know
Them, may their Eares as long as Asses grow,
May their Hair nere be long, and may their
(hands
Even pine away, may they stink as they stand:
And to conclude, may they all lead crosse Lives,
Nay, which is worse, be troubled with crosse
(Wives.

A Vindication of Cheapside-Crosse *against the Roundheads.*

MUst I then down? is an eternal doome
Past out against me? must I needs to *Rome*?
And why? it is contrary to the Laws,
To judge th' offendor e're they hear the Cause.
Why come you arm'd against me? what may be
The cause of difference 'twixt you and me?
Have I transgrest the Law? or did I ever
Our gracious Soveraign from his People sever?
Did I to a factious Covenant subscribe,
Or turn a *Jack*-on-both-sides for a bribe?
Rebells have long our wisht for blisse defer'd,
All rose in armes, but yet I never stir'd.
When such a *Prick-ear* troop upon me gaz'd,
Crying (no *Crosse*) good faith I stood amaz'd:
I was struck dumb with wonder, and farre (worse,
Because I'de gold about me, fear'd my Purse.
This zealous rabble came not to adore me,
Yet (thanks to th' Butchers) some fell down before me,
Others ran quite away, the rest disputed,
Mis-using Scripture phrases, but confuted.
Wisedome they call'd Apocriphal, threw dirt on
All Fathers faces, but Saint *P*——— and *Burton*.
Was God ith' middle of this Congregation?
Or were they led by instinct, or revelation?
Kings doft their Crowns, and Cardinals their Copes,
All must be bare unto a crew of Crops.

But

But do's Religion ſuch a hatred bring,
To hate the very picture of a King? fear?
Brethren what would you have? or what d'ye
I draw no ſword, nor do I wear long hair.
I'le do no wrong (though arm'd with Pikes
(about)
Would you know why? 'twas to keep Round-
(heads out,
Who have not ſworn, but tane a Proteſtation
To leave no golden Croſſe to bleſſe our Nation.
They will divide my Coat, my Fleſh, my Bones,
Theyl'e ſhare the Gold, and give their Wives
(the Stones.
They ſay they'le pluck the Tower of *Babel* down,
All things go right when there's no Croſſe it'h
(Town.
But who can live without them? Croſſes are
The good mans bleſſings, and his certain ſhare.
He that would win an everlaſting Crown,
Muſt elevate his Croſſe, not throw it down.
They'le have no Common Prayer, but do abhor
All that is common, but a common W———
Will you hear reaſon? that's not common to ye,
Will Prayers prevail? Ile pray *ex tempore.*
You think 'tis juſtice that your factious crew
Are croſſe to me 'cauſe I am Croſſe to you.
You will have fleſh for fleſh, It's very dear
That *Peters* noſe ſhould pay for *Malchas* ear.
If he ſhould ſnuffle now, that were a jeſt,
That very thing would make him fully bleſt:
You'l run to hear him, and cry's doctrine ſtrong,
Though non-ſenſe, in regard he ſtands ſo long.
Put out his eyes next time, and you may may find
A ſecond like the firſt, and's doctrine blind.

Some

Some call me Popiſh, and report they ſee
Divers adore me, what's all that to me?
Becauſe they worſhip me ſhall I fall down
Unto ſuch Calves, Mechanicks of the Town.
'Tis Popery, let them kneel that liſt, Ile ſtand?
Before Ile bow, Ile fly to ſome ne w Land.
Be ſorry Brethren, I am pleas'd to think
'Twas from too little wit, or too much drink.
Ile be a Roundhead ſpiritually ſent
To pardon your affronts, if youl repent.
I am a foe to *Rome*, for you ſhall find
When I am gone, there's the more room behind.

A Song in defence of Chriſtmaſs.

NOw Chriſtmaſs is come, let us beat up the Drum,
And call our good Neighbours together,
And when they appear, let us make them good chear,
That will keep out the wind and the weather,
To feaſt at this ſeaſon, I think 'tis no treaſon,
I could give you a reaſon why,
Though ſome are ſo pure, that they cannot endure to ſee a Nativity Pye.

I cannot but wonder, that the Souldiers ſhould plunder,
For keeping our Saviours birth,
For all Chriſtians then, or I cannot tell when,
Should ſhew forth their joy and their mirth,

But

But our Saints now adayes, deſpiſe good old wayes,
'Gainſt which they both preach and pray,
But to give them their dues, they're no better than Jewes,
That ſpeak againſt Chriſtmaſs day.

Theſe like the good chear, all times oth' year,
'Tis the birth day that doth them annoy,
Plumb-porrage and brawn, and the Doe and the Fawne,
With the Creature, they love to enjoy,
They often have meetings, and then there's ſuch greetings,
Such traceing of Sifters about, (ſay
They preach and they pray, but I muſt not now
What they do when their Candles are out.

Yet I cannot forbear, to tell in your ear
What befell at a breaking of bread,
How a Virgin full neat, went thither to eat,
But it coſt her, her Maiden-head;
Theſe men of high merit, though much for the ſpirit,
Are yet for the Fleſh now and than,
For a new Babe of Grace, was got near the Place,
By a Congregational man.

The Dippers and Ranters, and our Scotch Covenanters,
That bragge of their Faith and their Zeale,
Theſe abound in their fainings, but I'le make no complainings,
Nor will I their Secrets reveale,

The

The poor Cavaliers, that ſtill live in fears
Of Priſons, and Sequeſtration,
Though they keep Chriſtmaſſe day, are more honeſt than they,
But Honeſty's quite out of faſhion.

If you view our great Cities, and our Countrie Committees,
You will not find overmuch there,
Our Divines, though they preach it, themſelves do ſcarce reach it;
And our Lawyers have little to ſpare.
I could tell of ſome more, that have no great ſtore,
Of our Gentry, both Old and New,
But I think it is beſt, with edge tooles not to jeſt,
Nor to ſpeak all we know to be true.

But the poor Cavalier, as to mirthe and good cheere,
Muſt now bid Chriſtmaſs adieu,
If the Taxes hold on, their Money will be gone,
They will want both to bake and to brew,
Their Healths are put down, who adher'd to the Crown,
'Tis they that muſt faſt and pray,
For to any mans thinking, both their eating and drinking,
Is like to be taken away.

The Bishop of Ossery *on the Rebells.*

LEt proud *Babilon* cease to boast
Of her *Pyramid*'s stately spires,
This Rebellion is more strange,
Surmounting all Infernal fires.
No Age the like hath ever bread,
Nor shall when these Rebells be dead.

A Bill on St. Paul's *Church Door.*

THis House is to be let,
It is both wide, and fair;
If you would know the price of it,
Pray ask of Mr. Maior.

Isaack Pennington.

A SONG.

WHat though the Zealots, pull down the Prelates,
Push at the Pulpit, and kick at the Crown,
Shall we not ever, strive to endeavour
Once more to purchase our Royal Renown?
Shall not the Roundhead first be confounded?
Sa, sa, sa, sa boyes, ha, ha, ha, ha boyes,

Then wee'le return home, with Triumph and
(Joy,
Thenweel'e be merry, drink Sack and Sherry,
And we will ſing Boys', *God bleſſe the King* Boys,
Caſt up our Caps, and cry, *Vive le Roy.*

What though the wiſe, make Alderman *Iſaack*,
Put us into Priſon, and ſteal our Eſtates;
Though we are forced, to be un-horſed,
And walk on foot, as it pleaſeth the Fates,
In the Kings Army, no man will harm ye; (Boys,
Then come along Boyes, valiant and ſtrong
Fight for your Goods, which the Roundheads
And when you venter, *London* to enter, (enjoyes;
And when you come Boys, with Phiſe and Drum
Iſaack himſelf ſhall cry, *Vive le Roy.* (Boyes,

If not then, chuſe him, 'twill not excuſe him,
Since honeſt Parliaments never made them
(Theeves;
Charles ne're did furder, Theeves dipt in Mur-
(der,
Never by Pardon, long Leaſe, or Reprieves;
For ſuch Conditions, and Propoſitions
Will not be granted, then be not daunted,
We will our honeſt old Cuſtomes enjoy:
Pauls now rejected, ſhall be reſpected,
And in the Quire, Voyces ſing hire,
Thanks to *Jehovah*, then *Vive le Roy.*

On two Parliaments dissolved.

TWo Parliaments dissolv'd! then let my heart,
As they in Faction, it in fraction part,
And, like the Levite sad with rage, ascribe
My piece-meal Portion to each broken *Tribe*,
And say, that *Bethlehem*, *Judahs* love, hath been
Wrong'd by the Fag-end crue of *Benjamin*.
O Let such High presumption be accurst,
When the last Tribe shall wrong the best, and first;
While, like the Levite, our best *Charles* may say,
The Ravenous Wolf hath seiz'd the Lions prey.
Thus oft Inferiour Subjects are not shye,
A love to mock at Sacred Majesty.
What Faculty should not be injured,
If that the Feet had Power to spurn the Head?
And Kings Prerogative may soon fall down,
When Subjects make a Footstool of a Crown:
The Starrs, the Heavens Inferiour Courtiers,
(might
Command the Darkness, but not rule the Light,
Nor him that made it; should they all combine
With *Luna* at the full, our Sun should shine
Brighter than they, nor can he be subdu'd,
Though he but one, and they a Multitude.
Say, Subjects ye were Starrs, and 'twere allow'd,
You justly of the Number might be proud;
Yet to your Sun be humble, and know this,
Your Light is borrowed, not your own, but His.
When the unfettered Subjects of the Seas,
The Fountains, felt their feet, and ease,

No ſooner ſummon'd, but they nimbly went
To meet the Ocean at a Parliament.
Did then theſe petty Fountains ſay their King,
The Ocean, was no Ocean, but a Spring?
Let me alone, if freſh exceſs of ſtore
Can make me poorer than I was before.
And ſhall we then the power of Kings diſpute?
And count it leſſe, when more is added to't?
No, let the Common body, if it can,
Be not a River, but an Ocean,
And ſwell into a Deluge, till it hide
The top of Mountains in its teeming pride.
Kings, like *Noahs Ark*, are nearer to the Skies,
The more the Billows underneath them riſe.
You then, who if your hearts were firſt in love,
Might ſit in Counſell with the Gods *Above*:
You, that do queſtion your Kings Power Below,
If you come there, will you uſe Heavens King ſo?
Do not aſpire, you muſt take up you reſt
More ſafe Below, than in the Eagles neſt.
Hath Clemency offended? will you harm,
And pluck the Sun from Heaven that makes you warm?
No King nor Biſhops pleaſe? what, have we got
An Outſide *Engliſh*, and an Inſide *Scot*?
If Faction thus our Countries Peace diſtracts,
You may have want of Parliaments, not *Acts*.
Ill-ended Seſſions, and yet well begun,
Too much being ſpoke hath made too little done.
So Faction thrives, Puritaniſm bears ſway,
None muſt do any thing but only *Say*.
Stoop, ſtoop, you baren-headed Hills, confeſs
You might be fruitfuller, if ye were leſſe.

Tremble ye thred-bare Commons : are you vext
That Lambs feed on ye ? Lions will come next.

Collonel Vennes *Encouragement to his Souldiers.*

A SONG.

FIght on brave Souldiers for the Cauſe,
Fear not the Cavaliers,
Their threatnings are, as ſenceleſſe as
Our jealouſies and fears.
'Tis you muſt perfect this great Work,
And all Malignants ſlay,
You muſt bring back the King again
The clean contrary way.

'Tis for Religion that you fight,
And for the Kingdoms good,
By robbing Churches, plundering them,
And ſhedding Guiltleſſe blood.
Down with the Orthodoxal train,
All Loyal Subjects ſlay,
When theſe are gone, we ſhall be bleſt
The clean contrary way.

When *Charles* we have made Banckrupt,
Of Power and Crown bereft him,
And all his Loyal Subjects ſlain,
And none but Rebells left him,

When we have beggar'd all the Land,
And sent our Trunks away,
Wee'le make him then a Glorious Prince
The clean chntrary way.

'Tis to preserve his Majesty,
That we against him fight,
Nor ever are we beaten back,
Because our Cause is right.
If any make a scruple at
Our Declarations, say
Who fight for us, fight for the King
The clean contrary way.

At *Keinton*, *Brainsford*, *Plymouth*, *York*,
And divers Places more,
What Victories we Saints obtain,
The like nere seen before.
How often we Prince *Rupert* kill'd,
And bravely wonne the day,
The wicked Cavaliers did run
The clean contrary way.

The true Religion we maintain,
The Kingdoms Peace and Plenty,
The Priviledge of Parliament,
Not known to One of twenty.
The antient Fundamental Laws,
And teach men to obey
Their lawfull Soveraign; and all these
The clean contrary way.

Wee, Subjects Liberties preserve
By Imprisonment and Plunder,

And do enrich our ſelves and State,
By keeping th' Wicked under.
Wee muſt preſerve Mechanicks now
To Lectorize and pray,
By them the Goſpel is advanc't
The clean contrary way.

And though the King be much miſled
By that Malignant Crew,
Hee'le find us honeſt at the laſt,
Give all of us our due.
For we do wiſely plot, and plot
Rebellion to allay,
He ſees wee ſtand for Peace and Truth
The clean contrary way.

The Publique-Faith ſhall ſave our Souls,
And our good Works together,
And Ships ſhall ſave our Lives that ſtay
Only for Winde and Weather.
But when our Faith and Workes fall down,
And all our Hopes decay,
Our Acts will bear us up to Heaven
The clean contrary way.

A Second Weſtern Wonder.

YOu heard of that wonder, of the *Lightening* (and *Thunder*,
Which made the lye ſo much the louder;
Now liſt to another, that Miracles Brother,
Which was done with a *Firkin of Powder*.

Oh what a damp, ſtruck through the Camp,
But as for Honeſt Sir *Ralph*,
It blew him to the *Vies*, without beard, or eyes,
But at leaſt three heads and a half.

When out came the book, which the *News-monger* (took
From the *preaching Ladies* Letter,
Where in the firſt place, ſtood the *Conquerors* face,
VVhich made it ſhew ſo much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At *Briſtoll* they ſay you may finde
Great *William* the *Con*, ſo faſt he did run,
That he left half his name behind.

And now came the Poſt, ſaves all that was loſt,
But alas, we are paſt deceiving,
By a trick ſo ſtale, or elſe ſuch a tayl
Might mount for a new *Thanks-giving*.

This made Mr. *Caſe*, with a pittifull face,
In the Pulpit to fall a weeping, (eyes,
Though his mouth utter'd *lyes*, *truth* fell from his
VVnich kept our *Lord Maior* from ſleeping.

Now

Now ſhut up ſhops, and ſpend your laſt drops,
For the Laws of your Cauſe, you that loath 'um,
Leſt *Eſſex* ſhould ſtart, and play the *Second part*,
Of *Worſhipfull* Sir *John Hotham*.

The Battel of Worceſter.

ALl you that be true to the King & the *State*,
Come liſten, and Ile tell you what happen'd of late,
In a large field near *Worceſters* gate.
Which no body can deny.

Brave *Sir John Byron*, true to the Crown,
VVith forces too few, tis very well known,
VVent thither, 'tis ſaid, to keep the *Town*,
Which no body can deny.

But whether 'twas true, ye have learn'd to gueſs,
As for my own part I think no leſſe,
To give you a taſte of our Future ſucceſſe,
Which no body can deny.

Thither came *Fines* with armes Complete,
The *Town* to take, and *Byron* defeat,
Proviſions were made, but he ſtaid not to eat,
Which no body can deny.

But as ſoon as he heard our great Guns play,
VVith a Flea in's ear, he ran quite away,
Like the lawfull begotten *Son* of Lord *Say*,
Which no body, &c.

Nay

Nay had the old Crop-ear'd his Father dar'd
To approach the walls, his design had bin marr'd,
For *Byron* would not have proved a VVard.
Which no body can deny.

Pox on him he keeps his Patent yet,
But I hope next Term he shall not sit,
'Twas but *quam diu se bene Gesserit*,
Which no body, &c.

But now behold, increased in force,
Hee comes again with ten Troups of Horse,
Oh bloudy-Man he had no remorse,
Which no body, &c.

They marched up boldly, without any fear,
Little thinking Prince *Rupert* was come so near,
But alas poor souls it cost them dear,
Which no body, &c.

The Prince like a Gallant man of his trade,
Marcht out of the *Town* till this quarter was made,
Sir, the Enemies are near at hand it is said:
Which no body, &c.

Where, where are they? Prince *Rupert* cryes,
And looking about with fiery eyes,
Some thirty behind a hedge he spyes.
Which no body, &c.

This Forlorn-hope he no sooner saw,
But 4. or 5. more did towards them draw;
He asked, who's there? one answer'd him, haw,
Which no body, &c.

The

The man you'll ſay was rudely bred;
The Prince ſhot a Bullet into his head,
His haw had been better ſpared then ſaid,
Which no body, &c.

Prince *Maurice* then, to ſecond his Brother,
Diſcharg'd his Piſtol, and down fell another,
'Twere pitty but news were ſent to his Mother,
Which no body, &c.

Lord *Digby* ſlew one to his great fame,
So did Monſieur de *Liſle*, and Sir *Rich. Crane*,
And another *French* man, with a harder name,
Which no body, &c.

Prince *Rupert* to his own Force retired, (fired,
And bad them not ſhoot till their Doublets were
His Courage and Conduct were both admired,
Which no body, &c.

He Charged but twice, yet made them ſhrink,
'Twere hard to get off now one would think,
Yet both can do it as eaſie as drink.
Which no body, &c.

Then have amongſt ye, quoth Sir *Lewes Dives*,
For a good Cauſe you know alwayes thrives,
His heart in his ſhoulders coſt many mens lives,
Which no body, &c.

John Byron did as bravely fight;
To the *Prince of Wales* his great delight,
He came home in ſafety and was made a Knight.
Which no body, &c.

My

My Friend *David Walter* in Doublet white,
Without any Armes either rusty or bright,
Charg'd through them twice like a little spright,
Which no body, &c.

But oh Prince *Maurice*, where was he?
Where one of us would be loath to be,
Surrounded with Butchers three times three,
Which no body, &c.

These men of *East-cheap* little said,
But all their blows at his head they made,
As if they had been at work at their Trade,
Which no body, &c.

Then came a *French-man* fiery and keen,
He broke the Ring and came in between,
Ere a man let a —— not a Butcher was seen.
Which no body, &c.

Brave Lord *Wilmot*, by whose hands did fall
Many a Rebell stout and tall,
Came to him without any Armes at all,
Which no body, &c.

Their Horses then close up they spur'd,
The wounds they gave were all with the Sword,
Their Pistols proved not worth a ——
Which no body, &c.

But the Parliament having quite forgot
To Vote that *Sandys* should not be shot
By the hand of a *Mounsier* he went to the pot.
Which no body, &c.

Douglas

Douglas a *Scotch-man* of great fame
Was ſlain that day for want of the ſame;
The Houſes in this were much to blame,
Which no body, &c.

Of all their chief Commanders that day,
I hold it fit I ſhould ſomething ſay,
His name was *Brown*, and he ran away,
Which no body, &c.

If a few more o'em ſhould ſhew ſuch a freak,
Both Houſes ſurely would quickly break,
And honeſter men would have leave to ſpeak,
Which no body, &c.

They fly, they fly, Prince *Rupert* cry'd,
No ſooner ſaid, but away they hy'd;
The force of his Armes they durſt not abide,
Which no body can deny.

Smectymnuus, *or the Club-Divines.*

S*Mectymnuus!* the Goblin makes me ſtart!
I'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick?* or *Welch?* what skilt?
Ap all the Brick-layers that *Babel* built!
Some Conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it,
Till then 'tis fit for a *Weſt-Saxon* Poet.
But do the Brother-hood then play their Prizes
Like Mummers in Religion with diſguiſes?
Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A name which if 'twere train'd, would ſpread a Mile;

The

The Saints monopolie, the zealous cluſter,
Which, like the Porcupine, preſents a muſter,
And ſhoots his quills at Biſhops and their Sees,
A Devont litter of young *Maccabees.*
Thus Jack of all trades hath devoutly ſhown
The twelve Apoſtles on a cherry-ſtone,
Thus faſhion's Al-a-Mode in Treaſons faſhion;
Now we have hereſie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixots* Roſary of ſlaves
Strung on a chain; a Murnival of Knaves
Packt in a trick, like Gypſies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues, which ſit all on a ſide:
So the vain *Satyriſts* ſtand all a row,
As hollow teeth upon a Lute-ſtring ſhow:
Th' *Italian* Monſter, pregnant with his Brother,
Natures *Diæreſis*, half one another,
He, with his little ſides-man *Lazarus*,
Muſt both give way unto *Smectymnuus.*
Next *Sturbridge Fair* is *Smecks*, for lo his ſide
Into a five-fold *Lezar*'s multipli'd.
Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyſſard,
Five faces lurk under one ſingle vizard:
The *Whore of Babylon* left theſe brats behind,
Heirs of confuſion by *Gavelkind.*
I think *Pythagoras*'s foul is rambl'd hither,
With all the change of Rayment on together:
Smec is her general Ward-robe, ſhee'l not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare;
He ſtops the Goſſiping Dame; alone he is
The purlew of a *Metempſichoſis.*
Like a *Scotch* Mark, where the more modeſt ſenſe
Checks the loud phraſe, and ſhrinks to 13. pence:
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whoſe flame,
Though ſometimes tripartite, joynes in the ſame:

Like

Like to nine *Taylors*, who if rightly ſpell'd,
Into one man are Monoſyllabel'd:
Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a ſingle penny.
See, ſee! how cloſe the curs hunt under ſheet,
As if they ſpent in Quire, and ſcann'd their feet;
One Cure, and five Incumbents leap a truſs:
The title ſure muſt be litigious!
The *Sadduces* would raiſe a queſtion,
Who muſt be *Smec* at th' Reſurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire-drawn, & ſpun out their name,
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Againſt the Biſhops and their Superſtition.
Robſon and *French* (that count from five to five,
As far as nature fingers did contrive,
She ſaw they would be ſeſſors, that's the cauſe
She cleft her hoof into ſo many claws,)
May tire their Carret-bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smectymnuus* for Pole-money.
Caligula, whoſe pride was mankinds bail,
(As who diſdain'd to murther by retail)
Wiſhing the world had but one general neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec*.
No eccho can improve the Author more,
Whoſe lungs pay uſe on uſe, to half a ſcore:
No Felon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both ſuperſcribes his ſhoulder and his hand.
Some *Welſh-man* was his Godfather, for he
Wears in his name his Genealogy.
The Banes are ask'd, would but the time give way,
Beewixt *Smectymnuus* and *Et cætera*;
The Gueſts invited by a friendly Summons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons;

The

The Prieſt to tye the Foxes tayles together,
Moſely, or *Sancta Clara*, chuſe you whether.
See, what off-ſpring every one expects!
What ſtrange pluralities of men and ſects?
One ſayes hee'l get a Veſtery, another
Is for a Synod: But upon the Mother:
Faith! cry St. *George*, let them go to't, and ſtickle,
Whether a Conclave or a Conventicle:
Thus might Religions catterwaul, and ſpight,
Which uſes to divorce, might once unite.
But their croſſe Fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride diſplaid.
My task is done, all my Hee-Goats are milkt,
So many Cards i'th' ſtock, and yet be bilkt?
I could by Letters now untwiſt the Rabble,
Whip *Smec* from Conſtable to Conſtable.
But there I leave you to another dreſſing,
Only kneel down and take your Fathers bleſſing,
May the *Queen Mother* juſtifie your fears,
And ſtretch her Patent to your leather ears.

A Lenten Letany.

Compoſed for a confiding Brother, for the benefit and edification of the Faithfull Ones.

FRom Villany dreſt in the Doublet of Zeal,
From three Kingdomes bak'd in one Common weal,
From a gleek of *Lord Keepers* of one poor Seal,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From a Chancery-writ, and a whip and a bell,
From a Juſtice of Peace that never could ſpell,
From *Collonel P.* and the *Vicar of Hell.*
Libera nos, &c.

From Neat's feet without ſocks, and three-peny Pyes.
From a new ſprung Light that will put out ones eyes,
From Goldſmiths-hall, the Devil, and Exciſe,
Libera nos, &c.

From two hours talk without one word of ſenſe,
From Liberty ſtill in the future tenſe,
From a Parliament long-waſted Conſcience,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Coppid Crown-tenent prick'd up by a Brother,
From damnable Members, and fits of the Mother.
From Ears like Oyſters that grin at each other,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Preacher in buff, and a Quarter-ſtaff-ſteeple,
From th' unlimited Soveraigne Power of the People,
From a Kingdom that crawles on its knees like a Creeple,
Libera nos, &c.

From a vinegar Prieſt on a Crab-tree ſtock,
From a foddering of Prayer four hours by the Clock.

From a holy Sister with a pittifull Smock,
Libera nos, &c.

From a hunger-starv'd Sequestrators maw,
From Revelations and Visions that never man saw,
From Religion without either Gospel or Law,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Nick and Froth of a Peny Pot-house,
From the Fiddle and Crosse, and a great *Scotch* Louse,
From Committees that chop up a Man like a Mouse,
Libera nos, &c.

From broken shins, and the blood of a Martyr,
From the Titles of Lords, and Knights of the Garter,
From the teeth of mad-dogs, and a Country mans quarter,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Publique Faith, and an Egg & Butter,
From the *Irish* Purchasers, and all their clutter,
From *Omega's* nose, when he fettles to sputter,
Libera nos, &c.

From the zeal of Old *Harry* lock'd up with a Whore,
From waiting with Plaints at the Parliament dore,
From the death of a King without why or wherefore,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From the French diſeaſe, and the Puritan fry,
From ſuch as nere ſwear, but devoutly can lye,
From cutting of capers full three ſtory high,
Libera nos, &c.

From Painted glaſs, and Idolatrous cringes,
From a *Presbyters* Oath that turns upon hinges,
From *Weſtminſter Jews* with Levitical fringes,
Libera nos, &c.

From all that is ſaid, and a thouſand times more,
From a Saint, and his Charity to the Poor,
From the Plagues that are kept for a Rebel in ſtore.
Libera nos, &c.

The Second Part.

THat if it pleaſe thee to aſſiſt
Our *Agitators*, and their Liſt,
And *Hemp* them with a gentle twiſt,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to ſuppoſe
Our actions are as good as thoſe
That gull the People through the Noſe,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee here to enter,
And fix the rumbling of our center,
For we live all at peradventure,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to unite
The fleſh and bones unto the ſprite,
Elſe Faith and literature good night,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee O that wee
May each man know his Pedigree,
And ſave that plague of Heraldry,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee in each Shire
Cities of refuge Lord to rear,
That failing Brethren may know where,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to abhor us,
Or any ſuch dear favour for us,
That thus have wrought thy peoples ſorrows,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to embrace
Our dayes of thanks and faſting face,
For robbing of thy holy place,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to adjourn
The day of judgement, leaſt we burn,
For lo it is not for our turn,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to admit
A cloſe Committee there to ſit,
No Devil to a Humane wit!
Quæſumus te, &c.

That

That it may pleaſe to diſpence
A little for convenience,
Or let us play upon the ſenſe,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to embalm
The Saints in *Robin Wiſdom's Pſalm*,
Aud make them muſical and calm,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee, ſince 'tis doubt,
Satan cannot throw Satan out,
Unite us and the Highland rout.
Quæſumus te, &c.

AN ELEGIE

On the Death of Sir Bevile Grenvile.

TO build upon the merit of thy *Death*,
And raiſe thy Fame from thy *expiring Breath*,
Were to ſteal Glories from thy *Life*, and tell
The World, that *Grenvil* only did *dye* well.
But all thy Dayes were fair, the ſame Sun roſe,
The Luſtre of thy *Dawning*, and thy *Cloſe*.
Thus to her Urn th' *Arabian* wonder flyes,
She lives in *Perfumes*, and in *Perfumes* dyes:
E're ſtormes, and tumults (Names undread-
(ed here)
Could in their Bloome and Infancy appeare;

He in the ſtock and treaſure of his mind
Had heaps of Courage, and juſt heat combin'd.
Where, like the thrifty Ant, he kept in ſtore
Enough for *Spring*, but for a *Winter* more.
In Peace he did direct his thoughts on Warrs,
And learn't in *ſilence* how to combat *Jarres.*
And though the Times look't ſmooth and would allow
No track of Frown or Wrincle in their Brow:
Yet his quick ſight perceiv'd the Age would low'r,
And, while the *Day* was *faire*, fore-ſaw the *Show'r.*
At this the prudent Augur did provide
Whereto *endure* the *ſtorme*, not where to *hide*,
And ſought to ſhun the Danger now drawn nigh,
Not by *Concealment* but by *Victory.*
As valiant *Seamen*, if the Veſſel knock,
Rather *ſayle o're it*, than avoid the Rock.
And thus Reſolv'd, he ſaw on either hand,
The *Cauſes*, and their bold *Abettors* ſtand.
The *Kingdoms Law* is the pretence of each,
Which theſe *by Law preſerve*, theſe by its *breach*,
The *Subjects Liberty* each ſide maintains,
Theſe ſay it conſiſts in *freedom*, theſe in *Chaines*,
Theſe love the *decent* Church, but theſe not paſs
To dreſſe our *Matron* by the *Geneva Glaſs*?
Theſe ſtill *enſhrine* their God; but theſe adore
Him moſt at ſome *Araunah's Threſhing-floor.*
Each part defends their King a ſeveral way,
By true *Subjection* theſe, by *Treaſons* they.
But our Spectatour ſoon unmask't the ſin,
And ſaw all *Serpent* through that *ſpecious skin.*
And midſt their beſt Pretext did ſtill deſpair,
In any dreſſe to ſee their *Moor look fair.*

And

And thongh the *Number* weigh'd ith' *popular ſcale*,
As light things float ſtill with the *tyde* and *gale*,
He with the *ſolid* mixt, and did conclude,
Juſtice makes Parties *great*, not *Multitude*.
And with this conſtant Principle poſſeſt,
He did alone expoſe his ſingle Breaſt,
Againſt an *Armies* force, and bleeding lay,
The great Reſtorer o'th' Declining Day.
Thus ſlain thy *Valiant Anceſtor* did lye,
When his one *Bark* a *Navy* durſt defie,
When now encompaſs'd round, he Victor ſtood,
And bath'd his *Pinnace* in his conquering Blood.
Till all his Purple current dry'd and ſpent,
He fell, and left the *Waves* his *Monument*,
Where ſhall next *famous Grenvills Aſhes* ſtand?
Thy Grandſire fills the *Seas*, and Thou the (*Land*.

To my Lord Biſhop of S. on New-years day.

THough with the courſe and motion of the (year,
Not only *Starres* and *Sun*
Move where they firſt begun;
But *Things* and *Actions* do
Keep the ſame *Circle* too,
Return'd to the ſame point in the ſame *Sphear*.

Griefs and their *Cauſes* ſtill are where they ſtood,
'Tis the ſame *Cloud* and *Night*
Shuts up our *Joyes* and *Light*:
Warres as remote from *Peace*,
And *Bondage* from *Releaſe*,
As when the *Sun* his laſt years Circuite rode.

Though *Sword* and *Slaughter are not parted* hence,
But we like *years* and *times*,
Meet in *unequal chimes*,
Now a *Cloud* and then a *Sun*,
Undoe and are *undone*,
Let looſe and ſtopt by th' Orbes intelligence.

Though *Combates* have ſo thick and frequent ſtood,
That we at length may raiſe
A *Calendar* of dayes,
And ſtyle them foul or fair,
By their *ſucceſs*, not *Aire*:
And ſign our Feſtivals by *Rebels blood.*

Though the ſad years are cloath'd in ſuch a dreſs,
That *times* to *times* give place,
And *ſeaſons* ſhift their *grace*,
Not by our *Cold* or *Heat*,
But *Conqueſt* or *Defeat*:
And Loſſe makes *Winter*, *Summer*, *happineſs.*

Nay though a greater Ruine yet await;
Such as the *Active* curſe, *The new*
Sent to make *worſt* times *worſe*, *diſeaſe.*
Deaths *keen* and *ſecret* dart,
The ſhame of Hearbs and Art
Which proves at once our *Wonder* and our *Fate.*

Though

Though these conspire to sully our request,
And labour to destroy,
And kill your *New-years* joy.
Yet still your wonted Art
Will keep our wish in *heart.*
Proportion'd not toth' times but to your breast
Thus in the Storm you *Calme* and *Silence* find,
Nor *Sword* nor *Sickness* can approach your mind.

A SATYR,

Occasioned by the Author's Survey of a Scandalous Pamphlet, intituled

The Kings Cabinet opened.

WHen *Lawes* and *Princes* are despis'd and cheap,
When *High patcht* Mischiefs all are in the heap;
Returns must still be had; *Guilt* must strive more
Though not to' *Enoble*, yet to *Enlarge her store.*
Poor *cheap Design!* the *Rebell* now must flie
To *Packet Warre*, to *Paper-Treacherie.*
The *Basiliskes* are turn'd to *Closet-Spies*,
And to their *Poys'nous* adde *Enquiring eyes:*
As *Snakes* and *Serpents* should they cast their sting,
Still the same *Hate*, though not same *Poyson* sling;
And their *Vain teeth* to the same point addresse,
With the like *Rancor*, though unlike *Successe*:

So

So those that into undiscerning veines,
Have thrown their *Venom-deep*, and their dark (stains,
By *frail Advantages*, still find it good,
To keep th' Infection high ith' Peoples Blood.
"For *Active Treason* must be *doing* still:
"Left she *unlearn* her *Art* of *doing-ill*.
Who now have waded through all *Publick* aw,
Will break through *Secrets* and prophane their (Law.
Know you, that would their *Act* and *Statute* see,
Nature kept *Court*, and made it her *Decree*.
When *Angells* talke, all their *Conceipts* are (brought
From *Minde* to *Minde*, and they discourse by
A *Close Idea* moves, and *Silence* flies (*Thought*.
To *post* the *Message*, and *dispatch Replies*.
And though *Ten Legions*, in the Round are bent,
They only *hear* to whom the *Talk was meant*.
Now, though in *Men* a different Law controules,
And *Soules* are not *Embassadours* to *Soules*:
Nature gave Reason power to find a way,
Which none but these could venture to betray.
"Two close safe Pathes she did bequeath to (men,
"In *Presence*, *Whisper*; and at *Distance*, *Penne*.
Publick *Decrees* and *Thoughts* were else the same,
Nor went it to *Converse*, but to *Proclaim*.
Conceipts were else but *Records*, but by this care
Our *Thoughts* no *Commons*, but *Inclosures* are:
What bold *Intruders* then are, who assail
To cut their Prince's *Hedge*, and break his *Pale*?
That so *Unmanly gaze*, and dare be seen
Ev'n then, when He converses with his *Queen*?

Yet,

Yet, as who breaks the tall Bank's rising Side,
And all the Shore doth levy with the Tyde,
Doth not confine the Waves to any Bound,
But the whole Streame may gain upon the Ground;
So these, *streight* Prospect scorn, and *Private* View,
" The Crime is small that doth engage a Few.
These print their Shame, they must compleat their Sinne:
Not take some *Waves*, and shut the *Sluce* agen
But, to the *Raging of their Sea*, they do
Let in the *Madnesse of the People too.* (*Vail*,
But, 'cause their *Crime* must wear a *Mask* and
And fain the Serpent would conceal his *Tail.*
No sooner comes the *Libell* to our view,
But see a *stay'd demure, grave Preface* too: (trude,
Which seems to shew they would not thus in-
Nor presse so far, but for the *Publick* good:
But as some *London Beggers* use to stand,
In *Grecians Coats* with Papers in their hand,
Who are (as them indifferent Parts we meet)
English at Home, but solemn *Greeks* ith' street.
Of whom *uncloath'd*, and when the truth is heard,
Constantinople only knows the *Beard.*
So this *sly Masker*, lay its *Tinsell* by,
Is only *Painted Zeal*, and *Pageantry.*
We need not let our *Satyr* here compute,
How it prophanes God in his *Attribute.* *See the*
But for it s *Light* it need no *Bushell* call, *Preface*
A *Sempstresse Thimble* will *Eclypse* it all.
O! in what meeknesse it pretends to creep!
How well the *Tyger* personates the *Sheep!*
It not Returns ill Language to the King,
Though the next Lines the *Psalms* against Him bring.

Then

Then it to th' *Buſineſs* comes, and lets us know,
Who reads it either is its *Friend*, or *Foe*.
If *Friend*, the Scandals all muſt true appear:
If *Foe* (alack the man is ne're the near.)
Foe no Light moves, no *Miracles* like theſe,
Hee'le ſay they're not the *Kings* too, if he pleaſe.
And tell us pray? what, may'nt your laſt words
(ſtand?
You counterfeit his *Seal*, why not his *Hand?*
But to admit, We now deduce and bring,
What *after-notes* clearly imply oth' King.
First, They His Comfort from His *Secrets* wreſt.
They doe allow the *King*, but not the *Breaſt*,
The Sacred Knot muſt have a Tye, and Force,
To joyne their Hands, but yet their Thoughts
(Divorce:
And, as the Ivye weddes her Conſort-Tree,
Though joyn'd, and cloſe their chaſt Embraces be,
Yet in thoſe *Twinnes* and *Circuits* we can find
No Traffique, no Commerce of mind with mind:
So muſt the Sacred Laws of Marriage pierce;
Here ſhe may *Sprout* and *Grow*, but not *Converſe*.
And, like a Plant remov'd by Grafters toyle,
She finds not Nuptials, but a change of Soyle.
England to th' Queen tranſplanted thus muſt
(prove,
No *Forraigne Kingdome*, but a *Forraigne Grove*.
But, leaſt this groundleſſe ſeem, they reaſons
(vex,
And tell the World Shee's of the Weaker Sex.
In what wilde Braines this Madneſſe firſt began!
They're wondrous angry, 'cauſe the Queen's no
(Man.

Fond

Fond Sirs forbear, do not the world perplex:
Reason and *Judgement* are not things of *Sex*.
Souls and their Faculties were never heard
To be confin'd to th' *Doublet*, and the *Beard*.
Consult one Age from this, and you shall find
A Queen the Glory of your Annals shin'd.
But who to farre and distant Objects flies,
Must say the *Sun* wants *Lustre*, or he *Eyes*.
Our *Present injur'd* Queen returns that store,
And doth again, what could be done before:
By the *King*'s Judgement, shews Her *own* is Right,
And still she meets His Ray with her own Light.
Thus the *wise King* to *Sheba*'s *Queen* was known,
Who knew *Him wise* by *Wisedom* of *her own*.
But as all *Publick* Knowledge barr'd must be,
So *Houshold-Acts* must have their *Mysterie*:
No Circumstance can passe, no Servant made,
But must be wrapt in *silence* and close *shade*.
One *Place* in Court a Riddle must afford,
Worthy a secret *Sybi's* dark Record.
As the *Kings Acts* must all their limits prove,
So their *Restraint* and *Reins* must check his *Love*.
Esteems of's Consort by their *pitch* must fly,
Nor must He *rate* his Dear Queens Health *too high*.
He must affect thus *far*, and then no *more*,
His *Tydes* must be proportion'd to their *shore*;
His *Tenderness* their *Weights* and *Ballance* weare,
By *Graines* and *Scruples* they Confine His Care,
But (Savage) know, there can no ransome be
Poys'd with the Health of such a Queen as *She*.
She that at once such *weighty* Acts can do,
That can be *Queen* and yet *negotiate* too:
Send and be *sent*, and without more demurre,
Be both the *Queen* and her *Embassadour*.

That

That gives dispatch for Ships, and when she please,
Divides the Empire with the Queen o'th Seas:
Who dares the threats of any danger stand,
The stubborn Rock, or the Devouring Sand.
And though the Sea swell like Her *fate* and *Grave*,
Look at Her Consort, and despise the *Wave*.
The Captive Queen did (thus) the *Tyrant* tell,
I am no Captive so my *King* be well. *Q. Curtius*,
By these her worth and rate is faintly known, *lib.* 3.
Past stories *blush* when she erects Her *own*.
Search *old gray* Annals, you may find at length,
Some Queen in *Vigour*, and her *mid-day strength*;
Who in her injured Consorts cause, referres
To Copies glancing at these Acts of *Hers*.
But if *Infirm* and *Sickly* Queens we *scanne*,
No story patterns her, None ever can
Shew us a Queen fraught with such wide Affairs,
Here private *Weaknesse*, there a *Kingdom*'s cares,
Perplext and tortur'd from her rest and ease,
By a *Rebellion here*, there a *Disease*:
Advice, and *Medcines* at one time we view,
A Counsel-board, *Board of Physicians* too.
Yet her Capacious Soul both these defeats,
While this hand holds *Instructions*, that *Receipts*.
These are our fam'd Queens Crimes, but yet one
Must be the main *Ingredient* of the store. (more
Which seems to presse so *deep*, there's nought so
But this may fully all its lustre quite: (bright,
'Tis her *Religions Care*: She tryes Her Pow'rs
To keep that still, do not we so for *Ours*?
Why to one *Face* so diff'rent *shapes* have bin,
What *Virtue* is in *Us*, in *Her* is *Sin*.
Our diff'rent Faiths did long together grow,
And neither suffer'd, neither losse did know:

And

And like a ſtream, which 'twixt two fields doth flow,
Which as it *Moiſtens*, ſo *Divides* them too:
So did the Kingdoms Law throw *Dew* and *growth*,
In *Weight* and juſt *proportion* unto both,
And like a parting Current, ſlide along
To keep them *wide*, that neither neither *Wrong*.
Our Faiths were then but *Two*, but ſince a ſp'rit
So many *Muſhrome Sects* rais'd in a Night:
The *Proteſtant* (as ſhe could Parties gain
Who unconcern'd were in the *Dregs* and *ſtaine*)
Did recommend her *Votaries*, and bring
Her Faith to *its Defender*, our *Juſt King*.
Who with ſuch *Zeal* hath kept her Rites entire,
As well from *Languiſhing*, as from *ſtrange* Fire:
That ſtill the Cenſer favours its true ſcent,
Without *Acceſſion*, yet no *Perfume ſpent*;
The happy *Martyrs* find their Faith had ſtood
In *Him*, as when they bath'd it in their blood.
They joy to ſee, that *He* his God adores,
Not at *High-places*, nor at *Threſhing-floores*,
But ſpight of *Scandals*, pays his Homage ſtill
In the *Juſt* Beauty of the *Sion-Hill*.

The *Other Sects*, though as in Common-fields,
Which *Swine*, and *Horſes*, *Mules* and *Oxen* yields,
Who though at *Diſtance fed*, *Approaching claſh*,
And diſproportion'd ſhapes together daſh.
So they, though one *Rebellion* them ſuſtain,
Themſelves *Accuſe*, and are *Accus'd again*.
Could they comply, then poſſibly might dwell
Some *faint Agreement*, though no *Peace* in Hell:
Now, theſe nice taſts no *Forraign* aids indure,
(Their *Rebell Scots* are *Engliſh Rebells* ſure,)
No, nor the *Papiſts*: much it with them ſticks,
Leſt theſe Mens *Puniards* ſhould be *Hereticks*:

Their

Their ſouls would be *prophan'd*, and clean *undun*,
Should they be ſlain by an *Idolatrous* Gun.
Go lay your *Vizar* by, your Masking ſtuff,
The Devil is *tyr'd*, and Hell hath *laugh'd* enough:
The world deſcryes the *Cheat*, 'tis quickly known
They no Faith *hate*, who have *Reſolv'd* on None.
Theſe may not fight: that is, the King you'd have
Tamely forſake his *Crown*, and be your *Slave*.
His Eaſier *Subjects* long agoe you gat,
All who approv'd your *Baite*, and ſwallow'd *that*.
Indeed, *Diſcerning* ſouls the ſnare forſook,
And through the *Wave* did ſtill deſcry the *Hook*:
But yet ſo *cloſe* deſigns were caſt about,
Your Race was *half runne* e're the King *ſet out*.
Yet you *complain*, and guilty fears do *gnaw*,
Leſt you ſhould *ſcanted* be for *Space* and *Law*:
Conſcious, though you your cauſe did forward
Its *Guilt* and *Sin* hangs *Plummets* at its feet. (meet,
Are not the *Jews*, *Walloones*, the *Turks*, and all
Whom from as *Diff'rent Gods* as *Lands* you call,
An *Army ſtrong* to keep the cauſe in heart,
But that the *King* muſt with His *Subjects* part?
Can no Acceſſion ſo much ſafety ſend,
But you will *Dread* Him ſtill before you end?
Sometimes at Ebbes his God doth let Him
That ſo the Reſcue may declare His hand. (ſtand,
But, what (you hope) may make the King's ſide
Is what he writes about the *Penall Laws*. (pauſe,
Poor ſhallow ſouls, I deem it one from hence
To forfeit *Loyalty*, and forfeit *Sence*.
Shall ſuch as waſt their *Blood* be quite debarr'd,
And kept without the *Pale* from all *Reward?*
Shall fame report, ſhall after Ages tell,
So juſt a King regards not who do dwell?

But

But you pretend, this was a *State-Decree*,
Nor without Pow'r which *made* may cancel'd be
The King *nev'r* ſayes it ſhall: but cannot doubt
That when his God hath brought his work about,
And ſhifted *Jarres* and *Tumults* into *Eaſe*,
And ſet him 'midſt his Counſell in High peace:
Their *joynt* united ſuffrage will think fit
To give *this* Act, or ſomething Great as it.
But ſee, His *Pardon* then to *Ireland* came,
(Wild *Rebells*) offers he not you the *ſame*?
He holds ſtill out the *ſame* freſh chearfull Ray,
You ſhut your *Windows* and *exclude* the Day:
Embrace the *ſhine*, or elſe expect the ſtroak,
The Flint the Sun ne're *melts*, at laſt is *broke*.
But now the Flood-gates ope, and a free ſluce,
Lets in all ſenceleſſe Doctrines, and wild ule;
And by *Comparing* what's ſaid *long agoe*,
Finds *Diſproportion* in the *King's Acts now*.
His *paſt* Reſolves it up to *Preſent* brings,
His *Vowes* to *Vowes*, and *Things* to combate *Things*.
A *Different* face throughout, and a *freſh* Scene
Succeed: and all his Acts *ſeem* ſhifted clean.
Weak men! who are depriv'd by *Guilt* or chance,
Of all the *lights* of Common Circumſtance;
That have unlearn't that *Actions ſhift* their *Face*,
And date their worth from *Perſons*, *Time*, and *Place*.
And *ſundry ſuch*, from *whoſe Neglects* appear
Acts as *Sinnes there*, which are *Try'd Virtues here*.
For inſtance then, oft as the King reflects
His *Oath's enjoyn* His *People he protects*.
Which *Oathes extent*, and *Circuit* we may view
Spread ore th' *Five Execrable Members* too.
Yet (far *as't them concerns*) that *Chain* is *broke*,
That *Oath* left *Him*, becauſe they left *His Yoake*.

Now of this *Pitch*, and *Size*, do ſtill appear
All *Aiery* Scruples which are ſtarted there.
The King *Declared*, He thought you meant no ill,
Say, would you have the King *Declare ſo ſtill?*
Allow but *Different* Circumſtance, and we
Find all your *Scandalls* will his *Glories* be.
Now, as the *worſt* things have *ſome* things ſtead,
And ſome *Toades* treaſure *Jewells* in their Head.
So doth this *Libels womb Girt*, and *contain*.
What though it *compaſſe Rounds* it cannot *ſtain*
Lines of ſo *cleare*, yet ſo *Majeſtick* ſtraine;
A moſt *Tranſparent*, yet a *cloſe-wove* Veine;
Which when we reach its *Senſe*, we may deſcry,
We ſee more by *its Light*, then *our own Eye*.
So *Phœbus* (when the *Cloud* and *Night* is done)
Lends us his Light, to know he is the *Sunne*.
Yet this expreſſive clearneſſe is but *barke*,
An *Out-ſide Sunne* which guards us from the dark.
Here the *Bright* Language ſhuts in *Brighter* ſenſe,
Rich Diamonds ſleep within a *Cryſtall* Fence.
Gemmes of that rate, to *Tully* they'd appear
Fit purchaſe *for his Critick Senates Ear*:
And their whole *Shine* in a full Luſtre tends
To *God*, His *Conſcience*, *Conſort*, and his *Friends*.

THE CLOSE.

No *winding* Characters, no *ſecret* Maze,
Could ſo *perplex*, but they have found their wayes.
They *thred* the Labyrinth, and what to do?
Whe'r *tends* the Guide? what *purchaſe* in this Clew?
Raſh *Alexander* forc't King *Gordius Knot*, *Q. Curtius*
And ſo in hand found he a *Rope* had got. *lib. 2.*

A New Diurnal of Paſſages more
Exactly drawn up then heretofore.
Printed and Publiſhed, 'tis order'd to be,
By Henry Elſing *the Clerk of the P.*

1 *June* 1643.

SInce many Diurnals (for which we are griev'd)
Are come from both Houſes, and are not be-
lievd;
The better to help them for running and flying,
We have put them in Verſe to Authorize their
lying.
For it has been debated, and found to be true,
That lying's a Parliament Priviledge too:
And that they may the ſooner our Conqueſts re-
hearſe,
We are minded to put them in Galloping Verſe;
But ſo many Maim'd Souldiers from *Reading*
there came,
That in ſpight of the Surgeons, make our Verſes
go lame.
We have ever us'd Fictions, and now it is known,
Our Poverty has made us Poetical grown.

Munday.

On *Munday* both Houſes fell into debate,
And were likely to fall by the ears as they ſate;

Yet would they not have the buſineſſe decided,
That they (as the Kingdom is) might be divided.
They had an intention to Prayers to go,
But *Ex tempore* Prayers are now Common too.
To Voting they fall, and the key of the work,
Was the raiſing of Money for the State and the Kirk.
'Tis only Free-loan, yet this Order they make,
That what Men would not lend, they ſhould Plunder and take;
Upon this, the word *Plunder* came into their minds,
And all of them did labour a new one to find;
They call'd it diſtraining: yet thought it no ſhame,
To perſiſt in the Act, which they bluſht for to name.
They Voted all Perſons from *Oxford* that came,
Should be apprehended: and after the ſame,
With an Humble Petition, the King they requeſt,
He'd be pleas'd to return, and be ſerv'd like the reſt.
A Meſſage from *Oxford* conducing to Peace,
Came next to their hands, that Armes might ceaſe:
They Voted and Voted, and ſtill they did vary,
Till at laſt the whole ſence of the Houſe was contrary
To reaſon; they knew by their Armes they might gain,
What neither true reaſon, nor Law can maintain.
Ceſſation was Voted a dangerous Plot,
Becauſe the King would have it, both Houſes would not.

But

But when they resolv'd it, abroad must be blowne,
(To baffle the World) that the King would have none.
And carefully muzled the mouth of the Press,
Least the truth should peep through their jugling dress.
For they knew a Cessation would work them more harmes,
Than *Essex* could do the Cavaliers with his Arms.
While they keep the Ships and the Forts in their hand,
They may be Traytors by Sea, as well as by Land.
The Forts will preserve them as long as they stay,
And the Ships carry them and their Plunder away.
They have therefore good reason to account War the better,
For the Law will prove to them but a killing Letter.

Tuesday.

A Post from his Excellence came blowing his Horn,
For Money to advance, and this spun out the Morn;
And strait to the City some went for relief,
The rest made an Ordinance to carry Powder-Beef.
Thus up go the Roundheads, and *Essex* advances,
But only to lead his Souldiers new dances.

To *Reading* he goes, for at *Oxford* (they ſay)
His Wife has made him Bull-works to keep him away.
Prince *Rupert*, for fear that the Name be confounded,
Will ſaw off his Horns, and make him a Roundhead.
The news was returned with General fame,
That *Reading* was taken ere ever he came.
Then away Rode our Captains, and Souldiers did run,
To ſhew themſelves valiant, when the Battail was done,
Preparing to plunder; but as ſoon as they came,
They quickly perceived it was but a flam:
An Ordinance of Parliament *Eſſex* brought down,
But that would not ſerve him to batter the Town.
More Mony was rais'd, more Men and Ammunition,
Carts loaded with Turnips, and other Proviſion.
His Excellence had Chines, and Rams-heads for a Preſent,
And his Councel of Warre had Woodcock and Pheaſant.
But *Ven* had 5000. Calves-heads all in Carts.,
To nouriſh his Men, and to chear up their Hearts.
This made them ſo valiant that that very day,
They had taken the Town but for running away.
'Twas ordered this day, that thankſgiving be made,
To the Roundheads in Sermons, for their Beef and their Bread.

Wedneſday.

Wedneſday.

Two Members this day at a Conference ſate,
And one gives the other a knock on the Pate.
This ſet them a voting, and the Upper Houſe ſwore,
'Twas a breach of Priviledge he gave him no more.
The lower the breaking their Members head voted
A breach of their Priviledge; for it is to be noted,
That Reaſon and Priviledge in it did grow,
'Twas a breach of his Crown and Dignity too.
Then came in the Women with a long long Petition,
To ſettle Militia, and damn the Commiſſion.
For if fighting continue, they ſay they did fear.
That Men would be ſcarce, and Husbands be dear.
So plainly the Speaker the Buſineſſe unties,
That preſently all the Members did riſe.
They had hardly the leiſure all things to lay ope,
But ſome felt in their Bellies if they had not a Pope.
Some ſtrictly ſtood to them, and others did fear,
Each carried about them a fierce Cavalier.
This Buſineſſe was handled by the cloſe Committee,
That privately met at a Place in the City.
So cloſely to voting the Members did fall,
That the humble Siſters were overthrown all.
But they and their Helpers came ſhort at the laſt,
Till at length the whole Work on Prince *Griffith* was caſt.

And he with his troup did handle the matter
He pleaſed every Woman, as ſoon as he came at her.
The Buſineſſe had like to have gone on her ſide,
Had not *Pym* perſwaded them not to confide.
For rather than Peace, to fill the Common-Wealth,
He ſaid hee'd do them every night himſelf.

Thurſday.

This Day a great Fart in the Houſe they did hear,
Which made all the Members make Buttons for fear;
And One makes nine Speeches while the Buſineſſe was hot,
And ſpake through the Noſe that he ſmelt out the Plot.
He takes it to task, and the Articles drawes,
As a breach of their own Fundamental-laws.
Now Letters were read, which did fully relate
A Victory againſt *Newcaſtle* of late;
That hundreds were ſlain, and hundreds did run,
And all this was got ere the Battel begun.
This they reſolv'd to make the beſt on;
And next they reſolv'd upon the Queſtion,
That Bonfires and Prayſe, the Pulpit and Steeple,
Muſt all be ſuborned to couzen the People.
But the policy was more Mony to get,
For the Conqueſt's dear bought, and far enough ſet;
Such Victories in *Ireland*, although it be known
They ſtrive to make that Land as bad as our Own.

No

No sooner the Mony for this was brought hither,
But a croud of true Letters came flocking together,
How *Hotham* and's Army, and others were beaten,
This made the blew Members to startle and threaten.
And these by all means must be kept from the City,
And only referred to the Privy Committee.
And they presently with an *Ex tempore* Vote,
Which they have used so long, that they learned by rote,
They styl'd them Malignant, and to Lyes they did turn them,
Then *Corbet*, in stead of the Hangman, must burn them.
And he after that an Ordinance draws,
That none should tell truth that disparag'd the Cause.
Then *Pym* like a *Pegasus* trots up and down,
And takes up an Angel to throw down a Crown.
He stand like a Creature, and makes a long Speech,
That came from his mouth, and part from his breech.
He moves for more Horse, that the Army might be
Part Mans flesh and Horse flesh, as well as he;
And heel'l be a Colonel as well as another,
But durst not ride a Horse, 'cause a Horse rid his Mother.

Friday.

Friday.

Sir *Hugh Cholmley* for being no longer a Traytor,
Was accus'd of *Treason* in the higheſt Nature;
'Cauſe he (as they bad him) his Souldiers did bring,
To turn from Rebellion, and fight for the King.
They voted him out, but, nor they nor their men
Could vote him into the Houſe agen.
Sir *Davids* Remonſtrance next to them was read,
From the Cities Round-body, and *Iſaac*'s the Head.
'*T*was approv'd; but one Cauſe produc'd a denyal,
*T*hat all *T*raytors be brought to a Legal tryal.
For 'tis againſt Reaſon to vote, or to do
Againſt *T*raytors, when *They* are no other but ſo.
Becauſe about nothing ſo long they ſit ſtill,
*T*hey hold it convenient Diurnalls to fill.
And therefore they gave their Chronographer charge
To ſtuff it with Orders and Letters at large.
The King by's Prerogative, nor by the Law,
Can ſpeak nor print nothing his People to draw,
Yet *Pennyles Pamphletters* they do maintain,
Whoſe only Religion is Stipendary gain.
Yet *Cum Privilegio*, againſt King and the State.
*T*he *T*reaſon that's taught them (like Parrats) they prate.
*T*heſe Hackneys are licens't what ever they do,
As if they had Parliament priviledge too.

*T*hus

Thus then they conſult: ſo zealous they are,
To ſettle the peace of the Kingdom by War.
But againſt Civil-war their hatred is ſuch,
To prevent it they'le bring in the *Scotch* and the *Dutch*.
They had rather the Land be deſtroy'd in a minute,
Than abide any thing that has Loyalty in it;
And yet their Rebellion ſo neatly they trim,
They fight for the King, but they mean for King *Pym*
Theſe all to fight for, and maintain are ſent
The Laws of *England*; but *New-England* is meant.
And though ſuch diſorders are broke in of late,
They keep it the *Anagram* ſtill of a State.
For ſtill they are plotting ſuch riches to bring,
To make *Charles* a rich and glorious King.
And by this Rebellion this good they will doe him,
They'l forfeit all their Eſtates unto him.
No Clergy muſt meddle in Spiritual affairs,
But *Layton* nere heard of it, loſing his ears,
For that he might be deaf to the Priſoners cries,
To a ſpiritual Goalers place he muſt riſe.
The reſt have good reaſon for what they ſhall do,
For they are both Clergy and Laity too.
Or elſe at the beſt when the Queſtion is ſtated,
They are but *Mechanicks* newly tranſlated.
They may be Committees to practice their bawling,
For ſtealing of Horſe is Spiritual Calling.
The reaſon why People our Martyrs ador'd,
'Cauſe their Ears being cut off their Fame ſounds the more.

'Twas

'Twas ordered the Goods of Malignants, and Lands,
Shall be ſhar'd among them, and took into their hands.
They have Spirits of more Malignants to come,
That every one in the Houſe may have ſome
Then down to *Guild-Hall* they return their thanks,
To the Fools whom the Lottery has cheated with Blanks.

Saturday.

This day there came news of the taking a Ship,
(To ſee what ſtrange wonders are wrought in the deep)
That a troop of their Horſe ran into the Sea,
And pull'd out a Ship alive to the Key.
And after much prating and fighting they ſay
The Ropes ſerv'd for Traces to draw her away.
Sure theſe were Sea-horſes, or elſe by their lying
They'le make them as famous for ſwimming as flying.
The reſt of the day they ſpent to bemoan
Their Brother, the Roundhead that to *Tyburn* was gone.
And could not but think it a barbarous thing,
To hang him for killing a friend to the King.
He was newly baptized, and held it was good
To be waſhed, yet not in water, but blood.
They ordered for his honour to cut off his ears,
And make him a Martyr: but a Zealot appears,

And affirms him a Martyr, for although 'twas his fate
To be hang'd, yet he dy'd for the good of the State
Then all fell to plotting of matters ſo deep,
That the ſilent Speaker fell down faſt aſleep.
He recovers himſelf and rubs up his eyes,
Then motions his Houſe that 'twas time to riſe.
So home they went all, and their buſineſſe refer'd
To the Cloſe Committee by them to be heard;
They took it upon them, but what they did do,
Take notice that none but themſelves muſt know.

Poſtſcript.

Thus far we have gone in Rythme to diſcloſe,
What never was utter'd by any in Proſe.
If any be wanting, 'twas by a miſhap,
Becauſe we for got to weigh't by the map.
For over the Kingdom their Orders were ſpread,
They have made the whole Body as bad as the Head.
And now made ſuch work that they all do,
Is but to read Letters and anſwers them too.
We thought to make *Finis* the end of the ſtory,
But that we ſhall have more buſineſs for you.
For (as their proceedings do) ſo ſhall our *Pen*,
Run roundly from *Munday* to *Munday* agen.
And ſince we have begun, our Muſe doth intend,
To have (like their Votes) no beginning nor end.

The holy Pedler.

FRom a Forraign ſhore
I am come to ſtore,
Your *Shops* with rare devices:
No *drugs* do I bring
From the *Indian* King,
No *Peacocks*, *Apes*, nor *Spices*.
Such Wares I do ſhow
As in *England* do grow,
And are for the good of the Nation,
Let no body fear
To deal in my Ware,
For *Sacriledge* now's in faſhion.

I the *Pedlar* am,
That came from *Amſterdam*
With a pack of *new Religions*,
I did every one fit,
According to's wit,
From the *Tub* to *Mahomets pigeons*.
Great Trading I found,
For my ſpiritual ground,
Wherein every man was a Medler;
I made People decline,
The learned *Divine*,
And then they bought *Heaven* of the *Pedler*.

Firſt *Surplices* I took,
Next the *Common-Prayer-book*,
And made all thoſe Papiſts that us'd 'um;
Then the *Biſhops* and *Deans*,
I ſtript of their means,
And gave it to thoſe that abus'd 'um.

The *Clergy-men* next,
I withdrew from their *Text*,
And ſet up the gifted *Brother*;
Thus *Religion* I made,
But a matter of trade,
And I car'd nor for one or t'other.

Then *Tythes* I fell upon,
And thoſe I quickly won,
'Twas prophane in the *Clergy* to take 'um.
But they ſerv'd for the Lay,
Till I ſold them away,
And ſo did Religious make 'um;
But now come away,
To the *Pedler*, I pray,
I ſcorn to rob or cozen;
If Churches you lack,
Come away to my Pack,
Here's thirteen to the dozen.

Church *Militants* they be,
For now we do ſee,
They have fought ſo long with each other;
The Rump's-Churches threw down,
Thoſe that ſtood for the Crown,
And ſold them to one another.
Then come you factious Crue,
Here's a Bargain now for you,
With the ſpoyles of the Church you may revel;
Now pull down the Bells,
And then hang up your ſelves,
And ſo *give his due to the Devil.*

The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter.

With hair in Characters, and Lugs in text;
With a ſplay mouth and a noſe circumflext;
With a ſet Ruffe of Musket-bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,
Exhauſted of their ſulphurous contents,
In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bomball vents;
The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath,
Like two Muſtachoes, iſſuing from his mouth;
The buſh upon his chin (like a carv'd ſtory,
In a box-knot) cut by the *Directory*;
Madams Confeſſion hanging at his ear,
Wire-drawn through all the queſtions, *How* and *Where*
Each circumſtance ſo in the hearing felt,
That when his ears are cropt he'll count them gelt;
The weeping Caſſock ſcar'd into a Jump,
A ſign the *Presbyter*'s worn to the ſtump:
The *Presbyter* though charm'd againſt miſchance,
With the *Divine Right* of an *Ordinance*.
If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* ſeize,
To tare the *Rochet* to ſuch rags as theſe?
Epiſcopacy minc'd, reforming *Tweed*
Hath ſent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;
Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device
That's nick-name to the ſtuff call'd *Lops* and *Lice*.

The

The Beaſt at wrong-end branded, you may trace
The Devils foot-ſteps in his cloven face.
A face of ſeverall pariſhes and ſorts,
Like to a Sergeant ſhav'd at Innes of Courts.
What mean theſe Elders elſe, thoſe Kirk Dragoons
Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Ducatoons?*
That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun,
Thoſe new *Exchange-men* of *Religion?*
Sure they'r the *Antick heads*, which plac'd without
The Church, do gape and diſembogue a ſprout:
Like them above the *Commons houſe* have been
So long without, now both are gotten in;
Then, what imperious in the Biſhop ſounds,
The ſame the *Scotch* Executor rebounds.
This ſtating *Prelacy*, the *Claſſick* rout,
That ſpake it often, e're it ſpake it out;
So by an Abbies Sceleton of late,
I heard an Eccho ſupererogate
Through imperfection, and the voice reſtore,
As if ſhe had the hiccop o're and o're.
Since they our mixt Dioceſans combine
Thus to ride double in their Diſcipline,
That Pauls *ſhall to the* Conſiſtory *call*
A Dean *and* Chapter *out of* Weavers-Hall?
Each at the Ordinance for to aſſiſt,
With the five thumbs *of his* groat-changing *fiſt.*
Down Dagon Synod *with thy motley ware,*
Whilſt we do ſwagger for the Common-Prayer;
That Dove-like Embaſſie, *that wings our ſence*
To Heavens gate in ſhape of innocence.
Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and defie
Theſe Demicaſters *of Divinity.*
For where Sir John *with* Jack-*of-all-trades joyns,*
His Finger's thicker than the Prelates *Loyns.*

The way to wooe a Zealous Lady.

I Came unto a *Puritan* to wooe,
And roughly did ſalute her with a Kiſs;
She ſhov'd me from her when I came unto;
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this:
And as I her with amorous talk ſaluted,
My Articles with Scripture ſhe confuted.

She told me, that I was too much prophane,
And not devout neither in ſpeech nor geſture;
And I could not one word anſwer again,
Nor had not ſo much Grace to call her Siſter;
For ever ſomething did offend her there,
Either my broad beard, hat, or my long hair.

My Band was broad, my 'Parrel was not plain,
My Points and Girdle made the greateſt ſhow;
My Sword was odious, and my Belt was vain,
My *Spaniſh* ſhooes was cut too broad at toe;
My Stockings light, my Garters ty'd too long,
My Gloves perfum'd, and had a ſcent too ſtrong.

I left my pure Miſtris for a ſpace,
And to a ſnip-ſnap Barber ſtreight went I;
I cut my Hair, and did my Corps uncaſe
Of 'Parrels pride that did offend the eye;
My high-crown'd Hat, my little Beard alſo,
My pecked Band, my Shooes were ſharp at toe.

Gone was my Sword, my Belt was laid aſide,
And I transformed both in looks and ſpeech;

My

My 'Parrel plain, my Cloak was void of Pride,
My little Skirts, my metamorphis'd Breech,
My Stockings black, my Garters were ty'd ſhorter
My Gloves no ſcent; thus marcht I to her Porter.

The Porter ſpide me, and did lead me in,
Where his ſweet Miſtris reading was a Chapter:
Peace to this houſe, and all that are therein,
Which holy words with admiration wrapt her,
And ever, as I came her ſomething nigh,
She, being divine, turn'd up the white o'th' eye.

Quoth I, dear Siſter, and that lik'd her well,
I kiſt her, and did paſſe to ſome delight,
She, bluſhing, ſaid, that long-tail'd men would tell,
Quoth I, I'll be as ſilent as the night;
And leaſt the wicked now ſhould have a ſight
Of what we do, faith, I'll put out the light.

O do not ſwear, quoth ſhe, but put it out,
Becauſe that I would have you ſave your Oath,
In truth, you ſhall but kiſſe me, without doubt;
In troth, quoth I, here will we reſt us both;
Swear you, quoth ſhe, in troth? had you not ſworn
I'd not have don't, but took it in foul ſcorn.

A Hue and Cry after the Reformation.

WHen Temples lye like batter'd Quarrs,
Rich in their ruin'd Sepulchers,
When Saints forſake their painted Glaſſe
To meet their worſhip as they paſſe,

When Altars grow luxurious with the dye
Of humane bloud,
Is this the floud
Of Christianity?

When Kings are cup-boarded like cheese,
Sights to be seen for pence a piece,
When Dyadems, like Brokers tire,
Are custom'd reliques set to hire,
When Soveraignty & Scepters loose their names,
Stream'd into words,
Carv'd out by swords
Are these refining flames?

When Subjects and Religion stir
Like Meteors in the Metaphor,
When zealous hinting and the yawn
Excize our *Miniver* and *Lawn*;
When blue digressions fill the troubled ayr,
And th' Pulpit's let
To every Set
That will usurp the Chair?

Call ye me this the night's farewell,
When our noon day's as dark as Hell?
How can we lesse than term such lights
Ecclesiastick Heteroclites?
Bold sons of *Adam* when in fire you crawl,
Thus high to be,
Perch'd on the tree,
Remember but the fall.

Was it the glory of a King
To make him great by suffering?

Was

Was there no way to build God's Houſe
But rendring of it infamous?
If this be then the merry ghoſtly trade?
To work in gall?
Pray take it all
Good brother of the blade.

Call it no more the Reformation,
According to the new tranſlation:
Why will you wrack the common brain
With words of an unwonted ſtrain?
As Plunder? or a phraſe in ſenſes cleft?
When things more nigh
May well ſupply
And call it down-right theft.

Here all the *School-men* and *Divines*
Conſent, and ſwear the naked lines
Want no expounding or conteſt,
Or *Bellarmine* to break a jeſt.
Since then the Heroes of the pen with me
Nere ſcrue the ſenſe
With difference,
We all agreee agree.

The Times.

TO ſpeak in wet-ſhod eyes, and drowned looks,
Sad broken accents, and a vein that brooks
No ſpirit, life, or vigour, were to own
The cruſh and triumph of affliction;

And creeping with *Themiſtocles* to be
The pale-fac'd Penſioners of our enemy.
No 'tis the glory of the Soul to riſe
By falls, and at rebound to pierce the skies.
Like a brave *Courſer* ſtanding on the ſand
Of ſome high-working *Fretum*, views a land
Smiling with ſweets upon the diſtant ſide,
Garniſh'd in all her gay embroydered pride,
Larded with Springs, and fring'd with curled Woods,
Impatient, bounces in the cap'ring flouds,
Big with a nobler fury than that ſtream
Of ſhallow violence he meets in them;
Thence arm'd with ſcorn and courage ploughs a way
Through the impoſtum'd billows of the Sea;
And makes the grumbling Surges ſlaves to oar
And waft him ſafely to the further ſhoar:
Where landed, in a ſoveraign diſdain
He turns back, and ſurveys the foaming main,
While the ſubjected waters flowing reel,
Ambitious yet to waſh the Victor's heel.
In ſuch a noble Equipage ſhould we
Embrace th' encounter of our miſery.
Not like a field of corn, that hangs the head
For every tempeſt, every petty dread.
Croſſes were the beſt *Chriſtians* arms: and we
That hope a wiſhed *Canaan* once to ſee,
Muſt not expect a carpet-way alone
Without a red-ſea of affliction.
Then caſt the dice: Let's foord old *Rubicon*,
Cæſar 'tis thine, man is but once undone.
Tread ſoftly though, leaſt *Scyllah*'s ghoſt awake,
And us i'th' roll of his *Proſcriptions* take.

Rome

Rome is revived, and the *Triumvirate*
In the black *Iſland* are once more a State;
The City trembles: there's no third to ſhield,
If once *Auguſtus* to *Antonius* yield,
Law ſhall not ſhelter *Cicero*, the Robe
The *Senate*: Proud ſucceſſe admits no Probe
Of Juſtice to corre&, or quare the fate
That bears down all as illegitimate;
For whatſoere it liſts to overthrow,
It either finds it, or elſe makes it ſo.
Thus *Tyranny*'s a ſtately *Palace*, where
Ambition ſweats to climbe and nuſtle there;
But when 'tis enter'd, what hopes then remain?
There is no Salliport to come out again.
For Miſchief muſt rowle on, and gliding grow,
Like little Rivulets that gently flow
From their firſt bubbling ſprings, but ſtill increaſe
And ſwell their Chanel as they mend their pace;
Till in a glorious tyde of villany
They over-run the banks, and poſting fly
Like th' bellowing Waves in tumults, till they can
Diſplay themſelves in a full Ocean.
And if blind rage ſhall chance to miſs its way,
Bring ſtock enough alone to make a Sea.
Thus trebble treaſons are ſecur'd and drown'd
By lowder cryes of deeper mouth and ſound.
And high attempts ſwallow a puny plot,
As Cannons overwhelm the ſmaller ſhot.
Whiles the deaf ſenceleſs World inur'd a while
(Like the *Catadupi* at the fall of *Nile*)
To the fierce tumbling wonder, think it none,
Thus Cuſtom hallows Irreligion!
And ſtroaks the patient beaſt till he admit
The now-grown-light and neceſſary Bit.

But whither do I ramble? Gauled times
Cannot endure a ſmart hand ore their crimes
Diſtracted age? What Dialect or faſhion
Shall I aſſume? to paſſe the approbation
Of thy cenſorious *Synod*; which now ſit
High *Areopagites* to deſtroy all wit?
I cannot ſay, I ſay, that I am one
Of th' *Church* of *Ely-houſe*, or *Abington*,
Nor of thoſe precious Spirits that can deal
The Pomegranates of grace at every meal.
No zealous *Hemp-dreſſer* yet dipp'd me in
The Laver of adoption from my ſin.
Put yet if inſpiration or a tale
Of a long-waſted ſix hours length prevail
A ſmooth Certificate from the ſiſter-hood,
Or to be termed holy before good,
Religious malice, or a faith 'thout works
Other than may proclaim us *Jews* or *Turks*:
If theſe, theſe hint at any thing? Then, then
Whoop! my diſpairing *Hope* come back agen:
For ſince the inundation of grace,
All honeſty's under water, or in chaſe.
But 'tis the old worlds dotage, thereupon
We feed on dreams, imagination,
Humours, and croſs-grain'd paſſions which now reign
In the decaying elements of the brain.
'Tis hard to coin new fancies, when there be
So few that lanch out in diſcovery.
Nay Arts are ſo far from being cheriſhed,
There's ſcarce a *Colledge* but has loſt its *Head*,
And almoſt all its *Members*: O ſad wound!
Where never an Artery could be judged ſound!
To what a height is *Vice* now towred? When we
Dare not miſcall it an *Obliquitie*?

So

So confident, and carrying such an awe,
That it subscribes it self no lesse then *Law?*
If this be Reformation then? The great
Account pursued with so much bloud and sweat?
In what black lines shall our sad story be
Deliver'd over to posterity?
With what a dash and scar shall we be read?
How has Dame *Nature* in us suffered?
Who of all Centuries the first age are
That sunk the world for want of due repair?
When first we issued out in cryes and tears,
(Those salt presages of our future years)
Head-long we dropt into a quiet calm; (balm,
Times crown'd with rosie Garlands, spice and
Where first a glorious *Church* and mother came,
Embrac'd us in her armes, gave us a name
By which we live, and an indulgent breast,
Flowing with stream to an eternal rest.
Thus ravish'd, the poor *Soul* could not guess even,
Which was more kind to her yet, earth or heaven.
Or rather wrapped in a pious doubt
Of heaven, whether she were in or out.
Next the *Great Father* of our *Country* brings
His blessing too, (even the *Best* of *Kings*)
Safe and well-grounded Laws to guard our peace,
And nurse our virtues in their just increase;
Like a pure *Spring* from whom all graces come,
Whose bounty made it double *Christendome*:
Such and so sweet were those *Halcyon* dayes,
That rose upon us in our Infant rayes;
Such a composed *State* we breathed under,
We only heard of *Jove*, nere felt his thunder.
Terrors were then as strange, as love now grown,
Wrong and Revenge liv'd quietly at home.

The

The ſole contention that we underſtood,
Was a rare ſtrife and war in doing good.
Now let's reflect upon our gratefulneſs,
How we have added, or (O !) made it leſs,
What are th' improvements? what our progreſs, where
Thoſe handſom acts that ſay that ſome men were?
He that to antient wreaths can bring no more
From his own worth, dies banq'rupt on the ſcore.
For Father's Creſts are crowned in the Son,
And glory ſpreads by propogation.
Now virtue ſhield me! where ſhall I begin?
To what a labyrinth am I now ſlipp'd in?
What ſhall we anſwer them? or what deny?
What prove? or rather whither ſhall we fly?
When the poor widdow'd *Church* ſhall ask us where
Are all her honours? and that filial care
We owed ſo ſweet a Parent as the Spouſe
Of *Chriſt*, which here vouchſafed to own a houſe?
Where are her *Boanerges?* and thoſe rare
Brave ſons of conſolation? which did bear
The *Ark* before our *Iſrael*, and diſpence
The heavenly *Manna* with ſuch diligence?
In them the prim'tive Motto's come to paſſe,
Aut mortui ſunt, aut docent literas.
Bleſs'd *Virgin*, we can only ſay we have
Thy Prophets Tombes among us, and their grave.
And here and there a man in colours paint,
That by thy ruines grew a mighty *Saint*.
Next *Cæſar* ſome accounts are due to thee,
But thoſe in Bloud already written be;
So loud and laſting, in ſuch monſtrous ſhapes,
So wide the never to be clos'd wound gapes;

All

All ages yet to come with ſhivering, ſhall
Recite the fearfull pres'dent of thy fall.
Hence we confute thy tenent *Solomon*,
Under the Sun a new thing hath been done.
A thing before all pattern, all pretence
Of rule or copy: Such a ſtrange offence
Of ſuch original extract, that it bears
Date only from the *Eden* of our years.
Laconian Agis! we have read thy fate,
The violence of the *Spartan* love and hate.
How *Pagans* trembled at the thought of thee,
And fled the horror of thy tragedie;
Thyeſtes cruel feaſt, and how the Sun
Shrunk in his golden beams that ſight to ſhun.
The boſoms of all Kingdoms open lye,
Plain and emergent to th' inquiring eye.
But when we glance upon our native home,
As the black *Center* to whom all points come,
We reſt amazed, and ſilently admire
How far beyond all ſpleen ours did aſpire.
All that we dare aſſert, is but a cry
Of an exchanged peace for *Liberty*;
A ſecret term by inſpiration known,
A miſt that brooks no demonſtration,
Unleſſe we dive into our purſes, where
We quickly find *Our Freedom* purely dear.
But why exclaim you thus? may ſome men ſay,
Againſt the times? when equal night and day
Keep their juſt courſe? the ſeaſons ſtill the ſame?
As ſweet as when from the firſt hand they came?
The influence of the *Stars* benigne and free,
As at firſt *Peep up* in their infancie?
'Tis not thoſe ſtanding motions that divide
The ſpace of years, nor the ſwift hours that glide

Thoſe

Thoſe little particles of age, that come
In thronging *Items* that make up the *Sum*,
That's here intended: But our crying crimes,
Our Monſters that abominate the times.
'Tis we that make the *Metonimie* good
By being bad, which like a troubled floud
Nothing produce but ſlimy mire and dirt,
And impudence that makes ſhame malepert.
To travel further in theſe wounds that lye
Rankling, though ſeeming cloſed, were to deny
Reſt to an ore-watch'd world, and force freſh tears
From ſtench'd eyes, new alarum'd by old fears.
Which if they thus ſhall heal and ſtop, they be
The firſt that ere were cur'd by *Lethargie*.
This only *Axiom* from ill *Times* increaſe
I gather, *There's a time to hold ones peace.*

The Commoners.

1

COme your wayes
Bonny Boyes,
Of the *Town*,
For now is the time or never,
Shall your fears,
Or your cares
Caſt you down?
Hang your wealth,
And your health,
Get renown,
We all are undone for ever.
Now the *King* and the *Crown*
Are tumbling down,

And

And the *Realm* doth groan with *diſaſters*,
And the ſcum of the land,
Are the men that command,
And our *Slaves* are become our *Maſters*.

2

Now our lives
Children, wives
And Eſtate,
Are a prey to the luſt and plunder,
To the rage
Of our age;
And the fate
Of our land
Is at hand,
'Tis too late
To tread theſe *Uſurpers* under.
First down goes the *Crown*,
Then follows the *Gown*,
Thus levell'd are we by the *Roundhead*,
While *Church* and *State* muſt
Feed their *Pride* and their *Luſt*,
And the *Kingdom* and *King* confounded.

3

Shall we ſtill
Suffer ill
And be dumb?
And let every *Varlet* undo us?
Shall we doubt
Of each Lowt,
That doth come,
With a voice
Like the noiſe
Of a Drum,
And a *Sword* or a *Buff-coat* to us?

Shall

Shall we loſe our eſtates
By *plunder* and *rates*
To bedeck thoſe proud upſtarts that *ſwagger*,
Rather fight for your meat,
Which theſe *Locuſts* do eat,
Now every man's a beggar.

The Scots Curanto.

1.

COme, come away to the *Engliſh* wars,
A fig for our Hills and Valleys,
'Twas we did begin and will lengthen their jarrs,
We'l gain by their loſs and folleys;
Let the *Nations*
By invaſions,
Break through our barrs,
They can get little good by their *falleys*.

2.

Though *Iriſh* and *Engliſh* entred be,
The State is become our Debtor.
Let them have our Land, if their own may be free
And the *Scot* will at length be a getter.
If they crave it
Let them have it,
What care we:
We would fain change our Land for a better.

3.

Long have we longed for the *Engliſh* Land,
But we are hindred ſtill by diſaſters,
But now is their time, when they can't withſtand,
But are their own Countries waſters.
If we venter,
We may enter
By command,
And at laſt we ſhall grow to be Maſters.

4.

When at firſt we began to rebell,
Though they did not before regard us,
How the name of a *Scot* did the *Engliſh* quell,
Which formerly have out-dar'd us.
For our comming
And returning,
They paid us well,
And royally did reward us.

5.

The better to bring our ends about,
We muſt plead for a *Reformation*;
And tickle the minds of the giddy-brain'd rout,
With the hopes of an innovation.
They will love us
And approve us,
Without doubt,
If we bring in an alteration.

6.

Down with the *Biſhops* and their train,
The *Surplice* and *Common Prayers*,

Then

Then will we not have a King remain,
But we'l be the *Realms* ſurveyers.
So by little
And a little
We ſhall gain
All the Kingdom without gain-ſayers.

7.

And when at the laſt we have conquer'd the *King*,
And beaten away the *Cavaleers*,
The Parliament next muſt the ſame ditty ſing,
And thus we will ſet the State by the ears.
By their jarring
And their warring
We will bring,
Their Eſtates to be *ours*, which they think to be *theirs*.

8.

And thus when among us the Kingdom is ſhar'd,
And the People are all made Beggars like we;
A *Scot* will be as good as an Engliſh *Leard*,
O! what a unity this will be.
As we gain it
We'l retain it
By the ſweard;
And the Engliſh ſhall ſay, *bonny blew-cap for me.*

An Answer to a Letter from Sir John Mennis, *wherein he jeers him for falling so quickly to the use of the Directory.*

FRiend thou doest lash me with a story,
A long one too of Directory;
When thou alone deserves the Birch,
That brought'st the bondage on the Church.
Didst thou not treat for *Bristol* City,
And yield it up? the more's the pity.
And saw'st thou not, how right or wrong
The Common-prayer-book went along?
Did'st thou not scourse, as if enchanted
For Articles Sir *Thomas* granted?
And barter, as an Author saith,
The Articles oth' Christian Faith?
And now the Directory jostles
Christ out oth' Church and his Apostles;
And tears down the Communion rayles,
That men may take it on their tayles.
Imagine, Friend, *Bochus* the King
Engraven on *Sylla*'s Signet ring,
Delivering up into his hands
Fugurth, and with him, all his Lands;
Whom *Sylla* took and sent to *Rome*,
There to abide the Senates doom.
In the same posture I suppose,
John standing in's Doublet and Hose,

Delivering up amidſt the throng
The Common-prayer and Wiſedoms ſong
To hands of *Fairfax*, to be ſent
A Sacrifice to the Parliament.
Thou little thought'ſt what Jear began,
Wrapt in that Treaty ? *Buſie John*
There lurk'd, the Fire that turn'd to Cinder,
The Church her Ornaments to Tinder.
There bound up in that Treaty lyes
The fate of all our Chriſtmaſs-pyes;
Our Holydaies there went to wrack,
Our Wakes were laid upon their back,
Our Goſſips ſpoons away were lurcht,
Our Feaſts and Fees for Women churcht;
All this, and more aſcribe we might
To Thee at *Briſtol*, wretched Knight.
Yet thou upbraid'ſt and rayl'ſt in rime,
On me, for that which was thy Crime.
So froward Children in the Sun,
Amidſt their ſports ſome ſhrew'd turn done,
The faulty Youth begins to prate,
And layes it on his harmleſſe Mate.

Dated,

From *Nympton* where the Cider ſmiles,
And *James* has horſe as lame as *Giles*,
The fourth of *May*, and doſt thou hear ?
'Tis as I take the 8th. year
Since *Portugal* by Duke *Braganza*
Was cut from *Spain* without a Hand-ſaw.

I. S.

The

The Kings Diſguiſe.

AND why a Tenant to this vile diſguiſe,
Which who but ſees, blaſphemes thee with his eyes?
My twins of light within their penthouſe ſhrink,
And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
Oh! for a ſtate-diſtinction to arraign
Charles of High Treaſon 'gainſt my Soveraign.
What an uſurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelf hath don't.
His muffled feature ſpeaks him a recluſe,
His ruines prove him a religious houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
And Majeſty defac'd the Royal ſtamp.
It's not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,
But thou'lt tranſmute it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy blacks were of too faint a dye,
Without the tincture of Tautology
Flay an Ægyptian for his Caſſocks skin,
Spun of his Countries darkneſſe, line't within
With Presbyterian budge, that drowſie trance,
The Synod-fable, foggy ignorance:
Nor bodily, nor ghoſtly *Negro* could
Rough-caſt thy figure in a ſadder mould:
This Privy-Chamber of thy ſhape would be
But the cloſe-mourner of thy Royalty:
Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors ſpell,
A Pearle within a rugged Oyſter ſhell.
Heaven, which the Minſter of thy Perſon owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations:

Like to the martyr'd Abbeys courser doom,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon-room:
Or like the colledge by the changeling rabble,
M——— Elves, transform'd into a fiable.
Or if there be a prophanation higher,
Such is the Sacriledge of thine attire, (one
By which th' art half depos'd: thou lookst like
Whose looks are under sequestration.
Whose Regenado form, at the first glance,
Shews like the self-denying Ordinance,
Angel of light, and darkness too, I doubt,
Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without:
Majestick twi-light in the state of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different Mint,
A Psalm of mercy in a miscreant print
The Sun wears mid-night, Day is beetle-brow'd,
And lightning is in Keldar of a cloud.
Oh the accurst Stenography of fate!
The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat.
What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
That shrinks his rayes to this Apostasie?
It is but subtile film of tiffany air,
No Cob-web vizard, such as Ladies wear,
When they are veil'd on purpose to be seen,
Doubling their lustre by their vanquish'd skreen,
Nor the false scabbard of a Princes tough
Metal, and three pild darkness, like the slough
Of an impris'on'd flame: 'tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark-Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick-castle* Vote
Rang *Britains* Corfeu, so our light went out.
Thy visage is not legible, the letters,
Like a Lords name writ in phantastick fetters:

Cloaths

Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick:
Sure they would fit the Body politick.
False beard enough to fit a stages plot,
For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot.
Nay all his Properties so strange appear,
Y'are not i'th' presence, though the King be there.
A Libel is his dress, a garb uncouth,
Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling assassinate, thy lines attest
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant beast,
Whose wrath before 'tis syllabled for worse,
Is Blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse.
The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind
Wasting to Hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind
It to the Barque, which at the Voyage-end
Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collicke in the Fiend.
But I'le not dubbe thee with a glorious scar,
Nor sink thy Skullar with a man of War.
The black mouth'd *Si-quis*, and this slandering suit,
Both do alike in picture execute.
But since we're all call'd Papists, why not date
Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?
As Temples use to have their Porches wrought
With Sphynxes, Creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling Pourtraictures, to shew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.
But pardon Sir, since I presume to be
Clerk of this Closet to your Majesty;
Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dresse
I see the Gospel coucht in Parables.
At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And shews Religion in its dusky types.

Such a Text-Royal, so obscure a shade,
Was *Solomon* in proverbs all array'd.
Come all the brats of this expounding age,
To whom the spirit is in pupillage;
You that damn more than ever *Sampson* slew,
And with his engine the same jaw-bone too:
How is't he scapes your Inquisition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles livery?
Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim jewels with your *Bristol*-fence:
And Characters, like Witches so torment,
Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent.
Keys for this Coffer you can never get,
None but St *Peter* ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight
Critick spectators with redundant light.
A Prince most seen, is least: What Scriptures call
The Revelation, is most mystical.
Mount then thou Shadow-royal, and with hast
Advance thy morning-star, *Charles* overcast.
May thy strange journey contradictions twist,
And force fair weather from a Scotish mist;
Heavens Confessors are pos'd, those star-ey'd sages
To interpret Eclipse, thus riding stages.
Thus *Israel*-like, he travels with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him and a shroud.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shooes.

The Rebell SCOT.

HOw! Providence! and yet a *Scottiſh* crew!
Then Madam nature wears black patches
What? ſhall our Nation be in bondage thus (too?
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the Bells backward, I am all on fire,
Not all the Buckets in a Country Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet ſhould be fear'd,
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appeaſe
To ſee his Country ſick of *Pym*'s diſeaſe,
By *Scotch* Invaſion to be made a prey
To ſuch *Pig-wiggin Myrmidons* as they?
But that there's charm in verſe, I would not quote
The name of *Scot* without an Antidote,
Unleſſe my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be poyſon too.
Were I a drowſie Judge, whoſe diſmal note
Diſgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick's tone)
Speak Pills in phraſe, and quack deſtruction:
Or roar like *Marſhall*, that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full:
Yet to expreſſe a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all thoſe mouth-Granadoes can ſuffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt (like *Horas*) ſwallow daggers firſt.
Come keen *Iambicks* with your Badgers feet,
And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
Help ye tart *Satyriſts* to imp my rage,
With all the *Scorpions* that ſhould whip this age:

Scots are like Witches, do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the bloud come, they'l not hurt you then.
Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The ſhapes of Beaſts, like Hypocrites at ſtake,
I'le bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes;
A *Scot* within a Beaſt is no diſguiſe.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſs Nation
Foſters no Venom, ſince the *Scots* plantation:
Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain,
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have ſhown
(Within the grate of his own breaſt alone)
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroſt
What all thoſe wild Collegiates had coſt
The honeſt high-ſhoes in their termly fees,
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelf doth *Scotch-men* Beaſts confeſſe,
Making their Country ſuch a wilderneſſe:
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpence
Gods omni-preſence, but that *Charles* came thence,
But that *Montroſs* and *Crawfords* loyal band
Atton'd their ſins and chriſt'ned half the Land.
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe ſpots;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of *Scots*:
As in a picture, where the ſquinting paint
Shews Fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide Saint.
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholly dream,
And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam
Scar'd from his ſins, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proſelyte.
A Land where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment! (*doom*,
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home:

Like

Like *Jews* they ſpread, and as infection fly,
As if the Devil had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and defie
This or that place, Rags of Geography.
They'r Citizens o'th' world; they'r all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the *Spaniſh* ſhrug,
Or which of the *Dutch States* a double Jug
Reſembles moſt, in belly, or in beard;
(The Card by which the Marriners are ſteer'd.)
No, the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat, (*meat*:
Their *Oſtrich-ſtomachs* make their *Swords* their
Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their teeth upon their Belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choiſe,
The *Serpent*'s fatall ſtill to *Paradiſe*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and theſe
On the North poſture of the patient ſeize,
Like Leeches: thus thy Phyſically thirſt
After our bloud, but in the cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not think to make us run o'th' ſcore,
To purchaſe villanage as once before,
When an Act paſs'd to ſtroak them on the head,
Call them good Subjects, buy them Gingerbread;
Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim
Rebells by yielding, doth like him, (or worſe)
Who ſadled his own back, to ſhame his horſe.
Was it for this you left your leaner ſoil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Ægypts* ſpoyle?
They are the Goſpels Life-guard: but for them
The Garriſon of new *Jeruſalem!*

What

What would the Brethren do? the Cauſe! the
Sack poſſets, and the Fundamental Laws! (Cauſe!
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of ſhirts!
How a *Scotch*-ſtomach, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food and raiment, ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſſe and their Cook.
Unmask them well, their honours and eſtate,
As well as conſcience are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
A Laird & twenty pounds pronounc'd with noiſe,
When conſtru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober two-pence, and well ſo.
Hence then you proud Impoſtors, get you gone,
You Picts in Gentry and Devotion;
You ſcandal to the ſtock of Verſe, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſm, and ſham'd it out of uſe.
The *Indian*, that Heaven did forſware,
Becauſe he heard the *Spaniards* were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been,
He would, *Eraſmus*-like, have hung between:
My Muſe hath done. A voider for the nonce;
I wrong the Devil ſhould I pick their bones.
That diſh is his, for when the *Scots* deceaſe,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A *Scot*, when from the Gallow-tree got looſe,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a *Soland-Gooſe*.

The Scots Apoſtaſie.

IS't come to this? what ſhall the cheeks of fame,
Stretcht with the breath of learned *Londons* name,
Be flag'd again? and that great piece of ſence,
As rich in Loyalty and Eloquence.
Brought to the Teſt, be found a trick of State?
Like Chymiſts tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
The Devil ſure ſuch language did atchieve,
To cheat our un-forwarned Grandam *Eve*,
As this impoſtour fonnd out, to beſot
Th' experienc'd *Engliſh* to believe a *Scot*.
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull ſence?
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt perſiſtance in one good
Would ſpoyle the fabrick of your Brotherhood,
Projected firſt in ſuch a forge of ſin,
Was fit for the grand Devils hammering?
Or was't ambition that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the ſins you act?
The infamy this ſuper-treaſon brings,
Blaſts more than Murders of your *ſixty Kings*;
A crime ſo black, as being advis'dly done,
Thoſe hold with theſe no competition.
Kings only ſuffer'd then, in this doth lye
Th' Aſſaſſination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this ſin no one ſtep can be trod,
If not t'attempt depoſing of your God:
Oh were you ſo ingag'd, that we might ſee
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee

Til

Till you were ſhrivel'd to duſt, and your cold
Land,
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* ſand!
But 'tis reſerv'd, till Heaven plague you worſe:
Be Objects of an Epidemick curſe.
Firſt, may your Brethren, to whoſe viler ends
Your power hath bawded, ceaſe to be your
friends;
And prompted by the dictate of their reaſon,
Reproach the *Traytors* though they hug the *Trea-*
And may their jealouſies increaſe and breed, *(ſon.*
Till they confine your ſteps beyond the *Tweed.*
In forrain Nations may your loath'd name be
A ſtigmatizing brand of infamy;
Till forc'd by general hate, you ceaſe to rome
The world, and for a plague to live at home:
Till you reſume your poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg where none can be ſo free
To grant; and may your ſcabby Land be all
Tranſlated to a general Hoſpitall,
Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
To give you comfort of a Summers day;
But, as a guerdon for your Trayterous War,
Live cheriſh'd only by the Northern ſtar.
No ſtranger deign to viſit your rude coaſt,
And be to all but baniſht men, as loſt.
And ſuch in heightning of the infliction due,
Let provok'd Princes ſend them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But power, your lives and liberties may aw.
No Subject 'mongſt you keep a quiet breſt,
But each man ſtrive through bloud to be the beſt;
Till, for thoſe miſeries on us you've brought,
By your own Sword our juſt revenge be wrought.

To

To ſum up all —— let your *Religion* be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocriſie:
Untill, when *Charles* ſhall be compos'd in duſt,
Perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *juſt*;
HE ſav'd, incenſed Heaven may have forgot
T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*,
Unleſſe that *Scot* deny himſelf, and do
(What's eaſier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

The Scots Arrears.

FOur hundred thouſand pounds!
A luſty Bag indeed:
Was't ever known ſo vaſt a Sum
Ere paſt the River *Tweede*?

Great pity it is, I ſwear,
Whole Carts was thither ſent,
Where hardly two in fifty knew,
What *Forty ſhillings* meant:
But 'twas to ſome perceiv'd,
Three Kingdoms were undone.
And thoſe that ſit here thought it fit,
To ſettle them one by one,
Now *Ireland* hath no haſte,
So there they'le not begin;
The *Scotiſh* ayde muſt firſt be paid,
For ye came freely in,
And *William Lilly* writes ——
Who writes the truth you know;
In froſty weather they marched hither.
Up to the chins in ſnow.

Free

Free quarter at exceſſe,
They do not weigh a feather,
Thoſe Crowns for coals, brought in by ſhoals;
Scarce kept their men together,
Of Plunder they eſteem
As trifles of no worth,
Of force ye dote, becauſe recruit
Iſſued no faſter forth.
If once this Caſh is paid,
I hope the *Scot* be ſpedd,
He need not ſteal, but fairly deal,
Both to be cloth'd and fedd.
Our ſheep and Oxen may
Safe in their paſtures ſtand,
What need they filch the cow
That's milch to ſojourn in their land.

I wonder much the *Scot*
With this defiles his hand,
Becauſe the ſumm's a price of *Rome*,
Rais'd out of the Biſhops lands;
But too too well ye know
To what intent they in come;
'Twas not their pains produc'd this gains,
'Twas ſent to pack them home:
Methinks I hear them laugh
To ſee how matters proved,
And give a ſhout, it ſo fell out,
Ye were more fear'd than loved.
If *Jockey* after this
Reneaginge hath forgot,
From antient fires, he much retires,
And ſhows himſelf no *Scot*.

A SONG

On the Schismatick ROTUNDOS.

ONce I a curious Eye did fix,
To observe the tricks
Of the *Schismaticks* of the Times,
To find out which of them
Was the merrieſt Theme,
And beſt would befit my Rimes;
Arminius I found ſolid,
Socinians were not ſtolid,
Much Learning for Papiſts did ſtickle.
But ah, ah, ha ha ha ha Rotundos *rot,*
ah, ha ha ha ha ha Rotundos *rot,*
'Tis you that my ſpleen doth tickle.

And firſt to tell muſt not be forgot,
How I once did trot
With a great *Zealot* to a Lecture,
Where I a Tub did view,
Hung with apron blew;
'Twas the Preachers as I conjecture,
His Uſe and his Doctrine too
Were of no other hue,
Though he ſpake in a tone moſt mickle:
But ah, ha ha ha, &c.

He taught amongſt other prety things
That the Book of *Kings*
Small benefit brings to the godly,

Beſide

Beſide he had ſome grudges
At the Book of *Judges*,
And talkt of *Leviticus* odly,
Wiſedome moſt of all
He declares *Apocryphal*,
Beat *Bell* and the *Dragon*, like *Michael*:
But ah, ah, ha ha ha ha, &c.

'Gainſt Humane Learning next he envyes,
And almoſt boldly ſay's,
'Tis that which deſtroyes Inſpiration,
Let ſuperſtitious ſence
And wit be baniſhed hence,
With Popiſh Predomination
Cut *Biſhops* down in haſt,
And *Cathedrals* as faſt
As Corn that's fit for the ſickle:
But ah, ah, ha ha ha ha Rotundos *rot*,
ah, ha ha ha ha ha Rotundos *rot*,
'Tis you that my ſpleen doth tickle.

Cromwell's *Panegyrick.*

SShall Presbyterian Bells ring *Cromwels* praiſe,
While we ſtand ſtill and do no Trophyes raiſe
Unto his laſting name? Then may we be
Hung like the Bells for our dependencie.
Well may his Noſe, that is Dominicall,
Take pepper in't, to ſee no Pen at all
Stir to applaud his merits, who hath lent
Such valour, to erect a Monument

Of

Of lasting praise; whose name shall never dye,
While *England* has a Church, or Monarchy.
He whom the laurell'd Army home did bring
Riding triumphant o're his conquer'd King,
He is the Generals Cypher now; and when
Hee's joyn'd to him, he makes that One a Ten.
The Kingdoms Saint; *England* no more shall stir
To cry St. *George*, but now St. *Oliver*.
Hee's the Realm Ensign; and who goes to wring
His Nose, is forc'd to cry, *God save the King*.
He that can rout an Army with his name,
And take a City, ere he views the same:
His Souldiers may want bread, but n'ere shall fear
(While hee's their General,) the want of Beer;
No Wonder they wore Bayes, his Brewing-fat
(*Helicon*-like) make Poets Laureat.
When Brains in those Castalian liquors swim,
We sing no Heathenish *Pean*, but a Hymne;
And that by th' Spirit too, for who can chuse
But sing *Hosanna* to this King of Jewes?
Tremble you *Scotish* Zealots, you that han't
Freed any Conscience from your Covenant:
That for those bal'd Appellatives of *Cause*,
Religion, and the *Fundamental Laws*,
Have pull'd the old Episcopacy down,
And as the Miter, so you'le serve the Crown.
You that have made the Cap to th' Bonnet vaile,
And made the Head a Servant to the Taile.
And you curst spawne of Publicans, that sit
In every County, as a plague to it;
That with your Yeomen Sequestrating Knaves,
Have made whole Counties beggerly, and Slaves.
You Synod, that have sate so long to know
Whether we must believe in God, or no;

You that have torn the Church, and sate t'impaire
The Ten Commandements, the Creed, the Prayer;
And made your honors pull down Heavens glory,
While you set up that Calfe, your *Directory*:
We shall no wicked Jews-ear'd Elders want,
This *Army*'s built of Churches Militant:
These are new Tribes of *Levi*; for they be
Clergy, yet of no Universitie.
Pull down your Crests, for every bird shall gather,
From your usurping back, a stollen feather.
Your great Lay Levite, whose great Margent tires
The patient Reader, while he blots whole quires,
Nay reams with Treason; and with Nonsence too,
To justifie what e're you say or do:
Whose circumcised ears are hardly grown
Ripe for another Persecution:
He must to *Scotland* for another paire;
For he will lose these, if he tarry here.
Burges that Reverend Presbydean of *Pauls*,
Must (with his Poundage) leave his Cure of Souls,
And into *Scotland* trot, that he may pick
Out of that Kirk, a nick-nam'd Bishoprick.
The Protean Hypocrites, that will ne're burn,
Must here, or else at *Tyburn* take a turn.
And *Will. the Conqueror* in a *Scotish* dance
Must lead his running Army into *France*.
Or he and's Junto among those Crews
In *Holland* build a Synagogue of Jewes,
And spread Rebellion; Great *Alexander*
Fears not a Pillory, like this Commander.
And *Bedlam John*, that at his Clerks so raves,
Using them not like servants, but like slaves.

He

He that ſo freely rail'd againſt his Prince,
Call'd him *diſſembling ſubtile Knave*, and ſince
Has ſtil'd the whole Army *Bankrupts*; ſaid, that
Of their Eſtates were equal to his own: (none
He that was by a ſtrong Ambition led
To ſet himſelf upon the Cities head:
But when he has reſtor'd his both-ſide fees,
Hee'l be as poor, or they as rich as hee's.
And that ſtill-gaping Tophet Goldſmiths Hall,
With all his Furies, ſhall to ruine fall.
Wee'l be no more gull'd by that Popiſh ſtory,
But ſhall reach Heav'n without that Purgatory:
What Honour does he merit? what Renown?
By whom all theſe Oppreſſion are pull'd down.
And ſuch a Government is like to be
In Church and State, as eye did never ſee:
Magicians hold, hee'l ſet up Common-prayer;
Looking in's face they find the Rubrick there.
His Name ſhall never dye by fire nor floud,
But in Church-windows ſtand, where Pictures ſtood:
And if his Soul lothing that houſe of clay,
Shall to another Kingdom march away,
Under ſome Barnes floor his bones ſhall lye,
Who Churches did, and Monuments defie:
Where the rude Thraſher with much knocking;
Shall wake him at the Reſurrection. (on,

And on his Grave ſince there muſt be no Stone,
Shall ſtand this Epitaph; *That he has none.*

The Scotch War.

WHen first the *Scottish* War began
The *English* man, we did trapan, with
Pellit and Pike,
The bonny blythe and cunning *Scot*
Had then a Plot, which they did not, well smell,
it's like;
Although he could neither write, nor read,
Yet our General *Lashly* cross'd the *Tweed*
With his gay gangh of Blew-caps all,
And we marcht with our Generall;
We took *New-castle* in a trice,
But we thought it had been Paradice,
They did look all so bonny and gay,
Till we took all their Pillage away.

Then did we streight to plundering fall (day;
Of great and small, for were all most valiant that
And *Jinny* in her Satten Gown the best in Town,
From Heel to Crown was gallant and gay;
Our silks and sweets made such a smother,
Next day we knew not one another:
For *Jockie* did never so shine,
And *Jinny* was never so fine;
A geud faith a gat a ged Beaver then,
But it's beat into a Blew-cap agen
By a Redcoat, that did still cry, Rag,
And a red snowt, a the Deel aw the Crag.

The *English* raised an *Army* streight
With mickle state, and we did wate to face them
as well; Then

Then every valiant Muſquet man put fire in pan,
*A*nd we began to lace them as well;
But before the Sparks were made a Cole,
*T*hey did every man pay for his Pole;
*T*hen their bought Land we lent them agen,
Into *Scotland* we went with our men;
We were paid by all, both Peaſant and Prince,
But I think we have ſoundly paid for it ſince,
For our Silver is waſted, Sir, all,
*A*nd our Silks hang in *Weſtminſter* Hall.

*T*he Godly Presbyterian, that holy man,
*T*he War began with Biſhop and King,
Where we like Waiters at a Feaſt
But not the leaſt of all the gueſt, muſt diſh up the thing,
We did take a Covenant to pull down
*T*he Croſs, the Croſier, and the Crown,
VVith the Rochet the Biſhop did bear.
*A*nd the Smock that his Chaplain did wear:
But now the Covenant's gone to wrack,
*T*hey ſay, it looks like an old *A*lmanack,
For *Jockie* is grown out of date,
*A*nd *Jinny* is thrown out of late.

I muſt confeſſe the holy firk did only work
Upon our Kirk for ſilver and meat,
VVhich made us come with aw our broods,
Venter our bloods for aw your goods, to pilfer & cheat;
But we ſee what covetouſneſs doth bring,
For we loſt our ſelves when we ſold our King;
*A*nd alack now and welly we cry,
Our backs mow and bellies muſt dye;
VVe fought for food, and not vain-glory,
*A*nd ſo there's an end of a *Scotiſh* mans Story;

I curse all your Silver and Gold,
Aw the worst tale that ever was told.

The Power of Money.

'Tis not the silver nor gold for it self (power:
That makes men adore it, but 'tis for its
For no man does doat upon self because self,
But all Court the Lady in hope of her dower:
The wonders that now in our dayes we behold,
Done by the irresistable power of gold,
Our Zeal, and our Love, and Allegiance do hold.

This purchaseth Kingdoms, Kings, Scepters, and Crowns;
Wins Battels, and conquers the Conquerors bold;
Takes Bulwarks, and Castles, and Cities, and Towns,
And our prime Laws are writ in letters of gold;
'Tis this that our Parliament calls and creates,
Turns Kings into Keepers, and Kingdomes to States,
And peopledomes these into highdomes translates.

This made our black Synod to sit still so long,
To make themselves rich, by making us poor;
This made our bold Army so daring and strong,
And made them turn them, like Geese, out of door;

'Twas

'Twas this made our Covenant-makers to make it,
And this made our Prieſts for to make us to take it,
And this made both Makers and Takers forſake it.

'Twas this ſpawn'd the dunghill Crew of Committees and 'ſtrators,
Who live by picking the Crockadile Parliaments gums;
This firſt made, and then proſpered the Rebells and Traytors,
And made Gentry of thoſe that were the Nations ſcums:
This Herald gives Armes not for merit, but ſtore,
And gives Coats to thoſe that did ſell Coats before,
If their pockets be but lin'd well with argent and ore.

This, plots can deviſe, and diſcover what they are;
This, makes the great Fellons the leſſer condemn;
This, ſets thoſe on the Bench, that ſhould ſtand at the Bar,
Who Judge ſuch as by right ought to Execute them;
Gives the boyſterous Clown his unſufferable pride,
Makes Beggars, and Fools, and Uſurpers to ride,
Whiles ruin'd Propriators run by their ſide.

Stamp either the Armes of the State or the King,
St. *George* or the Breeches, *C. R.* or *O P.*
The Croſs or the Fiddle, 'tis all the ſame thing;
This, ſtill is the Queen whoſoe'er the King be;
This, lines our Religion, builds Doctrine & Truth,
With Zeal and the Spirit the factious endueth,
To club with St. *Katharine*, or ſweet Siſter *Ruth*.

'Tis money makes Lawyers give Judgement, or plead
On this ſide, or that ſide, on both ſides, or neither;
This makes young men Clerks that can ſcarce write or read,
And ſpawns arbitrary Orders as various as the weather;
This makes your blew Lecturers pray, preach, and prate
Without reaſon or ſence againſt Church, King, or State,
To ſhew the thin lining of his twice-covered pate.

'Tis money makes Earls, Lords, Knights, and Eſquires
Without breeding, deſcent, wit, learning, or merit;
This makes Ropers, and Ale-drapers, Sheriffs of Shires,
Whoſe trade is not ſo low, nor ſo baſe as their ſpirit:
This Juſtices makes, and wiſe ones we know,
Furr'd Aldermen too, and Mayors alſo;
This makes the old Wife trot, and makes the Mare to go.

This

This makes your blew aprons Right Worſhipfull;
And for this we ſtand bare, and before them
do fall;
They leave their young heirs well fleeced with
wooll,
Whom we muſt call Squires, and then they
pay all:
Who with beggarly ſouls, though their bodies
be gawdy,
Court the pale Chamber-maid, and nick-name
her a Lady,
And for want of good wit, they do ſwear and talk
bawdy.

This Mariages makes, 'tis a Center of love,
It draws on the man, & it pricks up the woman
Birth, virtue, and parts no affection can move,
Whilſt this makes a Lord ſtoop to the Brat of a
Broom-man;
This gives virtue and beauty to the Laſſes that
you wooe,
Makes women of all ſorts and ages to do;
'Tis the ſoul of the world, and the worldling too.

This procures us whores, hawks, hounds & hares;
'Tis this keeps your Groom, and your Groom
keeps your Gelding;
This built Citizens Wives, as well as wares;
And this makes your coy Lady ſo coming and
yielding;
This buys us good Sack, which revives like the
ſpring,
'Tis this your Poetical fancies do bring;
And this makes you as merry as we that do ſing.

Contentment

Contentment.

WHat though the ill times do run croſſe to
our will,
And Fortune ſtill frown upon us,
Our hearts are our own, and ſhall be ſo ſtill,
A fig for the plagues they lay on us;
Let us take t'other cup, to chear our hearts up,
And let it be pureſt Canary;
We'll ne'er ſhrink nor care, at the Croſſes we bear,
Let them plague us untill they be weary.

What though we are made both Beggars and Slaves?
Let's endure it, and ſtoutly drink on't,
'Tis our comfort we ſuffer 'cauſe we wont be Knaves,
Redemption will come e're we think on't;
We muſt flatter and fear, thoſe that over us are,
And make them believe that we love them,
When their Tyranny is paſt, we can ſerve them at laſt
As they have ſerv'd thoſe have been above them.

Let the Levites go preach for the Gooſe or the Pig,
To drink Wine at *Chriſtmas* or *Eaſter*:
The Doctor may labour our lives to new trig,
And make Nature faſt while we feaſt her;
The Lawyer may bawl, out his Lungs and his Gall
For Plaintiff, and for Defendant,
At his Book the Scholar lye, while with *Plato* he dye
With an ugly hard word at the end on't.

Then

Then here's to the man that delights in *ſol fa*,
For Sack is his only Rozin,
A load of hey ho, is not worth a ha ha,
He's a man for my money that draws in;
Then a pin for the muck, and a pin for ill luck,
'Tis better be blithe and frolick, (death
Than ſigh out our breath, and invite our own
By the Gout, or the Stone, or the Collick.

On the Goldſmiths Committee.

COm Drawer, ſome wine,
Or wee'll pull down the Sign,
For we are all joviall Compounders:
We'll make the houſe ring,
With healths to our KING,
And confuſion light on his Confounders.

Since Goldſmiths Committee
Affords us no pitty,
Our ſorrows in Wine we will ſteep 'um,
They force us to take
Two Oaths, but wee'll make
A third, that we ne'er meant to keep 'um.

And next, who e're ſees,
We drink on our knees,
To the King, may he thirſt that repines:
A fig for thoſe Traytors
That look to our waters,
They have nothing to do with our Wines.

And

And next, here's a Cup
To the Queen, fill it up,
  Were it poyſon we would make an end on't:
May *Charles* and ſhe meet.
And tread under feet
  Both Presbyter and Independent.

To the Prince, and all others,
His Siſters and Brothers,
  As low in condition as high born,
We'll drink this, and pray
That ſhortly they may
  See all them that wrongs them at *Tyburn*.

And next, here's three bouls
To all gallant ſouls,
  That for the King did, and will venter;
May they flouriſh when thoſe
That are his, and their foes,
  Are hang'd and ram'd down to the Center.

And next, let a Glaſſe
To our undoers paſſe,
  Attended with two or three Curſes:
May plagues ſent from Hell
Stuff their bodies as well
  As the Cavaliers coyn doth their purſes.

May the Cannibals of *Pym*
Eat them up limb by limb,
  Or a hot Feaver ſcorch 'um to embers;
Pox keep 'um in bed
Untill they are dead,
  And repent for the loſſe of their Members.

And

And may they be found
In all to abound,
Both with Heaven and the Countries anger,
May they never want Fractions,
Doubts, Fears, and Distractions,
Till the Gallow-tree choaks them from danger.

The mad Zealot.

AM I mad, O noble *Festus*,
When Zeal and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the Pope,
As well as the best in the Colledge?
Boldly I preach, hate a Crosse, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rochets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crochets.

In the house of pure *Emanuel*
I had my Education,
Where my friends surmise
I dazell'd mine eyes
With the light of Revelation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a Bedlam,
They lasht my four poor quarters;
Whilst thus I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of *Foxes* Martyrs.
Boldly I preach, &c.

These

These injuries I suffer
Through Antichrists perswasions;
Take off this Chain,
Neither *Rome* nor *Spain*
Can resist my strong invasions.
Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the beasts ten horns (God blesse us!)
I have knock'd off three already:
If they let them alone,
I'le leave him none:
But they say I am too heady.
Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd City,
I met the great red Dragon;
I kept him aloof
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery Sword and Target
There fought I with this Monster:
But the sons of Pride
My Zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I unhors'd the Whore of *Babel*
With the Lance of Inspirations:
I made her stink,
And spill her drink
In the cup of Abominations,
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have

I have seen two in a Vision,
With a flying Book between them:
I have been in despair
Five times a year,
And cur'd by reading *Greenham*,
Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in *Perkins* Tables
The black Lines of Damnation,
Those crooked veins
So stuck in my Brains,
That I fear'd my Reprobation,
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of *Canaan*
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure,
Till I prickt my foot,
With an *Hebrew* root,
That I bled beyond all measure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before th'Archbishop,
And all the High Commission:
I gave him no Grace,
But told him to his face
That he favour'd Superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a Crosse, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rochets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crotchets.

Of baniſhing the Ladies out of Town.

1.

A Story ſtrange I will unfold,
Then which a ſadder ne're was told,
How the Ladies were from *London* ſent,
With mickle woe and diſcontent.

2

A heart of Marble would have bled,
To ſee this rout of white and red,
Both *York* and *Lancaſter* muſt fly,
With all their painted Monarchy.

3.

Thoſe faces which men ſo much prize,
In Mrs. *Gibbes* her Liveries,
Muſt leave their falſe and borrowed hue,
And put on grief that's only true.

4.

Thoſe pretty patches long and round,
Which covered all that was not ſound;
Muſt be forgotten at the Farmes,
As uſeleſs and ſuſpicious charmes.

5.

Now we muſt leave all our Deſignes,
That were contriv'd within the Lines;
Communication is deny'd,
If to our Husbands we be try'd.

6.

And here's the miſery alone,
We muſt have nothing but our own,
Oh give us Liberty, and we
Will never aske propriety.

7.

Alas how can a Kiſſe be ſent,
From Rocky *Cornwall* into *Kent*?
Or how can *Suſſex* ſtretch an arm
To keep a Northern ſervant warm,

8.

Oh *London!* Centre of all Mirth,
Th' Epitome of Engliſh Earth;
All Provinces are in the ſtreets,
And *Warwick-ſhire* with *Eſſex* meets.

9.

Then farewell *Queen-ſtreet*, and the Fields,
And Garden that ſuch pleaſure yields,
Oh who would ſuch fair Lodgings change,
To neſtle in a plunder'd Grange!

10.

Farewell good places old and new,
And *Oxford Kates* once more adieu;
But it goes unto our very hearts,
To leave the Cheeſe-cakes and the Tarts.

11.

Farewell *Bridge-foot* and *Bear* thereby,
And thoſe bald-pates that ſtand ſo high,

We wiſh it from our very Souls,
That other Heads were on thoſe powles.

12.

But whether hands of Parliament,
Or of Husbands, we're content,
Since all alike ſuch Traytors be,
Both againſt us and Monarchy.

Loyalty confin'd.

BEat on proud Billowes, *Boreas* Blow,
Swell curled Waves, high as *Jove*'s roof,
Your incivility doth ſhew,
That innocence is tempeſt proof.
Though ſurely *Nereus* frown, my thoughts are calm,
Then ſtrike affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miſcalls a Goale,
A private Cloſet is to me,
Whilſt a good Conſcience is my Baile,
And Innocence my Liberty:
Locks Barres and Solitude together met,
Make me no Priſoner but an Anchorit.

I whil'ſt I wiſh'd to be retir'd
Into this private room was turn'd,
As if their wiſedomes had conſpir'd,
The Salamander ſhould be burn'd.

Or

The Cynick hugs his poverty,
The Pelican her wilderneſs,
And 'tis the *Indians* pride to be
Naked on frozen *Caucaſus*.
Contentment cannot ſmart, Stoicks we ſee
Make torments eaſie to their Apathy.

Theſe Menacles upon my Arm,
I as my Miſtris's favours wear;
And for to keep my Ankles warm,
I have ſome Iron Shackles there.
Theſe walls are but my Garriſon; this Cell
Which men call Goal, doth prove my Cittadel.

So he that ſtrook at *Jaſons* life,
Thinking he had his purpoſe ſure:
By a malicious friendly Knife,
Did only wound him to a cure.
Malice I ſee wants wit, for what is meant,
Miſchief oft-times, proves favour by th' event.

I'me in this Cabinet lockt up,
Like ſome high-prized *Margaret*,
Or like ſome great Mogul or Pope,
Are cloyſtered up from publick ſight.
Retirement is a piece of Majeſty,
And thus proud *Sultan*, I'me as great as thee.

Here ſin for want of food muſt ſtarve,
Where tempting Objects are not ſeen;
And theſe ſtrong Walls do only ſerve,
To keep Vice out, and keep me in.
Malice of late's grown charitable ſure,
I'me not committed, but I'me kept ſecure.

Whence once my Prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth Treason seem;
And for to smooth so tough a Path,
I can learn Patience from him.
Now not to suffer, shews no Loyal heart,
When Kings wants ease, Subjects must bear a part.

Have you not seen the Nightingale,
A Pilgrim koopt into a Cage,
How doth she chant her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage.
Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her Boughs are Trees, her Cage a Grove.

My soul is free as the ambient aire,
Although my baser part's immur'd,
Whilest Loyal thoughts do still repair,
T' accompany my Solitude.
And though immur'd, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to Rebels, glory to my King.

VVhat though I cannot see my King,
Neither in his Person or his Coyne,
Yet contemplation is a thing,
That renders what I have not mine.
My King from me, what Adamant can part,
VVhom I do wear engraven on my heart.

I am that Bird whom they combine,
Thus to deprive of Liberty;
But though they do my Corps confine,
Yet maugre hate, my Soul is free.
Although Rebellion do my Body bind,
My King can only captivate my mind.

On

On the demoliſhing the Forts.

IS this the end of all the toil,
And labour of the Town?
And did our Bulwarks riſe ſo high
Thus low to tumble down?

All things go by contraries now,
We fight to ſtill the Nation,
Who build Forts to pull down Popery,
Pull down for Edification.

The Indepedents tenets, and
The wayes ſo pleaſing be.
Our City won't be bound about,
But ſtands for Liberty.

The Popiſh doctrine ſhall no more
Prevail within our Nation;
For now we ſee that by our works,
There is no Juſtification.

What an Almighty army's this,
How worthy of our prayſing,
That with one Vote can blow down that
All we ſo long were raiſing!

Yet let's not wonder at this Change,
For thus 'twill be with all.
Theſe works did lift themſelves too high,
And Pride muſt have a fall.

And when both Houſes vote agen,
The Cavies to be gone,
Nor dare to come within the lines
Of Communication.

They muſt reſerve the ſenſe or elſe,
Referr't to the Divines,
And they had need ſit ſeven years more
Ere they can read thoſe lines.

They went to make a *Gotham* on't,
For now they did begin
To build theſe mighty banks about,
To keep the Cuckoes in.

Alas what need they take ſuch pains!
For why a Cucko here
Might find ſo many of his Mates,
Hee'l ſing here all the year.

Has *Iſaac* our L. *Maior*, L. *Maior*,
With Tradeſmen and his Wenches,
Spent ſo much time, and Cakes and Beer,
To edifie theſe Trenches!

All trades did ſhew their skill in this,
Each Wife an Engineer;
The Maireſs took the tool in hand,
The maids the ſtones did bear.

Theſe Bulwarks ſtood for Popery,
And yet we never fear'd um,
And now they worſhip and fall down,
Before thoſe Calves that rear'd 'um.

But though for Superſtition,
The Croſſes have been down'd,
Who'ld think theſe works would Popiſh turn,
That ever have been round ?

This ſpoyles our Palmiſtry; for when
Wee'l read the Cities fate,
We find nor Lines nor Croſſes now,
As it hath had of late.

No wonder that the Aldermen,
Will no more mony lend,
When they that in this ſeven years,
Such learned works have pen'd.

Now to debaſe their loſty lines,
In which the wits delighted,
'Tis thought they'l nere turn Poets more,
Becauſe their works are ſlighted.

Theſe to a doleſull tune are ſet,
For they that in the town.
Did every where cry Up go we,
Now they muſt ſing down down.

But if that *Tyburn* do remain,
When tother ſlighted be,
The Cits will thither flock and ſing,
Hay, hay, then up go we.

Upon Routing the Scots *Army.*

A SONG.

To the Tune of *Through the Wood Lady.*

1.

CAm lend, lend y'are lugs Joes, an Ise speak a Song,
Sing heome agen Jocky, *sing heome agen* Jocky,
O hes velient Acts an hes Prowes emong,
Sing heome agen heome agen O valent Jocky.

2.

Sirs, *Jockie*'s a Man held a mickle Note,
Sing heome agen Jocky, *&c.*
Tha Breech o tha Covenant stuck in hes Throte,
Sing heome agen, heome agen, &c.

3.

For *Jockie* was riteous, whilk ye wad admire,
Sing heome agen Jocky, *&c.*
A fooght for tha Kirk, bet a plunder'd tha Quire
Sing heome agen Jocky, *&c.*

4.

An *Jockie* waxt roth, and toll *Angland* a cam,
Sing heome agen Jocky, *&c.*
Fro whence hee'd return, but alack a is lame,
Sing heome agen Jocky, *&c.*

5. An

5.

An *Jockie* was armed fro topp toll to toe,
Sing heome agen Jocky, *&c.*
Wi a po're o Men and th'are geod D—— I tro,
Sing heome agen Jocky, *&c.*

6.

So valent I wis they were, an ſa prat,
Sing heome agen Jocky, *&c.*
Ne Cock nor Hen durſt ſtand in thare gat,
Sing heome agen Jocky, *&c.*

7.

In every ſtrete thay ded ſa flutter,
Sing heome agen Jocky, *&c.*
Ne Child durſt ſhaw his Bred and Butter,
Sing heome agen, Jocky, *&c.*

8.

Whan th' *Angliſh* Forces they her'd on o're night,
Sing heome again Jocky, *&c.*
Next Morne thay harneſt themſels for a fight,
Sing heome agen, heome agen, &c.

9.

Thare D—— wes tha Mon that wad be ſen ſtoor,
Sing heome agen, Jocky, *&c.*
He feas't tham awhile, then turn'd Ars's about,
Sing heome agen, heome agen, &c.

10.

Tha Men that ater this valent *Scot* went,
Sing heome agen Jocky, *&c.*

Had

Had ner foond him oout, bet by a ſtrong ſent,
Sing beome agen, beome agen O valent Jocky.

II.

Bet ſe tha reward ò that Cowardly Crue,
Sing beome agen Jocky, *&c.*
Thare Countremon *Ballatine* ſent 'em to *Corfew*,
Not home agen, home agen, O ſlaviſh Jocky.

The diſloyal Timiſt.

I.

NOw our holy Wars are don,
Betwixt the Father and the Son;
And ſince we have by righteous fate,
Diſtreſt a Monarch and his Mate.
And firſt their heirs fly into *France*
To weep out their Inheritance;
Let's ſet open all our Packs,
Which contain ten thouſand wracks;
Caſt on the ſhore of the red Sea
Of *Naſeby*, and of *Newbery*.
If then you will come provided with Gold,
We dwell
Cloſe by Hell,
Where wee'l ſell
What you will,
That is ill;
For Charity waxeth cold.

2.

Haſt thou done murther, or bloud ſpilt,
We can ſoon giv't another name,
That will keep thee from all blame:
But be it ſtill provided thus,
That thou haſt once been one of us;
Gold is the God that ſhall pardon the Guilt,
For we have
What ſhall ſave
Thee from th' Grave,
Since the Law
We can awe;
Although a famous Prince's bloud were ſpilt.

3.

If a Church thou haſt bereft
Of its Plate, 'tis holy-theft;
Or for Zeal-ſake, if thou beeſt
Prompted on to take a Prieſt;
Gold is a ſure prevailing Advocate:
Then come
Bring a ſumme,
Law is dumb:
And ſubmits,
To our wits;
For it's Policy guides a State.

A Medley.

1.

ROom for a Gameſter that plays at all he ſees,
Whoſe fickle faith is fram'd, Sir, to fit ſuch (times as theſe;
One that cryes *Amen*, to ev'ry factious Prayer,
From *Hugh Peters* Pulpit, to St. *Peters* Chair:
One that can comply with Croſier and with (Crown;
And yet can bouze
A full carouze,
While bottles tumble down,
Dery down.

2.

This is the way to trample without trembling.
Since Sycophants only ſecure;
Covenants and Oaths are badges of diſſembling,
'Tis the Politique pulls down the pure:
To plunder and pray,
To proteſt and betray
Are the only ready wayes to be great,
Flattering will do the feat:
Ne're go, ne're ſtir
Have ventred farther,
Then the greateſt o' th' Damme's in the Town,
From a Copper to a Crown.

3.

I am in an excellent homor now to think well,
And I'me in another humor now to drink well;

Fill

Fill us up a Beer-bowl boy,
That we may drink it merrily;
And let none other ſee,
Nor cauſe to underſtand,
For if we do, 'tis ten to one we are Trepand.

4.

Come fill us up a brace of Quarts,
Whoſe Anagram is call'd true hearts;
If all were true as I would hav't,
And *Britain* were cur'd of its humor,
Then I ſhould very well like my fate,
And drink off my Wine at a freer rate,
Without any noiſe or tumor;
And then I ſhould fix my humor.

5.

But ſince 'tis no ſuch matter, change your hue,
I may cog and flatter, ſo may you;
Religion
Is a wigeon,
And reaſon
Is Treaſon; (adieu.
And he that hath a Noble heart may bid the world

6.

We muſt be like the *Scotiſh* man,
Who with intent to beat down ſchiſm,
Brought forth a Presbyterian,
A Canon and a Catechiſm.
If Beuk wont do't, then *Jockie* ſhoot,
The Kirk of *Scotland* doth command;
And what hath been, ſince he come in,
am ſure we ha' cauſe to underſtand.

A Medley of the Nations.

The Scot.

1.

I Am the bonny *Scot* Sir,
My name is *Mickle John*;
'Tis I was in the Plot Sir
When firſt the Wars began:
I left the Court one thouſand
Six hundred forty one;
But ſince the flight
At *Worſter* fight
We are aw undone.
I ſerv'd my Lord and Maſter
When as he liv'd at home,
Untill by ſad diſaſter
He receiv'd his doom;
But now we ſink,
Uds bred I think
The Deel's gat in his room.
He ne man ſpares,
But ſtamps and ſtares
At all Chriſtendom.

2.

I have travel'd mickle grounds,
Since I came from *Worſter* bounds,
I have gang'd the jolly rounds
Of the neighbouring Nations;

And

And what their opinions are
Of the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* war,
In geed faith I ſal declare,
And their approbations.
Jockie ſwears
He has his load,
Bears the rod,
Comes from God,
And complaints go very odd
Since the ſiege at *Worſter*;
We were wounded
Tag and rag,
Foot and leg,
Wemb and crag;
Hark I hear the *Dutchman* brag,
And begin to bluſter.

The Dutch.

3.

Uds Sacrament, ſal *Hoghen Moghen* States
Strike down der top ſails unto puny Powers;
Ten twoſand tun of Tivel Dammy Fates,
If dat der Ships and Goods prove not all ours:
Since dat bloot and wounds do delight dem,
Tararara Trumpet ſounds,
Let *Van Tromp* go fort and fight dem;
All de States ſhall firſt be crown'd,
Engliſh *Skellam* fight not on goat ſide;
Out at laſt the *Flemins* beat,
Dey ha' giv'n us ſuſh a broad ſide;
Dat ick ſal be forc't to retreat,
See de *French man* he comes in compleat.

The French.

4.

By Gat Mounſieur 'tis much in vain
For *Duſhland*, *France*, or *Spain*,
To croſſe de *Engliſh* main;
De Nation now is grown ſo ſtrong,
De Divlaer't be long
Muſt learna de ſame tongue.
'Tis bettra den far to combine,
To ſel dem Wine,
And teaſha dem to make der Laty fine;
We'll teaſh dem for to trip and minſh,
To kick and winſh,
For by de Sword we never ſal convince,
Since every Brewer dere can beat a Prince.

The Spaniard.

5.

What are the *Engliſh* to quarrel ſo prone,
Dat dey cannot now adayes let deir neighbour a-lone,
And ſal de Grave and the Catholick King,
Before ever dus control'd wid a ſword and a ſling;
Sal bode de *Indias* be left unto de ſway,
And purity a doſe dat do plunder and pray;
E're dat we will ſuffer ſuch affronts for to be,
We'll tumble dem down, as you ſal ſennon ſee:

The Welsh.

6.

Taffy was once a Cottamighty of *Wales*,
Put her Cosin *O. P.* was a Creater,
Was come in her Country Catsplutterey nailes,
Was take her welch hook and was peat her;
Was eat up her Sheese,
Her Tuck and her Geese,
Her Pick, her Capon was ty for't;
Ap Richard, ap Owen, ap Morgon, ap Stefen,
Ap Shenkin, ap Powel was fly for't.

The Irish.

7.

O hone, O hone, poor Teg and shone,
O hone may howl and cry,
St. *Patrick* help dy Country men,
Or fait and trot we dye;
De *Englisb* steal our hoart of *Usquebagh*,
Dey put us to de sword all in *Dewguedagh*:
Help us St. *Patrick*, we ha no Saint at all but dee,
O let us cry no more, *O hone, a cram, a cree!*

The English.

8.

A Crown, a Crown, make room,
The *English* man is come,

Whoſe valour
Is taller
Than all Chriſtendome:
The *Spaniſh*, *French*, and *Dutch*,
Scotch, *Welch*, and *Iriſh* Grutch,
We fear not,
We care not,
For we can deal with ſuch.
You thought when we began in a Civil war to (waſte,
Our Tillage
Your Pillage
Should come home at laſt:
For when we
Could not agree,
You thought to ſhare in our fall;
But nere ſtir Sir,
For firſt Sir
We ſhall nooſe you all.

A Medley.

3.

The Engliſh. LEt the Trumpets ſound,
And the Rocks rebound,
Our Engliſh Natives comming;
Let the Nations ſwarm,
And the Princes ſtorm;
We value not their drumming.
'Tis not *France* that looks ſo ſmug
Old faſhions ſtill renewing,
It is not the *Spaniſh* ſhrug,

Scotiſh

Scotiſh cap, or *Iriſh* rug;
Nor the *Dutch-mans* double jug
Can help what is enſuing,
Pray my Maſters look about,
For ſomething is a Brewing.

2.

He that is a Favorite conſulting with Fortune,
If he grow not wiſer, then he's quite undone;
In a riſing Creature we daily ſee certainly,
He is a Retreater that fails to go on:
He that in a Builder's trade
Stops e're the Roof be made,
By the Aire he may be betray'd
And overthrown:
He that hath a Race begun,
And let's the Goale be won;
He had better never run,
But let 't alone.

3.

Then plot rightly,
March ſightly,
Shew your glittering Arms brightly:
Charge hightly,
Fight ſprightly:
Fortune gives renown.
A right riſer
Will prize her,
She makes all the World wiſer;
Still try her,
Wee'l gain by her
A Coffin or a Crown.

4.

If the *Dutchman* or the *Spaniard*
Come but to oppoſe us,
We will thruſt them out of the Main-yard,
If they do but noſe us:
Hans, *Hans*, think upon thy ſins,
And then ſubmit to *Spain* thy Maſter;
For though now you look like Friends,
Yet he will never truſt you after;
Drink, drink, give the *Dutchman* drink,
And let the tap and kan run faſter;
For faith, at the laſt I think
A Brewer will become your Maſter.

5.

Let not poor Teg and Shone
Vender from der Houſes,
Leſt dey be quite undone
In der very trowzes:
And all her Orphans beſtow'd under hatches,
And made in *London* free der to cry matches;
St. *Patrick* wid his Harp do tun'd wid tru ſtring
Is not fit to unty St. *Hewſon's* ſhooes-ſtrings.

6.

Methinks I hear
The Welch draw near,
And from each lock a louſe trops;
Ap Shon, *ap LLoyd*,
Will ſpen'd her ploot.
For to defend her mouſe-traps:
Mounted on her *Kiſſlebagh*
With coot ſtore of *Koradagh*,

The

The Pritiſh war begins.
With a hook her was over come her
Pluck her to her, thruſt her from her,
By cot her was preak her ſhins.
Let Taffy fret,
And Welch-hook whet,
And troop up Pettigrees;
We only tout,
Tey will ſtink us out,
Wit Leeks and toaſted Sheeze.

7.

But *Jockie* now and *Jinny* comes,
Our Brethren muſt approve on't;
For pret a Cot dey beat der drums
Onely to break de Couvenant.
Dey bore St. *Andrew's* Croſſe,
Till our Army quite did rout dem,
But when we put um to de Loſſe
De deal a Croſſe about dem:
The King and Couvenant they crave,
Their Cauſe muſt needs be further'd;
Although ſo many Kings they have
Moſt barbarouſly, baſely murther'd.

8.

The French. The French-man he will give con-
Though he trickle in our veins; (ſent,
That willingly
We may agree,
To a marriage with Grapes and Graines:
He conquers us with kindneſſe,
And doth ſo far entrench,

That fair, and wise, and young, and rich
Are finified by the *French*;
He prettifies us with Feathers and Fans,
With Petticoats, Doublets, and Hose;
And faith they shall
Be welcome all
If they forbear the nose.
For love or for fear,
Let Nations forbear;
If fortune exhibit a Crown,
A Coward he
Must surely be,
That will not put it on.

The Levellers Rant.

TO the *Hall*, to the *hall*,
For justice we call,
On the *King* and his pow'rful *adherents* & *friends*
Who still have endeavour'd, but we work their ends.
'Tis we will pull *down* what e're is above us,
And make them to *fear* us, that never did *love* us,
Wee'l *level* the *proud*, and make every degree,
To our *Royalty* bow the *Knee*,
'Tis no lesse then treason,
'Gainst freedom and Reason
For our brethren to be higher then we.

2.

First the thing, call'd a King,
To judgement we bring, (then he,
And the *spawn* of the *court*, that were prouder
And next the two Houses united shall be,

It

It does to the *Romish* religion enveagle,
For the State to be two-headed like the *ſpredeagle*
Wee'l purge the ſuperfluous Members away,
They are too many Kings to ſway,
And as we all teach,
'Tis our Liberties breach,
For the Freeborn *Saints* to obey.

3

Not a claw, in the *Law*,
Shall keep us in aw;
Wee'l have no *cuſhon-cuffers* to tell us of hell,
For we are all *gifted* to do it as well,
'Tis freedom that we do hold forth to the *Nations*
To enjoy our *fellow-creatures* as at the creation,
The *Carnal* mens wives are for men of the *ſpirit*
Their wealth is our own by merit,
For we that have right,
By the *Law* called *Might*,
Are the *Saints* that muſt *judge* and *inherit*:

The Safety.

SInce it has been lately enacted *high Treaſon*,
For a man to ſpeak *truth* of the *heads* of the *ſtate*
Let every wiſe man make uſe of his reaſon,
See and hear what he can, but take heed what (he prate.
For the proverbs do learn us,
He that ſtays from the battail ſleeps in a whole skin,
And our words are our own, if we can keep 'um in.
What fools are we then, that to *prattle* begin
Of things that do not concern us?

2

Let the three kingdoms fall to one of the *prime ones*
My mind is a Kingdom, and ſhall be to me,
I could make it appear, if I had but the time once,
I'm as happy with one, as he can be with three.
If I could but enjoy it,
He thats mounted on high, is a mark for the *hate*,
And the *envy* of every *pragmatical* pate,
While he that *creeps* low, lives ſafe in his ſtate,
And *greatneſs* do ſcorn to annoy it.

3

I am never the better which ſide gets the battel,
The *Tubs* or the *Croſſes*, what is it to me?
They'l never increaſe my goods or my cattel,
But a *beggar's* a *beggar* and ſo he ſhall be,
Unleſs he turn *Traytor*,
Let *Miſers* take courſes to hep up their treaſure,
Whoſe *luſt* has no *limits*, whoſe *mind* has no *meaſure*
Let me be but quiet and take a little pleaſure,
A little contents my nature.

4

My Petition ſhall be that Canary be cheaper,
Without Patent or Cuſtom, or curſed Exciſe;
That the *Wits* may have leave to drink deeper
(and deeper,
And not be undone, while their heads they *bap-*
And in liquor do drench 'um; (*tiſe*,
If this were but granted, who would not deſire,
To *dub* himſelf one of *Apollo's* own Quire? (fire,
We'll ring out the Bells, when our noſes are on
And the quarts ſhall be the buckets to drench
'um,

5. I ac-

5.

I account him no wit, that is gifted at railing,
And *flirting* at those that above him do sit,
While they do out-wit him, with *whipping* and (*goaling*,
Then his *purse* and his *person* both pay for his (wit,
'Tis better to be drinking; (wit,
If sack were reform'd into twelve-pence a quart,
I'ld study for money to Marchandize for't,
And a friend that is true, we together will sport.
Not a word, but we'l pay them with thinking.

The Leveller.

NAy prethee don't fly me,
But sit thee down by me,
I cannot endure
A man that's demure,
Go hang up your *Worships* and *Sirs*;
Your *Congies* and *Trips*,
With your legs and your lips,
Your *Madams* and *Lords*,
And such finikin words
With the Complement you bring,
That do spell *NO-THING*,
You may keep for the *Chains* and the *Furs*:
For at the beginning was no Peasant or Prince,
And 'twas policy made the distinction since.

2.

Those Titles of Honours
Do remain in the *Donours*,

And

And not in that thing,
To which they do cling,
If his ſoul be too narrow to wear 'um,
No delight can I ſee
In that word call'd degree,
Honeſt *Dick* ſounds as well
As a name of an *ell*,
That with Titles doth ſwell,
And ſounds like a *ſpell*,
To affright mortal ears that hear 'um,
He that wears a brave ſoul, and dares gallantly do,
May be his own Herald and Godfather too,

3.

Why ſhould we then doat on,
One with a Fools coat on?
Whoſe *Coffers* are cram'd,
But yet he'l be damn'd
Ere he'l do a good act or a wiſe one?
What *Reaſon* has he
To be ruler o're me?
That's a Lord in his cheſt,
But in's *head* and his *breaſt*,
Is empty and bare,
Or but puff'd up with air,
And can neither *aſſiſt* nor *adviſe* one.
Honour's but *air*, and *proud fleſh* but *duſt* is,
'Tis we *Commons* make *Lords*, and the *Clerk* makes (the *Juſtice*.

4.

But ſince men muſt be
Of a different degree,
Becauſe moſt do aſpire,
To be greater and higher,
Then the reſt of their Fellows and Brothers.

He

He that has ſuch a ſpirit,
Let him gain it by's merit,
Spend his *brains*, *wealth*, or *blood*
For his *Countries* good,
And make himſelf fit
By his *valour* or *wit*,
For *things* above the *reach* of *all others*.
For *Honour's* a *Prize*, and who wins it may wear it,
If not 'tis a *Badge* and a *burthen* to bear it.

5.

For my part let me
Be but quiet and free,
I'le drink Sack and obey,
And let great ones ſway,
And ſpend their whole time in thinking,
I'le ne're buſie my Pate
With ſecrets of State,
The *News books* I'le burn all,
And with the *Diurnall*
Light *Tobacco*, and admit
That they're ſo far fit,
As they ſerve *good company* and *drinking*.
All the *name* I deſire is an honeſt *Good-Fellow*,
And that *man* has no worth that won't ſometimes be *mellow*.

The Royaliſts Anſwer.

I Have reaſon to fly thee,
And not ſit down by thee;
For I hate to behold,
One ſo ſawcy and bold,

To

To *deride* and contemn his Superiours,
Our *Madams* and *Lords*,
And such mannerly words,
With the *gestures* that be
Fit for every degree,
Are things that we and you
Both claim as our due
From all those that are our Inferiours.
For from the beginning there were *Princes* we know,
'Twas you *Levellers* hate 'um, 'cause you can't be so.

2.

All Titles of Honours
Were at first in the *Donours*.
But being granted away
With the Grantees stay,
Where he wear a small soul or a bigger.
There's a necessity
That there should be degree.
Where 'tis due we'l afford
A *Sir John*, and my *Lord*,
Though *Dick*, *Tom* and *Jack*,
Will serve you and your Pack,
Honest *Dick*'s name enough for a Digger.
He that has a strong *Purse* can all things be or do,
He is *valiant* and *wise* and *religious* too.

3.

We have cause to adore,
That man that has store,
Though a *Bore* or a sot,
There's something to be got;
Though he be neither *honest* nor *witty*;
Make him high, let him rule,
Hee'l be playing the fool,

And

And *transgresse*, then we'l *squeeze*
Him for *fines* and for *fees*.
And so we shall gain,
By the wants of his brain,
'Tis the *Fools-cap* that maintains the *City*.
If honour be *air*, 'tis in common, and as fit, (*wit*.
For the *fool* & the *clown*, as for the *champion* or the

4.

Then why mayn't we be
Of different degree?
And each man aspire
To be greater and higher
Then his *wiser* or *honester* brother,
Since *Fortune* and *Nature*
Their *favours* do scatter;
This hath *valour*, that *wit*,
T'other *wealth*, nor is't fit
That one should have all,
For then what would befall
Him, that's *born* nor to *one* nor to t'other?
Though *honour* were a *prize* at first, now 'tis a
chattle,
And as *merchantable* grown as your wares or your
cattle.

5.

Yet in this we agree,
To live quiet and free,
To drink *sack* and *submit*,
And not shew our wit
By our *prating*, but *silence*, and *thinking*,
Let the politick *Jewes*
Read *Diurnals* and *Newes*,
And lard their discourse,
With a Comment that's worse,

That

That which pleaſeth me beſt
Is a Song or a Jeſt,
And my obedience I'le ſhew by my *drinking.*
(*doth think well,*
He that drinks well, does ſleep well, he that ſleeps well,
He that thinks well, does do well, he that does well
(*muſt drink well.*

The Independents reſolve.

COme Drawer and fill us about ſome Wine
Let's merrily tipple the day's our own,
VVee'l have our delights, let the Country go pine,
Let the King and his Kingdom groan.
The Crown is our own, and ſo ſhall continue,
VVee'l Monarchy baffle quite,
VVee'l drink off the Kingdomes revenue,
And ſacrifice all to delight.
'Tis Power that brings
Us all to be Kings,
And wee'l be all crown'd by our might.

2.

A fig for divinity lectures and law,
And all that to Loyalty do pretend,
While we by the ſword keep the Kingdom in aw,
Our Power ſhall never have end.
The *Church* and the *State* wee'l turn into liquor,
And ſpend a whole Town in a day,
We'l melt all their *bodkins* the quicker
Into Sack, and drink them away.

We'l

We'l keep the *demeans*
And turn *Bishops* and *Deans*,
And over the Presbyters sway.

3.

The nimble St. *Patrick* is sunk in his boggs,
And his Country men sadly cry *O hone! O hone!*
St. *Andrew* and's *Kirk-men* are lost in the foggs,
Now we are the *Saints* alone.
Then on our *Superiours* and *Equalls* we trample,
And *Jockie* our stirrup shall hold,
The *City*'s our *Mule* for example,
That we may in plenty be roul'd.
Each delicate dish,
Shall but *Eccho* our wish
And our *drink* shall be cordial gold.

The Lamentation.

MOurn, *London*, mourn,
Bathe thy polluted *soul* in tears;
Return, return,
Thou hast more cause of grief, then th'hadst for fears,
For the whole *Kingdom* now begins
To feel thy sorrow as they saw thy sins,
And now do no
Compassion show
Unto thy misery and woe,
But slight thy *sufferings* as thou didst theirs.

2.

Pride towring Pride,
And boyling lust, those fatal twins,
Sit side by side,
Aud are become *Plantations* of sins. Hence

Hence thy *Rebellions* first did flow,
Both to the King above, and him below.
And sordid sloth
The Nurse of both,
Have rais'd thy crimes to such a growth,
That sorrow must conclude as sin begins.

3.

Fire raging fire,
Shall burn thy *stately towers* down,
Yet not expire,
Tygres and *Wolves*, or men more savage grown,
Thy Childrens brains, and thine shall dash,
And in your *blood* their guilty tallons wash,
Thy *Daughters* must
Allay their lust,
Mischiefs will be on mischief thrust,
Till thy *Cap* tumble as thou mad'st the Crown.

4.

Cry *London* cry !
Now now petition for redresse,
Where canst thou fly ?
Thy emptyed *Chests* augment thy heavinesse,
The *Gentry* and the *Commons* loath,
Th'adored *Houses* slight thee worse than both,
The King poor Saint,
Would help, but can't;
To heav'n alone unfold thy *want*,
Thence came thy Plagues, thence onely Pity
(flow'th.

The Reformation.

TEll not me of Lords or Laws,
Rules or *Reformation*,
All that's done's not worth two ſtraws,
To the welfare of the Nation.
Men in power do rant it ſtill,
And give no *reaſon* but their will,
For all their domination.
Or if they do an act that's juſt,
'Tis not becauſe they would, but muſt,
To *Gratifie* ſome parties luſt,
Or merely for a faſhion.

2.

Our expence of blood and purſe
Has produc'd no profit.
Men are ſtill as bad or worſe,
And will be what e're comes of it.
We've ſhuffled out, and ſhuffled in,
The perſons, but retain the ſin,
To make our game the ſurer,
Yet ſpite of all our pains and skill,
The Knaves all in the pack are ſtill,
And ever were and ever will,
Though ſomething now demurer.

3.

And it cannot but be ſo,
Since thoſe toys in *faſhion*,
And of Souls ſo baſe and low,
And mere *Bigots* of the *Nation*,
Whoſe deſigns are power and wealth,
At which, by *rapines*, *fraud*, and *ſtealth*,

Audaciouſty they vent ye,
They lay their Conſciences aſide,
And turn with every *winde* and *tide*,
Puff'd on by *Ignorance* and *Pride*,
And all to look like *Gentry*.

4.

Crimes are not puniſh'd 'cauſe their *Crimes*,
But 'cauſe they're low and little,
Mean men for *mean faults* in theſe times
Make ſatisfaction to a tittle;
While thoſe in *office* and in *power*,
Boldly the *underlings* devour.
Our Cobweb laws can't hold 'um.
They ſell for many a *Thouſand crown*,
Things which were never yet their own,
And this is *law* and *cuſtom* grown,
'Cauſe thoſe do *judge* that *ſold* 'um.

5.

Brothers ſtill with *Brothers* brawl,
And for trifles ſue 'um,
For two *Pronouns* that ſpoyl all,
Thoſe contentious *Meum*, *Tuum*,
The wary *Lawyer* buyes and builds,
While the *Client* ſells his fields,
To ſacrifice to's fury;
And when he thinks to obtain his right
He's baffled off, or beaten quite,
By th' Judges will, or Lawyers ſlight,
Or ignorance of the Jury.

6.

See the *Tradeſ-man* how he thrives
With perpetual trouble,
How he *cheats*, and how he *ſtrives*
His Eſtate t'enlarge and double,

Extort,

Extort, oppreſs, grind and encroach,
To be a *Squire*, and keep a *Coach*,
And to be one o'th' *Quorum*,
Who may with's *Brother worſhips* ſit,
And judge without *law*, *fear* or *wit*,
Poor petty *Thieves* that nothing get,
And yet are brought before 'um.

7.

And his way to get all this
Is mere *diſſimulation*,
No factious Lecture does he miſs,
And *ſcapes no ſchiſm that's in faſhion.*
But with ſhort hair and ſhining ſhooes,
He with two Pens and's Note-book goes,
And winks and writes at randome;
Thence with *ſhort meal* and *tedious Grace*,
In a loud tone and Publick place,
Sings *Wiſedoms hymnes*, that *trot* and pace,
As if *Goliah* ſcan'd um.

8.

But when death begins his threats,
And his *Conſcience* ſtruggles,
To call to mind his former *cheats*
Then at heav'n he turns his juggles:
And out of all's ill-gotten ſtore,
He gives a dribling to the poor,
In a *Hoſpital* or *School-houſe*,
And the ſuborned *Prieſt* for's hire
Quite frees him from th' *infernal* fire,
And places him ith' *Angels* quire,
Thus theſe *Jack-puddings* fool us.

9.

All he gets by's pains ith' cloſe,
Is that he dyed worth ſo much,

Which he on's doubtfull ſeed beſtows,
That neither care nor know much,
Then *Fortunes favourite* his heir,
Bred baſe, and ignorant and bare,
Is blown up like a bubble,
Who *wondring* at's own ſuddain riſe,
By Pride, Simplicity and Vice,
Falls to's ſports, *drink*, *drab* and *dice*
And makes all fly like ſtubble.

10.

And the *Church* the other twin,
Whoſe mad zeal enrag'd us,
Is not purify'd a pin,
By all thoſe broyles in which ſhe engag'd us,
We, our Wives turn'd out of doors,
And took in *Concubines* and *Whores*,
To make an alteration
Our *Pulpitteers* are proud and bold,
They their own *Wills* and *factions* hold,
And ſell *ſalvation* ſtill for *Gold*,
And here's our *Reformation*.

11.

'Tis a madneſſe then to make,
Thriving our employment,
And *lucre* love, for *Lucres* ſake,
Since we've poſſeſſion, not enjoyment.
Let the times run on their courſe,
For oppoſition makes them worſe,
We ne're ſhall better find 'um,
Let *Grandees* wealth and power ingroſſe,
And honour too, while we ſit cloſe,
And laugh and take our plenteous doſe,
Of *ſack* and never mind 'um.

Chrono-

CHRONOSTICON

Decollationis *CAROLI* Regis tricesimo die *Januarii*, secunda hora Pomeridiana, *Anno Dom.* MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno Ianl Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLIo SCeptroqVe SeCVto.

CHARLES —— ah forbear, forbear! lest Mortals prize
His Name too dearly, and Idolatrize.
His Name! Our Losse! Thrice cursed and forlorn
Be that Black Night which usher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign! —— hold! lest Outlaw'd Sense
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense
With those Celestial powers; and distrust
Heav'n can behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd! tremble! and
View what Convulsions shoulder-shake this Land,
Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdoms run
To their last stage, and Set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd at His Gate!
Fell fiends! dire Hydra's of a stiff-neck'd-State!

Strange Body-politick! whose Members spread,
And Monster-like, swell bigger than their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britain! He! who was the known
King of three Realms, lyes murther'd in his own;
He! He! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,
Dy'd here to re-Baptize it in his bloud.

No more, no more, *Fame's* Trump shall Eccho all
The rest in dreadfull Thunder. Such a Fall
Great Christendom nere pattern'd; and 'twas strange
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal Change.

The Blow struck Britain blinde, each well-set Limb
By dislocation was lopt off in HIM.
And though she yet lives, she lives but to condole
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

Religion puts on Black, sad *Loyalty*
Blushes and mourns so see bright Majesty
Butcher'd by such Assassinates; nay both
'Gainst *God*, 'gainst *Law*, *Allegiance*, and their *Oath*:

Farewell sad Isle! Farewell! thy fatal Glory
Is Sum'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

AN ELEGIE.

Upon King CHARLES *the first, murthered publickly by his Subjects.*

WEre not my *Faith* buoy'd up by sacred bloud,
It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious flood;
Which reasons higheſt ground doth ſo exceed,
It leaves my *ſoul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*;
Where my *Faith* reſting on th' *Original*;
Supports it ſelf in this the *Copies* fall;
So while my Faith floats on that *Bloudy wood*,
My reaſon's caſt away in this *Red flood*,
Which ne're o'reflows us all: Thoſe ſhowers paſt
Made but Land-floods, which did ſome vallies waſt;
This ſtroak hath cut the only neck of land
Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did ſtand,
That covers now our world, which curſed lies
At once with two of *Ægypts* prodigies;
O're-caſt with darkneſs, and with bloud o're-run,
And juſtly, ſince our hearts have theirs outdone;
Th' Inchanter led them to a leſſe known ill,
To act his ſin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:
Which crime hath widdowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, left but Privation
In *Church* and *State*; inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hells State of fire without light;
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
Waſhing their Loyal hearts from bloud ſo ſhed;
The which deſerves each pore ſhould turn an eye,
To weep out, even a bloudy *Agony*. Let

Let nought then paſſe for *Muſick*, but ſad cryes,
For *Beauty*, bloudleſs cheeks, and bloud-ſhot eyes.
All colours ſoil but black, all odours have
Ill ſcent but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe as much,
The cleaner made by a Religious touch
Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to dye,
Seems the Judaical Impiety.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints:
But the truth is, He fear'd and did repine,
To be caſt out, and back into the Swine:
And the caſe holds, in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this Act, againſt his ends:
For it is like, the ſooner hee'll be ſent
Out of that body, He would ſtill torment;
Let *Chriſtians* then uſe otherwiſe this bloud,
Deteſt the Act, yet turn it to their good;
Thinking how like a *King of Death* He dies;
We eaſily may the world and death deſpiſe:
Death had no ſting for him, and its ſharp arm,
Only of all the troop, meant him no harm,
And ſo he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one
Weapon yet left, to guard Him to his *Throne*;
In His great Name then may His Subjects cry,
Death thou art ſwallowed up in Victory.
If this our loſſe a comfort can admit,
'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit
For his enlarged Head, ſince his diſtreſſe
Had greatned this, as it made that the leſſe;
His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing
For him, who was become ſo great a *King*;
So the ſame hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*,
They had exalted from Him, not pull'd down;

And

And thus Gods truth by them hath rendred more
Than e're mens falſhood promis'd to reſtore;
Which, ſince by Death, alone he could attain,
Was yet exempt from weakneſſe, and from pain;
Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,
Might make his paſſage quick, ne'r move his heart;
Which ev'n expiring was ſo far from death,
It ſeem'd but to command away his breath.
And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
Broke, like a flaſh of lightning, through the cloud
Of fleſh and bloud; and from the higheſt line
Of humane vertue, paſs'd to be divine:
Nor is't much leſſe his vertues to relate,
Than the high glories of his preſent ſtate;
Since both then paſſe all Acts but of belief,
Silence may praiſe the one, the other grief.
And ſince, upon the Diamond, no leſſe
Than Diamonds, will ſerve us to impreſſe,
I'le only wiſh that for his Elegie,
This our *Joſias* had a *Jeremie*.

AN ELEGIE

On { *The beſt of Men,* / *The meekeſt of Martyrs,* / CHARLES *the Firſt, &c.*

DOes not the Sun call in his light, and day
Like a thin exhalation melt away?
Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds, to be
Themſelves Cloſe Mourners at the Obſequie

Of

Of this great Monarch? does his Royal Bloud,
Which th'Earth late drunk in ſo profuſe a floud,
Not ſhoot through her affrightned womb, and
All her convulſed Arteries to ſhake (make
So long, till all thoſe hinges that ſuſtain,
Like Nerves, the frame of nature ſhrink again
Into a ſhuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not ſuck it from its liquid Manſion,
And Still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themſelves in bearded Meteors diſplay,
Whoſe ſhaggy and diſhevel'd Beams may be
The *Tapers* at this black Solemnitie?
You ſeed of Marble in the Womb accurſt,
Rock'd by ſome ſtorm, or by ſome Tigreſs nurſt,
Fed by ſome Plague, which in blind miſts was
To ſtrew infection on the tainted World; (hurld,
What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,
Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?
And Rocks by inſtinct ſo reſent this Fact,
They'ld into Springs of eaſie tears be ſlack'd.
Say ſons of tumult, ſince you think it good,
Still to keep up the trade, and Bath in Blood
Your guilty hands, why did you then not ſtate
Your Slaughters at ſome cheap and common rate?
Your gluttonous and laviſh Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off thouſands of ſome baſe allay,
Whilſt the ſame Sexton that inter'd their clay,
In the ſame Urne their Names too might entomb,
But when on him you fixt your fatall Doom,
You gave a blow to Nature, ſince even all
The ſtock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
Could not Religion, which you oft have made
A ſpecious gloſſe your black deſigns to ſhade,

Teach

Teach you, that we come neareſt Heaven when we
Are ſuppled into acts of Clemency?
And copy out the Deity agen,
When we diſtill our mercies upon men?
But why do I deplore this ruine? He
Only ſhook off his fraile Humanity,
And with ſuch calmneſſe fell, he ſeem'd to be,
Even leſſe unmov'd and unconcern'd than we;
And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to ſay,
We only died, he only liv'd that Day:
So that his *Tomb* is now his *Throne* become,
T'inveſt him with the Crown of Martyrdome;
And death the ſhade of nature did not ſhroud
His Soul in Miſts, but its clear Beams uncloud,
That who a Star in our Meridian ſhone,
In Heaven might ſhine a Conſtellation.

On the Death of his Royal Majeſtie, CHARLES *late King of* ENGLAND, *&c.*

WHat went you out to ſee? a dying King?
Nay more, I fear an Angel ſuffering.
But what went you to ſee? a Prophet ſlain?
Nay that and more, a Martyr'd Soveraign.
Peace to that ſacred duſt! *Great Sir*, our fears
Have left us nothing but obedient tears
To court your hearſe, and in thoſe pious flouds
We live, the poor remainder of our goods.
Accept us in theſe latter Obſequies,
The unplundred riches of our hearts and eyes;

For

For in theſe faithfull ſtreams, and emanations,
W'are Subjects ſtill beyond all *Sequeſtrations.*
Here we cry more than Conquerors : malice may
Murder Eſtates, but hearts will ſtill obey ;
Theſe as your glory's yet above the reach
Of ſuch whoſe purple lines confuſion preach.
And now, (*Dear Sir*) vouchſafe us to admire
With envy your arrival, and that *Quire*
Of *Cherubims* and *Angels* that ſupply'd
Our duties at your triumphs : where you ride
With full cæleſtial *Joyes*, and *Ovations*,
Rich as the Conqueſt of three ruin'd *Nations.*
But 'twas the heavenly plot that ſnatch'd you hence,
To crown your Soul with that magnificence,
And bounden rites of honour, that poor earth
Could only wiſh and ſtangle in the birth.
Such pitied emulation ſtop'd the bluſh
Of our ambitious ſhame, non-ſuited us.
For where ſouls act beyond mortality,
Heaven only can perform that *Jubilee.*
We wraſtle then no more, but bleſſe your day,
And mourn the anguiſh of our ſad delay :
That ſince we cannot adde, we yet ſtay here
Fettered in clay : Yet longing to appear
Spectators of your bliſſe, that being ſhown
Once more, you may embrace us as your own;
Where never envy ſhall divide us more,
Nor City tumults, nor the worlds uproar ;
But an eternal huſh, a quiet peace
As without end, ſo ſtill in the increaſe,
Shall full humanity aſleep, and bring
Us equal Subjects to the Heavenly King.

Till

Till then I'le turn *Recuſant*, and forſwear
All *Calvin*, for there's *Purgatory* here.

AN EPITAPH.

STay Paſſenger: Behold and ſee
The widowed Grave of *Majeſtie.*
Why trembleſt thou? Here's that will make
All but our ſtupid ſouls to ſhake.
Here lies entomb'd the ſacred duſt
Of *Peace* and *Piety*, Right and Juſt.
The bloud (O ſtart'ſt not thou to hear?)
Of a *King*, 'twixt hope and fear
Shed, and hurried hence to be
The miracle of miſery.
Adde the ills that *Rome* can boaſt,
Shrift the world in every coaſt,
Mix the fire of Earth and Seas
With humane ſpleen and practices,
To puny the records of time,
By one grand *Gygantick* crime,
Then ſwell it bigger till it ſqueeze
The Globe to crooked hams and knees,
Here's that ſhall make it ſeem to be
But modeſt *Chriſtianitie.*
The *Law-giver*, amongſt his own,
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown.
Voted *Monarchy* to death
By the courſe *Plebeian* breath.
The *Soveraign* of all command,
Suff'ring by a *Common* hand.

A Prince, to make the odium more,
Offer'd at his very door.
The *Head* cut off, O death to see't!
In obedience to the feet.
And that by *Justice* you must know,
If you have Faith to think it so.
We'll stir no further then this Sacred Clay,
But let it slumber till the *Judgement* day:
Of all the *Kings* on Earth, 'tis not denyed,
Here lies the first that for *Religion* dyed.

The Engagement stated.

BEgon *Expositor*: the *Text* is plain,
No *Church*, no *Lord*, no *Law*, no *Soveraign*:
Away with mental reservations, and
Senses of Oaths in files out-vy the *Strand*:
Here's Hell truss'd in a thimble, in a breath,
Dares face the hazard of the second death.
The *Saints* are grown *Laconians*, and can twist
Perjury up in Pills, like *Leyden* grist:
But hold precize *Doponents*: though the heat
Of *Zeal* in *Cataracts* digests such meat,
My cold concoction shrinks, and my advance
Drives slowly to approach your *Ordinance*.
The sign's in *Cancer*, and the *Zodiack* turns
Leonick, roul'd in curls, while *Terra* burns.
What though your fancies are sublim'd to reach
Those fatal reins? Successe and will can teach
But rash Divinity: a sad renown,
Where one man fell to see a million drown.

When

When neither *Arts* nor *Armes* can ſerve to fight
And wreſt a *Title* from its Law and Right,
Muſt Malice piece the *Trangum*, and make clear
The ſcruple? Elſe we will reſolve to ſwear?
Nay out-ſwear all that we have ſworn before,
And make good leſſer crimes by acting more
And more ſublime? This, this extends the Line
And ſhames the puny ſoul of *Cataline*.
On this account all thoſe whoſe Fortune's croſt,
And want eſtates, may turn *Knights* of the *Poſt*.
Vaulx we out-vy'd thee, ſince thy plot fell lame,
We found a cloſer *Celler* for the ſame,
Piling the fatal Powder in our mouths,
Which in an Oath diſcharg'd blew up the *Houſe*.
Maugre *Mounteagle*, *Aſpes* not throughly ſlain,
Their poyſon in an age may live again.
Good *Demas* cuff your Bear, then let us ſee
The myſtery of your iniquity.
May a Man courſe a Cur? and freely box
The Queſtion? or the formal Paradox?
But as in Phyſick, ſo in this device
This querk of policy the point is nice.
For he that in this model means to thrive,
Muſt firſt ſubſcribe to the Preparative;
Like Witches compact counter-march his faith
And ſoak up all what ere the *Spirit* ſaith;
Then ſeale and ſigne. *Scylla* threw three Barres ſhort,
He a had Sword indeed, but no *Text* for't.
Old *Rome* lament thy infancy in ſin,
We perfect what thou trembledſt to begin,
Bluſh then to ſee thy ſelf out-done. But all
The world may grieve, 'tis epidemical.

Heaven

Heaven frowns indeed. But what makes Hell enraged?
Sweet *Pluto* be at Peace, we have Engaged.

On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle *that hang'd himself.*

ALL *hail* fair fruit! may every Crab-tree bear
Such bloſſomes, and ſo lovely every year!
Call ye me this the ſlip? marry 'tis well,
Zacheus ſlip'd to Heaven, the Thief to Hell:
But if the Saints thus give's the ſlip, 'tis need
To look about us to preſerve the breed.
Th'are of the Running game, and thus to poſt
In nooſes, blanks the reckning with their *Hoſt*.
Here's more than *Truſſum cordum* I ſuppoſe
That knit this knot: guilt ſeldome ſingly goes!
A wounded ſoul cloſe coupled with the ſenſe
Of ſin, payes home its proper recompence.
But hark you Sir, if haſt can grant the time?
See you the danger yet what 'tis to climbe
In Kings Prerogatives? things beyond juſt,
When Law ſeemes brib'd to doom them, muſt be truſs'd.
But O I ſmell your Plot ſtrong through your Hoſe,
'Twas but to cheat the Hang-man of your Cloaths.
Elſe your more active hands had fairly ſtay'd
The leaſure of a Pſalm: *Judas* has pray'd.

But later crimes cannot admit the pauſe,
They run upon effects more than the cauſe.
Yet let me ask one queſtion, why alone?
One Member of a Corporation?
'Tis clear amongſt Divines, Bodies and Souls
As joyntly active, ſo their judgement rowles
Concordant in the Sentence; why not ſo
In earthly Suffrings? *States* attended go.
But I perceive the Knack: Old women ſay
And bee't approv'd, each Dogge ſhould have his day.
Hence ſweep the Almanack: *Lilly* make room,
And blanks enough for the new Saints to come,
All in *Red letters*: as their faults have bin
Scarlet, ſo limbe their *Anniverſe* of ſin.
And to their Childrens credits and their Wives
Be it ſtill ſaid, they leap fair for their lives.

The States New Coyne.

1.

SAw you the States mony new come from the Mint?
Some People do ſay it is wonderous fine;
And that you may read a great myſtery in't,
Of mighty King *Nol*, the Lord of the Coyn.

2.

They have quite omitted his Politick head,
His worſhipfull face, and his excellent Noſe;
But the better to tempt the ſiſters to bed,
They have fixed upon it the print of his Hoſe.

3.

For, if they had ſet up his Picture there, (ſtead;
They needs muſt ha' crown'd him in *Charles* his
But 'twas cunningly done, that they did forbear,
And rather would ſet up his Ar--- than his head.

4

'Tis monſtrous ſtrange, and yet it is true,
In this Reformation we ſhould ha' ſuch luck,
That Croſſes were alwaies diſdained by you,
Who before pull'd them down, ſhould now ſet them up.

5.

On this ſide they have circumſcrib'd *God with us*,
And in this ſtamp and Coyn they confide; (gueſs
Common-wealth on the other, by which we may
That *God* and the *States* were not both of a ſide.

6.

On this ſide they have Croſſe and Harp,
And only a Croſſe on the other ſet forth;
By which we may learn it falls to our part
Two Croſſes to have for one fit of Mirth.

7.

A Country-man hearing this, ſtraight way did think,
That he would procure ſuch a piece of his own;
And knowing it like his Wifes Butter-print,
She ſhould ha't for a Token when as he came home.

8.

Then ſince that this is the Parliament coyn,
Now *Lilly* by thy myſterio us charms,
Or Heralds, pray tell us if theſe ha' not been
Carmen or Fidlers before by their Arms.

The Rebellion.

NOw, thanks to the Powers below,
We have even done our do,
The Myter is down, and ſo is the Crown,
And with them the Corronet too:
All is now the Peoples, and then
What is theirs is ours we know;
There is no ſuch thing as a Biſhop or K——
Or Peer, but in name or ſhow;
Come Clowns, and come Boys, come Hoberde-
Come Females of each degree, (hoys,
Stretch out your throats, bring in your Votes,
And make good the Anarchy;
Then thus it ſhall be, ſayes *Alſe*,
Nay, thus it ſhall be, ſayes *Amie*,
Nay, thus it ſhall go, ſayes *Taſſie*, I trow,
Nay, thus it ſhall go, ſayes *Jemmy*.

Oh but the truth, good People all, the truth is
is ſuch a thing.
For it will undo both Church and State too,
And pull out the throat of our King;
No, nor the Spirit, nor the new Light
Can make the Point ſo clear,
But we muſt bring out the defil'd Coat,
What thing the truth is, and where,
Speak *Abraham*, ſpeak *Heſter*,
Speak *Judith*, ſpeak *Keſter*,
Speak tag and rag, ſhort coat and long:
Truth is the ſpell that made us rebell,
And murder and plunder ding dong;

Sure I have the truth, ſayes *Numphs*,
Nay, I have the truth, ſayes *Clem*,
Nay, I have the truth, ſayes reverend *Ruth*,
Nay, I have the truth, ſayes *Nem*.

Well, let the truth be whoſe it will,
There is ſomething elſe in ours,
Yet this devotion in our Religions
May chance to abate our Powers:
Then let's agree on ſome new way,
It skills not much how true,
Take *P* —— and his club, or *Smec* and his tub
Or any Sect, old or new;
The Devil is in the pack, if choyce you can lack,
We are fourſcore Religions ſtrong,
Then take your choice, the Major voice
Shall carry't right or wrong;
Then let's have King *Charles*, ſayes *George*,
Nay, wee'l have his Son, ſayes *Hugh*;
Nay, then let's have none, ſayes gabbering *Jone*,
Nay, wee'l be all Kings, ſayes *Prue*.

Nay, but neighbours and friends, one word more,
There's ſomething elſe behind,
And wiſe though you be, you do not well ſee
In which door fits the winde;
And for Religion, to ſpeak truth,
And in both Houſes ſence,
The matter is all one, if any or none,
If it were not for the pretence;
Now here doth lurk the key of the work,
And how to diſpoſe of the Crown
Dexterioufly, and as it may be
For your behalf and our own;

Then

Then wee'l be of this, ſayes *Meg*,
Nay, wee'l be of this, ſayes *Tib*,
Come, we'll be of all, ſayes pittifull *Paul*,
Nay, wee'l be of none, ſayes *Gib*.

Oh we ſhall have, if we go on
In Plunder, Exciſe, and Blood,
But few folks, and poor, to domineer o're,
And that will not be good;
Then let's agree on ſome new way,
Some new and happy courſe,
The Country is grown ſad, the City is Horn mad,
And both the Houſes are worſe;
The Synod hath writ, the General hath ſhit,
And both to like purpoſe, for
Religion, Laws, the Truth, and the Cauſe
We talk on, but nothing we do;
Come, then let's have peace, ſayes *Nel*,
No, no, but we won't ſayes *Meg*,
But I ſay we will, ſayes fiery-face *Phil*,
We will, and we won't, ſayes *Hodge*.

Thus from the Rout who can expect
Ought but confuſion,
Since the Unity with good Monarchy
Begin and end in one?
If then when all is thought their own,
And lyes at their belief,
Theſe popular pates, reap nought but debates
From theſe many round-headed beaſt;
Come Royaliſts then, do you play the men,
And Cavaliers give the word,
And now let's ſee what you will be,
And whether you can accord;

A health to King *Charles*, ſayes *Tom*,
Up with it, ſayes *Ralph*, like a man,
God bleſſe him, ſayes *Doll*, and raiſe him, ſayes *Moll*,
And ſend him his own, ſayes *Nan*.

But now for theſe prudent Wights,
That ſit without end, and to none,
And their Committees in Towns and Cities
Fill with confuſion;
For the bold Troops of Sectaries,
The *Scots*, and their Partakers,
Our new Britiſh States, Col. *Burges* and his Mates,
The Covenant and its Makers:
For all theſe wee'l pray, and in ſuch a way,
That if it might granted be,
Both *Jack* and *Gill*, and *Moll* and *Will*,
And all the world will agree:
Elſe Pox take them all, ſayes *Beſs*,
And a Plague too, ſayes *Mary*,
The Devil, ſayes *Dick*, and his Dam too, ſayes *Nick*,
Amen and amen ſay we.

On Britannicus *his leap three Story high, and his eſcape from* London.

Paul from *Damaſcus* in a basket ſlides,
Cran'd by the faithfull *Brethren* down the ſides
O'their embattel'd walls, *Britannicus*
As loath to truſt the *Brethrens God with us*,

Slides

Slides too, but yet more desp'rate, and yet thrives
In his descent; needs must! the Devil drives.
Their Cause was both the same, and herein meet,
Only their fall was not with equal feet,
Which makes the Case *Iambick*: thus we see
How much News falls short of *Divinity*.
Truth was their crying crime: One takes the night,
Th' other th' advantage of the *New-sprung Light*
To mantle his escape: how different be
The Pristin and the *Modern Policy*?
Have *Ages* their *Antipodes*? Yet still
Close in the Propagation of ill?
Hence flowes this use and doctrine from the thump
I last sustain'd (beloved) *Good wits may Jump.*

An Epigram on the People of England.

SWeating and chafing hot *Ardelio* cryes
A Boat a Boat, else farewell all the prize.
But having once set foot upon the deep
Hot-spur *Ardelio* fell fast asleep.
So we, on fire with zealous discontent,
Call'd out a *Parliament*, a *Parliament*;
Which being obtain'd at last, what did they do?
Even squeez the Wool-packs, and lye snorting too.

Another.

Britain a lovely Orchard seem'd to be
Furnish'd with natures choise variety,
Temptations golden fruit of every sort,
Th' *Hesperian Garden* fann'd from fein'd report;
Great boyes and small together in we brake,
No matter what disdain'd *Priapus* spake:
Up, up, we lift the great boyes in the trees,
Hoping a common share to sympathize:
But they no sooner there, neglected streight
The shoulders that so rais'd them to this height;
And fell to stuffing of their own bags first,
And as their treasure grew, so did their thirst.
While we in lean expectance gaping stand,
For one shake from their charitable hand.
But all in vain, the dropsie of desire (the fire.
So scortch'd them, three Realms could not quench
Be wise then in your *Ale*, bold youths, for fear
The *Gardner* catch us as *Mosse* caught his *Mare*.

Upon report there should be no more Terms kept at Westminster.

IS't possible? will no *Terms* then prevail?
And must the *Gown* and *Bag* jog on to sale?
The *Bills* and *Answers* in our *Courts* become
Converted to the taring use of *Drum?*

And

And shall no more *Confederacies* pass
'Twixt *Midsomer* and dying *Michaelmas* ?
Though they deprive us of Old * *Hillary*, * *An Attorney.*
'Tis fit they should allow the *Trinity* ;
But that's denyed too : this *Alteration*
Contracts our whole time to a long *Vacation.*
Now farewell the (1.) *Brown bowl*, and *Bonny Ale*,
The *Sanguine Herring*, and its merry tayle ;
(2.) *Higgenian Quibbles*, and the *Harpean Lyre*,
Fentonian Sweetness, and the *Tow'ring Fire* ;
Our (3.) *Host* and *Hostess* too, they're both *Uxorums*,
As *Hermophraditus* is, in *Sex Duorums* :
Weep (4.) *Heaven*, lament thy loss, and thou *Hell* (rore,
Thy Furnace scarce will ere be heated more ;
Of *Pleasure*, *Paradise*, thou must be barren,
And *Purgatory* furnisht but with Carrion :
Th'Abomination of the (5.) *Hole i'th' Wall*,
Now *Jane* is past, cry Pamphlets in the *Hall* ;
And she that's left but th' remnant of a Nose,
Who to a Chirurgion (as men do suppose)
Did pawn the other part for cure of this,
Turn *Zealot*, and be *Martyr'd* when she p——
All *Trades*, and all *Societies* lament
Your wants in us, you'le find cause to repent
The setting up your Idol Parliament :
For though on these *Terms* they'le no profit give
To Us, we'll try on other *Terms* to live.

(1.) The *Scotch* Ale-house in *Harts-horne* Lane.
(2.) Clerks of the Exchequer, that used to drink their Mornings Draughts there.
(3.) They call'd one another so.
(4.) To *Westminster.*] Places there where Clerks in Term time usually break their Fast.
(5.) A Bawdy-house.

Upon the Cavaliers departing out of London.

NOw fare thee well *London*,
Thou next muſt be undone,
'Cauſe thou haſt undone us before;
This *Cauſe* and this *Tyrant*,
Had ne're play'd this high rant,
Were't not for thy *argent* and *Or*.

2.

Now we muſt deſert thee,
With the lines that begirt thee,
And the Red-coated *Saints* domineer;
Who with liberty fool thee,
While a Monſter doth rule thee,
And thou feel'ſt what before thou didſt fear.

3.

Now *Juſtice* and *Freedom*,
With the *Laws* that did breed 'um,
Are ſent to *Jamaica* for gold;
And thoſe that upheld 'um,
Have power but ſeldom,
For Juſtice is barter'd and ſold.

4.

Now the Chriſtian Religion
Muſt ſeek a new Region,
And the old *Saints* give way to the new;
And we that are Loyal,
Vail to thoſe that deſtroy all,
When the Chriſtian gives place to the Jew.

5.

But this is our glory
In this wretched ſtory,
Calamities fall on the beſt;
And thoſe that deſtroy us
Do better imploy us,
To ſing till they are ſuppreſt.

On Col. Pride.

OF *Gyants* and *Knights*, and their wonderfull fights
We have ſtories enough in *Romances*, (
But I'le tell you one new, that is *ſtrange* and yet true,
Though t'other are nothing but fancies.

2.

A *Knight* lately made, of the *Governing* trade,
Whoſe name he'l not have to be known;
Has been trucking with fame, to purchaſe a name,
For 'tis ſaid he had none of his own.

3.

He by Fortunes deſign, ſhould have been a Divine,
And a Pillar no doubt of the Church;
Whom a *Sexton* (God wot) in the *Bellfry* begot,
And his Mother did pig in the Porch.

4.

And next for his breeding, 'twas learned *Hog-feed-*
ing,
With which he ſo long did converſe,
That his *manners* & *feature*, was ſo like their *nature*,
You'ld ſcarce know his *ſweetneſſe* from theirs.

5.

But obſerve the device, of this *Noblemans* riſe,
How he hurried from trade to trade, (*higher*,
From the *grains* he'd aſpire, to the *yeſt*, and then
Till at length he a *Drayman* was made.

6.

Then his *dray-horſe* and *he*, in the ſtreets we did ſee,
With his *hanger*, his *ſling*, and his *jacket*;
Long time he did *watch*, to meet with his *match*,
For he'd ever a mind to the Placket.

7.

At length he did find, out a *Trull* to his mind,
And *Urſula* was her name;
Oh Urſly quoth he, and oh Tom then quoth ſhe,
And ſo they began their game.

8.

But as ſoon as they met, O ſuch Babes they did get,
And Blood-royal in 'um did place, (*Dam*,
From a *ſwineheard* they came, a *ſhe-bear* was their
They were ſuckled as *Romulus* was.

9.

At laſt when the Rout, with their head did fall
And the Wars thereupon did fall in, (out,
He went to the field, with a ſword, but no ſhield,
Strong drink was his buckler within.

10

But when he did ſpy, how they dropt down and
And did hear the bullets to ſing; (dye,
His armes he flung down, and run fairly to town,
And exchang'd his ſword for his ſling.

11.

Yet he claimed his ſhare, in ſuch honours as were
Belonging to nobler ſpirits;

That

That ventur'd their *lives*, while this *Buffon* ſurvives
To receive the reward of their merits.

12.

When the Wars were all done, he his fighting be-gun,
And would needs ſhew his valour in peace,
Then his fury he flings, at poor conquer'd things,
And frets like a *hog in his greaſe*.

13.

For his firſt feat of all, on a *Wit* he did fall,
A *Wit* as ſome ſay, and ſome not,
Becauſe he'd an art, to rhime on the quart,
But never did care for the pot.

14.

And next on the *Cocks*, he fell like an *Ox*,
Took them and their *Maſters* together;
But the *combs* and the *ſpurs*, kept himſelf and his *Sirs*,
Who are to have both or neither.

15.

The cauſe of his ſpight, was becauſe they would *fight*,
And becauſe he durſt not, he did take on;
And ſaid they were fit, for the pot, not the ſpit,
And would ſerve to be eaten with *Bacon*.

16.

But fleſh'd with theſe *ſpoyles*, the next of his *toyles*,
Was to fall with wild-beaſts by the ears,
To the *Bearward* he goeth, and then opened his *mouth*,
And ſaid, *Oh! are you there with your bears.*

17.

Our ſtories are dull, of a *Cock* and a *Bull*,
But ſuch was his valour and care;
Since he bears the Bell, the tales that we tell,
Muſt be of a *Cock* and a *Bear*.

18.

The crime of the *Bears*, was, they were *Cavaliers*,
And had formerly fought for the *King*;
And pull'd by the *Burrs*, the Round-headed *Curs*,
That they made their ears to ring.

19.

Our ſucceſſor of Kings, like blind fortune flings
Upon him both honour and ſtore;
Who has as much right, to make *Tom* a Knight,
As *Tom* has *deſert*, and no more.

20.

But *Fortune* that Whore, ſtill attended this *Brewer*,
And did all his *Atchievements* reward;
And blindly did *fling*, on this lubberly *thing*,
More *Honour*, and made him a *Lord*.

21.

Now he walks with his ſpurs, and a couple of curs
At his heels, which he calls *Squires*;
So when *Honour* is *thrown*, on the head of a *Clown*,
'Tis by *Paraſites* held up, and *Lyars*.

22.

The reſt of his *pranks*, will merit new *thanks*,
With his death, if we did but know it;
But we'l leave him and it, to a time and place fit,
And *Greg.* ſhall be *funeral* Poet.

Upon the General Pardon paſt by the RUMP, 1653.

REjoyce, rejoyce, ye *Cavaliers*,
For here comes that expells your fears;

A General Pardon is now paſt,
What was long look'd for, comes at laſt.

It Pardons all that are undone;
The Pope ne're granted ſuch a one:
So long, ſo large, ſo full, ſo free;
O what a gratious State have we!

Yet do not joy too much (my friends)
Firſt ſee how well this pardon ends,
For though it hath a Glorious face,
I fear there's in't but little grace.

'Tis ſaid the Mountains once brought forth,
And what brought they? a Mouſe in troth;
Our States have done the like, I doubt,
In this their Pardon now ſet out.

We'll look it o're then if you pleaſe,
And ſee wherein it brings us eaſe;
And firſt, it Pardons words I find
Againſt our State, words are but wind.

Hath any pray'd for th'King of late?
And wiſh'd confuſion to our State?
And call'd them Rebells? he come in
And plead this Pardon for that ſin.

Hath any call'd King *Charles* that's dead
A Martyr? He that loſt his Head?
And Villains thoſe that did the Fact?
That man is pardoned by this Act.

Hath any ſaid our Parliament
Is ſuch a one as God ne're ſent?
Or hath he writ, or put in Print
That he believes the Devil's in't?

Or hath he ſaid there never were
Such *Tyrants* any where as here?
Though this offence of his be high,
He's pardon'd for his Blaſphemy.

You ſee how large this Pardon is,
It Pardons all our *Mercuries*,
And *Poets* too, for you know they
Are poor, and have not ought to pay.

For where there's money to be got,
I find this Pardon pardons not;
Malignants that were rich before,
Shall not be pardon'd till they'r poor.

Hath any one been true to th' Crown.
And for that paid his money down;
By this new Act he ſhall be free,
And pardon'd for his Loyalty.

Who have their Lands confiſcate quite,
For not Compounding when they might;
If that they know not how to digg,
This Pardon gives them leave to beg.

Before this Act came out in print,
We thought there had been comfort in't;
We drank ſome Healths to th' Higher Powers,
But now we 've ſeen't they'd need drink ours.

For

For by this Act it is thought fit
That no man ſhall have benefit,
Unleſſe he firſt engage to be
A Rebel to eternity.

Thus in this Pardon it is clear,
That nothing's here, and nothing's there,
I think our States do mean to choke us
With this new Act of *Hocus Pocus*.

Well, ſince this Act's not worth a pin,
We'll pray our States to call it in,
For moſt men think it ought to be
Burnt by the hand of *Gregory*.

Then to conclude, here's little joy
For thoſe that pray *Vive le Roy* :
But ſince they'l not forget our Crimes,
Wee'l keep our mirth till better times.

Upon Olivers *diſſolving the Parliament in* 1653.

1.

WIll you hear a ſtrange thing ſcarce heard of before,
A ballad of News without any lyes,
The Parliament men are turn'd out of doors,
And ſo are the Council of State likewiſe.

2.

Brave *Oliver* came to the Houſe like a Spright,
His fiery looks ſtrook the Speaker dumb;

You muſt be gone hence, quoth he, by this light,
Do you mean to ſit here till Dooms-day come?

3.

With that the Speaker lookt pale for fear, (rid,
As ithough he had been with the night-mare
Inſomuch that ſome did think that were there,
That he had even done as the Alderman did.

4.

But *Oliver* though he be Doctor of Law,
Yet he ſeem'd to play the Phyſician there;
His Phyſick ſo wrought on the Speakers maw,
That he gave him a ſtool inſtead of a Chair.

5.

Harry Martyn wondred to ſee ſuch a thing,
Done by a Saint of ſuch high degree;
'Twas an act he did not expect from a King,
Much leſſe from ſuch a dry bone as he.

6.

But *Oliver* laid his hand on his ſword,
And upbraided him with his Adultery;
To which *Harry* anſwer'd never a word,
Saving, humbly thanking his Majeſty.

7.

Allen the Copperſmith was in great fear,
He did as much harm ſince the Wars began;
A broken Citizen many a year,
And now he is a broken Parliament-man.

8.

Bradſhaw that Preſident proud as the Pope,
That loves upon Kings and Princes to trample;
Now the houſe is diſſolv'd I cannot but hope,
To ſee ſuch a Preſident made an example.

9. And

9

And were I one of the Council of War,
I'le tell you what my Vote ſhould be,
Upon his own Turret at *Weſtminſter*,
To be hanged up for all comers to ſee.

10.

My Maſters I wonder you could not agree,
You that have been ſo long Brethren in evil;
A diſſolution you might think there would be,
When the Devil's divided againſt the Devil.

11.

Then room for the Speaker without his Mace,
And room for the reſt of the Rabble-rout;
My Maſters methinks 'tis a pitifull caſe,
Like the ſnuff of a Candle thus to go out.

12.

Now ſome like this change, and ſome like it not,
Some think it was not done in due ſeaſon;
Some think it was but a Jeſuits plot, (treaſon,
To blow up the Houſe like a Gun-powder-

13.

Some think that *Oliver* and *Charles* are agreed,
And ſure it were good policy if it were ſo;
Leſt the *Hollander*, *French*, the *Dane*, and the *Swede*,
Should bring him in whether he would or no.

14.

And now I would gladly conclude my Song,
With a Prayer as Ballads are uſed to do,
But yet I'le forbear, for I think er't be long,
We ſhall have a King and a Parliament too.

Admiral Deans *Funeral.*

1.

NIck *Culpepper*, and *William Lilly*, (silly,
Though you were pleas'd to say they were
Yet something these propheſi'd true, I tell ye,
Which no body can deny.

2.

In the month of *May*, I tell you truly,
Which neither was in *June* nor *July*,
The *Dutch* began to be unruly,
Which no body can deny.

3.

Betwixt our *England* and their *Holland*,
Which neither was in *France* nor *Poland*,
Bnt on the Sea, where there was no Land,
Which no body can deny.

4.

There joyn'd the *Dutch*, and the *Engliſh* Fleet,
Our Authors opinion then they did meet,
Some ſaw't that never more ſhall ſee't,
Which no body can deny.

5.

There were many mens hearts as heavy as lead,
Yet would not believe *Dick Dean* to be dead,
Till they ſaw his Body take leave of his head,
Which no body can deny.

6.

Then after the ſad departure of him,
There was many a man loſt a Leg or a Lim,
And many were drow'd 'cauſe they could not
ſwim. *Which no body can deny.*

7. One

7.

One cryes, lend me thy hand good friend,
Although he knew it was to no end,
I think, quoth he, I am going to the Fiend,
Which no body can deny.

8.

Some, 'twas reported, were kill'd with a Gun,
And some stood that knew not whether to run,
There was old taking leave of Father and Son,
Which no body can deny.

9

There's a rumour also, if we may believe,
We have many gay Widows now given to grieve,
'Cause unmannerly Husbands here came to take leave. *Which no body can deny.*

10.

The Ditty is sad of our *Dean* to sing;
To say truth, it was a pittifull thing
To take off his head and not leave him a ring,
Which no body can deny.

11.

From *Greenwich* toward the Bear at Bridge foot
He was wafted with wind that had water to't,
But I think they brought the Devil to boot,
Which no body can deny.

12.

The heads on *London* Bridge upon Poles,
That once had bodies, and honester souls
Than hath the Master of the Roules,
Which no body can deny.

13.

They grieved for this great man of command,
Yet would not his head amongst theirs should stand;

He dy'd on the Water, and they on the Land,
Which no body can deny.

14.

I cannot say, they look'd wisely upon him,
Because People curs'd that parcel was on him;
He has fed fish and worms, if they do not wrong him,
Which no body can deny.

15.

The Old Swan as he passed by, (and die;
Said, she would sing him a dirge, and lye down
Wilt thou sing to a bit of a body, quoth I?
Which no body can deny.

16.

The Globe on the Bank, I mean, on the Ferry,
Where Gentle and Simple might come and be merry,
Admired at the change from a Ship to a Wherry,
Which no body can deny.

17.

Tom Godfreys Bears began for to roare,
Hearing such moans one side of the shore,
They knew they should never see *Dean* any more,
Which no body can deny.

18.

Queen-hithe, *Pauls*-Wharf, and the *Fryers* also,
Where now the Players have little to do,
Let him passe without any tokens of woe,
Which no body can deny.

19.

Quoth th' Students o'th' Temple, I know not their names,
Looking out of their Chambers into the *Thames*,
The Barge fits him better than did the great *James*,
Which no body can deny.

20. *Essex*

20.

Essex House, late called Cuckolds Hall,
The folk in the Garden staring over the wall,
Said, they knew that once *Pride* would have a fall.
Which no body can deny.

21.

At *Strand* Gate, a little farther then,
Where mighty Guns numbred to sixty and ten,
Which neither hurt Children. Women nor Men,
Which no body can deny.

22.

They were shot over times one, two, three, or four,
'Tis thought one might 'heard the bounce to th' Tower,
Folk report, the din made the Buttermilk sower,
Which no body can deny.

23.

Had old Goodman *Lenthal* or *Allen* but heard 'um,
The noise worse than *Olivers* voice would have fear'd 'um,
And out of their small wits would have scar'd um
Which no body can deny.

24.

Sommerset House, where once did the Queen lye,
And afterwards *Ireton* in black, and not green, by,
The Canon clattered the Windows really
Which no body can deny.

25.

The *Savoys* mortified spitled Crew,
If I lye, as *Falstaffe* sayes, I am a Jew, (spew,
Gave the Hearse such a look it would make a man
Which no body can deny.

26.

The House of *S* —— that Fool and Knave,

Had so much wit left lamentation to save (grave,
From accompanying a traytorly Rogue to his
Which no body can deny.

27.

The *Exchange*, and the ruines of *Durham* house eke
Wish'd such sights might be seen each day i'th' week,
A General's Carkasse without a Cheek,
Which no body can deny.

28.

The House that lately Great *Buckinghams* was,
Which now Sir *Thomas Fairfax* has,
Wish'd it might be Sir *Thomas*'s fate so to passe,
Which no body can deny.

29.

Howards House, *Suffolks* great Duke of Yore,
Sent him one single sad wish, and no more,
He might flote by *Whitehall* in purple gore,
Which no body can deny.

30.

Something I should of *Whitehall* say,
But the Story is so sad, and so bad, by my fay,
That it turns my wits another way,
Which no body can deny.

31.

To *Westminster*, to the Bridge of the Kings,
The water the Barge, and the Barge-men brings
The small remain of the worst of things,
Which no body can deny.

32.

They inter'd him in triumph, like *Lewis* the eleven,
In the famous Chappel of *Henry* the seven,
But his soul is scarce gone the right way to hea-
ven, *Which no body can deny.*

The merry Goodfellow.

WHy ſhould we not laugh and be jolly,
Since all the World now is grown mad?
And lull'd in a dull melancholly;
He that wallows in ſtore
Is ſtill gaping for more,
And that makes him as poor,
As the Wretch that never any thing had.

How mad is that damn'd Money-monger?
That to purchaſe to him and his heirs,
Grows ſhriviled with thirſt and hunger;
While we that are bonny,
Buy Sack with ready-mony,
And ne'r trouble the Scriveners, nor Lawyers.

Thoſe guts that by ſcraping and toyling,
Do ſwell their Revenues ſo faſt,
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,
But are marks of each tax,
While they load their own backs
With the heavier packs,
And lye down gall'd and weary at laſt.

While we that do traffick in tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whoſe jaws are ſo hungry and gripple;
We ne'r trouble our heads
With Indentures or Deeds,
And our Wills are compos'd in a word.

Our

Our mony ſhall never indite us,
Nor drag us to Goldſmiths Hall,
No Pyrats nor wracks can affright us;
We, that have no Eſtates,
Fear no plunder nor rates,
We can ſleep with open gates,
He that lyes on the ground cannot fall.

We laugh at thoſe Fools whoſe endeavours
Do but fit them for Priſons and Fines,
When we that ſpend all are the ſavers;
For if Thieves do break in,
They go out empty agin,
Nay, the Plunderers loſe their deſigns.

Then let us not think on to morrow,
But tipple and laugh while we may,
To waſh from our hearts all ſorrow;
Thoſe Cormorants which
Are troubled with an itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toyl for the wealth which they borrow.

The Maior of the Town with his Ruff on,
What a pox is he better than we?
He muſt vail to the man with the Buff on;
Though he Cuſtard may eat,
And ſuch lubbardly meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

The Rebells Reign.

NOw we are met in a knot, let's take t'other pot,
And chirp o're a cup of Nectar ;
Let's think on a charm, to keep us from harm,
From the Fiend, and the new Protector.

Heretofore at a brunt, a Croſs would have don't,
But now they have taken courſes, (Croſs left
With their Laws and their theft, there's not a
In the Church, nor the Farmers Purſes.

They're with you to bring, for ſtuffing at a King,
For now you muſt make no dainty,
To have your Noſe ground, on a ſtone turned round
By *Noll*, and one and twenty.

But our Rights are kept for us, in *Oliver*'s ſtore-houſe,
'Twere as good they were ſet in the Stocks :
They are juſt in the pickle, in the thirtieth Article,
Like *Jack* in a Juglers box.

We are loath for to look, for the Saints in a book,
But would not a man be vext,
To ſee them ſo rough with their blades and their buff,
But not a word on't in the Text.

We have been twelve years together by the ears
To prepare for a ſpiritual raign :
Men were never ſo ſpic'd, with the Scepter of Chriſt
In the hands of a Saint in grain.

'Twas

'Twas brewed in their Hives by Citizens wives,
Who ventured their husbands far,
With *Robin* the fool, there was ne're such a tool
To lead in the womens War.

He was ill at Command, but worse at a stand,
So they sought out another more able:
Then *Fair.* undertakes, but *Nol* keeps the stakes,
And sends away *Fax* with a bauble.

Will, Conqueror the second, without his host rec-
And so did *B*—— billet his Mate; (kon'd,
They made a great noise, 'mongst women and
But now they are both out of date. (boys,

Cowardly *W*—— had but a foul Fortune,
And wanted a knife to scrape it,
When his Oriphice ran, there was no mortal man,
But *omnibus horis sapit.*

Bradshaw, the Knave, sent the King to his grave,
And on the Bloud Royal did trample,
For which the next *Lent*, he was made President,
And ere long may be made an example.

Dorislaus did steer, to *Hans mine heer*,
And *Askew* to *Don* at *Madril*, (dispatcht,
Ere a man could have scratcht, they were both
Yet there they lye Leger still.

Martin and *St. Johns*, and more with a Vengeance,
Had each a finger i'th' pye:
Some for the Money, and some for the Conny,
And some for they knew not why.

The

The Parliament ſate as ſnug as a Cat,
And were playing for mine and yours:
Sweep-ſtakes was their Game, till *Oliver* came,
And turn'd it to Knave out of doors.

Then a new one was caſt, and made up in haſt,
But alas they could do no more
Than empty our purſe, and empty us worſe
Than e're we were married before.

But in a good hour, they gave up their power
To one that was wiſer than they;
By common conſent, 'twas the firſt Parliament
That ever was *felo de ſe*.

After all this Jeer, we are never the near,
There ſits one at the Helm commanding;
One that doth us nick, with a trick for our trick,
And the ſtone in our foot notwithſtanding

He'll not relax, one groat of the Tax,
Though it come to more then he need,
He may keep it in ſtore, till his need be more;
'Tis an Article of our new Creed.

So well he hath wrought, that now he hath brought
The Realm to the manner he it meant;
The fiſhes, and the foul, and the Devil and all,
And the monthly pay his high rent.

All this we muſt bear, but 'twould make a man
When they call us a Reformed Nation: (ſwear
It can never ſink into my head for to think
That this is a Reformation.

'Tis

'Tis the man in the Moon, or the Devil as ſoon,
Our Laws are aſleep upon ſhelves:
Our Charter & Freedom, we may bid God ſpeed
'Tis well we can beg for our ſelves. (um,

Since *Nol* hath bereft us, and nothing hath left us,
Not a Horſe or an Oxe to plough land,
Let *Oliver* paſſe, come fill up my Glaſſe,
And here's a good health to *Rowland*.

The Reſolve.

1.

THere's no Man ſo worthy of Envy as he,
Drinks Sack, and is free,
Can draw down his mind to his preſent Con-
And at that ebbe, can (dition,
Shew himſelf a better man,
Then his Enemy at his full tide of Ambition;
Has a breaſt ſo well Man'd, he fears not the thun-
Of thoſe Baſtards of fame, (der
That have got a Name
By Rapine and Plunder;
But bravely deſpiſeth,
The *Mock-Sun* that riſeth:
He that's quiet within, what need he to care,
Though not worth a groat, h'as the whole world
(to ſpare.

2.

He's arm'd 'gainſt the Chances and Changes of
And ſtill meets his Fate, (ſtate,
With

With a Conquering Cup of the ſtouteſt Cana-
Drinks healths to the beſt, (ry,
And he Wraſtles with the reſt,
Yet never is foyl'd, 'leſs his liquor miſcarry;
His thoughts are more ſoft then the bed that he
Who puts his cares to flight, (lies on;
A Prince is o're Night,
And next Morn doth riſe one;
Let th' Fates do what they will,
He's the ſelf-ſame Man ſtill:
Scepters have Palſies, and Crowns too are ſhaking,
Who ſoundly doth ſleep, need not keep others
(waking.

3.

Then give us the *Sack*, let the *Hen-hearted Cit*,
Drink *Whey*, and ſubmit,
His *Cucumber* Courage does ne're well till bea-
He, *Camel*-like, kneels, (ten;
And his Burthen ne're feels,
Till his back become gall'd, and his carcaſſe
(near eaten;
'Has a ſpirit ſo poor, that ev'ry Fool rides him;
He's ſoul-leſſe, alone;
At beſt, but a Drone,
And no Man abides him;
He's a compact of Clay,
That will yield any way:
'Tis Sack and good Company ſets the Soul free,
Like the Muſick of that there's no Harmonie.

Upon

Upon Cromwell's *pulling out the Long Parliament.* 1653.

The Alligory.

1.

AS *Plutarch* doth write, (a Man of known Credit)
A *Serpent* there was had a Mutinous *Tayle*,
Rebell'd 'gainſt the *Head*, that ſo oft had fed it,
And would not permit it to lead, or prevaile:
Is't not fit that by turns we Leaders ſhould be
Quoth the *Tayle?* follow me, as I've follow'd (thee.

2.

Now, the *Body* being grown too ſtrong for the *Head*,
Quoth the *Head*, if it muſt be, then let it be ſo;
For quietneſſe ſake I yield to be lead,
But fear that from hence ſome miſchief will grow;
A thing ſo un-naturall never was read,
As the *Head* to turn *Tayle*, and the *Tayle* to turn (*Head*.

3.

A Monſter like this, but of ſtranger Conditions,
Engender'd there was in the year *thirty nine*;
Rebell'd 'gainſt the *Head*, but with fawning *Petitions*,
To have him his Pow'r and his Right to reſign;
This Monſter (the truth on't to ſpeak) was begot
By a Mongrell *Parſon*, and that Hagg the *Scot*.

4. So

4.

So large and so mighty this *Tayle* grew in length,
That where e're it came, it swept all before it;
There was no resisting so pow'rfull a strength,
The *Head* at the last was forc't to implore it:
All our Castles and Towns this *Tayle* did subdue,
A sad tale to tell, but believe me 'tis true.

5.

Above seven years Conflict this *Head* did endure,
With that Monsterous *Tayle*, and the Spawn it begot:
During which time no Man's life was secure,
Our Goods and our Cattle all went to the Pot:
At last came a Champion with an Iron flayle,
And ended the strife 'twixt the *Head*, and the *Tayle*.

6.

The *Head* being departed the *Body* began
To consult with the *Tayle* what was best to do;
St. *George* (quoth the *Body*) 'tis said was a Man,
But what can this thing be is called St. *O*.
Why he (quoth the *Tayle*) was one of our Rout,
And 'tis wonderous strange he should turn *Tayle* about.

7.

While thus they did argue in rushi our St. *O*.
With Courage more keen then the Sword that he wore;
Quoth he, ye are vile things, not fit here to grow,
Such Fiends ne're was known in this place heretofore,
The wealth and the fat of the Country doth feed you,
And now I do guesse it is high time to bleed you.

8.

Some ſay that this *Tayle* wore the mark of a *P*,
O, is a Letter in rank known before it;
How e're 't makes no matter, 'tis all one to me,
Save this, that I'm ſure the *O* had the more wit;
There's no Man ſo blind, but may eaſily ſee
He hath added unto his ſmall *O*, a tall *P*.

9.

My Story now ended come *viva* St. *George*,
That old true-blew Lad, and Hoſpitable-Saint,
Bring a Butt of good Sack to fill up my Gorge,
At this tale of *Head* and *Tayle* I almoſt faint;
Howe're let it paſs; if you ſtuddy upon't,
I hope you will neither make *Head* or *Tayle* on't.

The Advice.

1.

NE're trouble thy ſelf at the Times nor their turnings,
Afflictions run circular, and wheele about,
Away with theſe Murmurings, and, theſe Heart-burnings,
With the Juyce of the Grape wee'l quench the Fire out,
Ne're chain, nor impriſon thy Soul up in ſorrow,
What fails us to day, may befriend us to morrow,
Wee'l ſcorn our Content from others to borrow.

2. Though

2.

Though Fortune hath left us wee'le ſtrive to regain her,
And court her with Cupps till her Favourite come,
Then with a Courage untam'd wee'le maintain her,
And ſilence the noyſe of the Enemies Drum,
Wee'le link her unto the Man moſt deſerving,
Shall keep her at work, as well as from ſtarving,
She ſhall not hereafter be at her own Carving.

3.

I hold him a Novice in Humane affairs,
Thinks whirlings in State a wonderous thing,
To daub up old Ruines with dirty repairs,
And inſtead of a Scepter to ſet up a Sling.
Such Atomes of Greatneſſe are but Fortune's laughter,
She fattens them up 'till they're fitted for ſlaughter,
Then leaves them at *Tiburn* to Tittar and Tauter.

Sharers in the Government.

A MEDLEY.

To 8. ſeveral Tunes.

SOme ſay the World is but a Cheat,
Troth we ſee't
For the feet

Still rebell againſt the Head,
When Antipodian Rulers ſway,
Who'le obey?
Thus ſome ſay,
Shall we not his own ſteps tread?
Pray were we not in the late Quarrel,
All pickl'd up in the ſame Barrel?
Then why that? or why this?
Our hearts are as great as his.

Here is One that claims a ſhare *Harriſon.*
In the Scepter, and the Chaire,
Though he cryes Religion down,
Hee's Ambitious for a Crown;
Fain hee'd have his Head to ſhine
Where his Father hangs his Signe,
So he ſhould, had I the Power
In the twinkling of an how're
I, of his diſeaſe would cure him.

What think you of the Man of War, *Blake.*
Whoſe Muzle is the Sea-mans Star?
Hee's Arm'd within, and Wall'd without
To give the Rout, if that we dare;
But faith the *Dutch* will hem him in,
And make him either ſink or ſwim;
This is the News brought Mr. *P*——
To which he lent ſcarce half an Eare.

There is one, and a ſly one,
In *Scotland*, lurks to quarter with the Lyon,
He is your comeing Man ſir,
Will lead the Van ſir, *Pick out the meaning*
Upon the leaſt Commotion; *if you can.*

He

He wears a Coat with double-colours faced,
On one ſide whereof the States is gravely placed,
But on the other the Cavies rudely raced;
Hold Ambodexter whither wilt thou go?

Then comes a ſtout Heart, *Lambert.*
A Man very pert,
Reaking with Revenge, for Diſgrace;
He ſwore he was true
To give the Devil his due,
And as firm as the Noſe on his Face.

Another puts in *Ludlow.*
To be a States Pin,
Good reaſon it ſhould be ſo,
He can Circumvent
A Parliament;
Then why not Our *Oliver* O?

Some talk this, and ſome talk that, what,
Some talk of New wars, and ſome they know not
But well fare the Cavalier, for at a bare word,
Hee's ſcarce left either Tongue or Sword.

Then Turbulent-ſpirited *Jack* bring up the Reere, *John Lilborn.*
For thou haſt a Spleene farr keener than any one here;
Thou ſpurn'ſt at Authoritie, art Ambition's Minion,
And boyl'ſt like thy Soap to advance a New-fangled Opinion;

Promotion's thy drift, to rule doth make thy
Wits roame,
But a Gibbet 'tis thought will ſtand betwixt
thee and home.

Upon Cromwell's *refuſing the Kingly Power.*

1.

HOw poor is his Spirit? how loſt is his Name,
Deceiveth Opinion, and Curtailes his Fame?
When as his Deſigns come near to their height,
'Twixt *ſhall I* and *ſhall I*, ſuſpect their own
weight,
He has traffiqu'd for Honour, but loſt the
whole Freight:
He that's ſtout in the Front, not ſo in the Rear,
Doth forfeit his Fame, and is Cow'd out by Fear.

2.

A ſmall part of Honor to him doth belong,
Conſults not the Glory, but faints in the throng;
That dares not embrace what his own Soul
doth Vote,
But yields up Our Liberties to a Red-coat;
Sure Midſommer's near, and ſome Men doth
dote:
I like the bold Romanes, (whoſe Fame ever
rings)
That kept in ſubjection ſuch pittifull things.

3.

He that will be Bug-bear'd, is turn'd again Child,
A Reed than a Scepter is fitter to weild;

Examine

Examine the Story, no Story you'l find,
Saving the Story, *that Kat will to kind,* (blind;
The World is deluded, the Common-wealth
These false stamps of Honour prove but Copper-Mettle,
And Fame sounds as loud from a Tinkers old Kettle.

4.

He that past has the Pikes, and found Canon-free,
Which shews that noe Curse from his Parents could be,
Had a Soul so devout, it made Killing a Trade;
And now to retreat at the sent of a Blade
Doth show of what Mold our *Knight-Errant* was made;
He that flagges in his Flight, when's Ambition fores high,
Doth stabb his own Merit, & gives Fame the lye.

5.

Then *Cicero*-like, yea Gown-men drench Cares,
O're-whelm'd with your Own, and your Countries Affairs;
And Pulpit-men too be as Airy as Wee;
Do you but preach Sack up, we'l ne'r disagree,
That Common-wealth's best that is the most free:
Then fret not, nor care not, when the Sack's in our Crown,
We can fancy a King up, or fancy Him down.

The Encounter.

A SONG.

1.

HAng the Presbyters Gill,
Bring a Pinte of Sack *Will*,
More Orthodox of the two;
Though a ſlender diſpute
Will ſtrike the Elſe mute,
Hees one of the honeſter Crue.

2.

In a Pinte there's ſmall heart,
Sirrah, bring us a Quart,
There's ſubſtance and vigor met,
'Twill hold us in Play,
Some part of the day,
But we'll ſuck him before Sun-ſet.

3.

The dareing old Pottle
Does now bid us Battle;
Let's try what his ſtrength can do;
Keep your Ranks and your Files:
And for all his Wiles,
Wee'l tumble him down Staires too.

4

The Stout-breaſted Lumberd,
His Brains ne'r encumber'd
With drinking of Gallons three;
Tricongius was named,
And by *Cæſar* famed,
Who dubbed him Knight Cap-a-pe.

5. If

5.

If then Honour be in't,
Why a pox ſhould we ſtint
Our ſelves of the fullneſs it bears?
H' has leſſe wit than an Ape
In the blood of the Grape,
Will not plunge himſelf o're head and ears.

6.

Then ſummon the Gallon,
A ſtout Foe, and a tall One,
And likely to hold us to't;
Keep Coyn in your Purſe,
The Word is disburſe,
I'le warrant he falls at your foot.

7.

See, the bold Foe appears,
May he falls that him fears;
Keep you but cloſe Order, and then
We will give him the Rout,
Be he never ſo ſtout,
And prepare for his Rallying agen.

8.

Wee'l dreyn the whole Cellar,
Pipes, Butts, and the Dweller,
If the Wine does flow no faſter;
Will, when thou doſt ſlack us,
By Warrant from *Bacchus*,
Wee'l Cane thy Tun-belly'd Maſter.

The Good Old Cauſe.

NOw *Lambert*'s ſunk, and valiant *M* ——
Does ape his General *Cromwell*,
And *Arthur*'s Court, 'cauſe time is ſhort,
Does rage like Devils from Hell;
Let's mark the fate and courſe of State,
Who riſes when t'other is ſinking,
And beleive when this is paſt
'Twill be our turn at laſt
To bring the Good Old Cauſe by drinking.

Firſt, red nos'd *Nol* he ſwallowed all,
His colour ſhew'd he lov'd it:
But *Dick* his Son, as he were none,
Gav't off, and hath reprov'd it;
But that his foes made bridge of's noſe,
And cry'd him down for a Protector,
Proving him to be a fool, that would undertake
And not drink and fight like *Hector*. (to rule,

The Grecian Lad, he drank like mad,
Minding no work above it;
And *Sans queſtion* kill'd *Epheſtion*,
Becauſe he'd not approve it;
He got command, where God had land,
And like a *Maudlin* Yonker, (to ſleep,
When he tippled all and wept, he laid him down
Having no more Worlds to conquer.

Rump-

Rump-Parliament would needs invent
An Oath of Abjuration, (into fashion:
But Obedience and Allegiance are now come
Then here's a boul, with a heart and soul
To *Charles*, and let all men say Amen to't,
Though they brought the Father down
From a triple Kingdom Crown,
Wee'l drink the Son up agen to't.

The Protecting Brewer.

A Brewer may be a Burgess grave,
And carry the matter so fine and so brave,
That he the better may play the Knave,
Which no body can deny.

A Brewer may be a Parliament-man,
For there the Knavery first began,
And brew most cunning Plots he can,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer may put on a *Nabal* face,
And march to the Wars with such a grace,
That he may get a Captains place,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer may speak so wonderous well,
That he may raise strange things to tell,
And so to be made a Collonel,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer may make his foes to flee,
And raiſe his Fortunes, ſo that he
Lieutenant-General may be,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer he may be all in all,
And raiſe his Powers both great and ſmall,
That he may be a Lord General,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer may be like a Fox in a Cub,
And teach a Lecture out of a Tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,
Which no body, &c

A Brewer by's Excize and Rate,
Will promiſe his Army he knows what,
And ſet it upon the Colledge-gate,
Which no body, &c.

Methinks I hear one ſay to me,
Pray why may not a Brewer be,
Lord-Chancellor o'th' Univerſity,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer may be as bold as *Hector*,
When as he has drunk off his cup of *Nectar*,
And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector.
Which no body, &c.

Now here remans the ſtrangeſt thing,
How this Brewer about his Liquor did bring,
To be an Emperour, or a King,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer may do what he will,
And rob the Church and State, to ſell
His ſoul unto the devil of hell,
Which no body can deny.

The Power of the Sword.

LAY by your Pleading, Law lyes a bleeding,
Burn all your Studies down, and throw away your Reading;
Small power the Word has, and can afford us
Not half ſo many Priviledges as the Sword has:
It foſters your Maſters, it plaſters Diſaſters,
And makes your Servants, quickly greater than their Maſters;
It venters, it enters, it circles, it centers,
And makes a Prentice free in ſpight of his Indentures.

This takes off tall things, and ſets up ſmall things,
This maſters Money, though Money maſters all things;
'Tis not in ſeaſon, to talk of Reaſon,
Or call it Legal, when the Sword will have it Treaſon;
It conquers the Crown too, the Furres and the Gown too,
This ſet up a Presbyter, and this pull'd him down too;
This ſubtil Deceiver, turn'd Bonnet to Beaver,
Down drops a Biſhop, and up ſtarts a Weaver.

This

This fits a Lay-man to preach and pray man,
'Tis this can make a Lord of him that was a Dray-man;
Forth from the dull pit, of Follies full pit,
This brought an Hebrew Iron-monger to the Pulpit;
Such pittifull things be, more happier than Kings be,
This got the Herauldry of *Thimblebee* and *Slingsbee*;
No Gospel can guide it, no Law can decide it,
In Church or State, untill the Sword hath sanctify'd it.

Down goes the Law-tricks, for from that Matrix
Sprung holy *Hewson*'s power, and tumbled down St. *Patricks*;
The Sword prevails so highly in *Wales* too,
Shinkin ap Powel cryes, and swears Cuts-pluttera-nails too;
In *Scotland* this Waster, did make such disaster,
They sent their Money back for which they sold their Master;
It batter'd so their *Dunkirke*, and did so the *Don* firke,
That he is fled, and swears, the Devil is in *Dunkirke*.

He that can tower o'er him that is lower,
Would be but thought a Fool to put away his Power;
Take Books and rent 'um, who would invent 'um,
When as the Sword replyes, *Negatur argumentum?*

Your

Your grand Colledge Butlers, muſt ſtoop to your
Sutlers,
There's not a Library living like the Cutlers;
The bloud that is ſpilt, Sir, hath gain'd all the
gilt, Sir,
Thus have you ſeen me run the Sword up to the
hilt, Sir.

Cromwell's *Coronation.*

O *Liver*, *Oliver*, take up thy Crown,
For now thou haſt made three Kingdnms
thine own;
Call thee a Conclave of thy own creation,
To ride us to ruine, who dare thee oppoſe:
Whilſt we thy good people are at thy Devotion,
To fall down and worſhip thy terrible Noſe.

To thee and thy Mermydons, *Oliver*, we,
Do tender our homage as fits thy degree,
We'll pay the Exciſe and Taxes, God bleſſe us,
With fear and contrition, as penitents ſhould,
Whilſt you, great Sir, vouchſafe to oppreſſe us,
Not daring ſo much as in private to ſcold.

We bow down, as cow'd down, to thee and thy
Sword,
For now thou haſt made thy ſelf *Englands* ſole
Lord,
By Mandate of Scripture, and Heavenly warrant,
The Oath of Allegiance, and Covenant too;

To

To *Charles* and his Kingdoms thou art Heir apparent,
And born to rule over the *Turk* and the *Jew*.

Then *Oliver*, *Oliver*, get up and ride, (ſide;
Whilſt Lords, Knights, and Gentry do run by thy
The Maulſters and Brewers account it their glory,
Great God of the Grain-tub's compared to thee;
All Rebells of old are loſt in their ſtory,
Till thou plod'ſt along to the *Padington*-tree.

The BREWER.

To the Tune of the *Black-ſmith*.

THere many a Clinching Verſe is made
In honour of the *Black-ſmiths* trade,
But more of the *Brewer* may be ſaid,
Which no body can deny.

I need not much of this repeat,
The *Black-ſmith* cannot be compleat,
Unleſſe the *Brewer* do give him a heat,
Which no body can deny.

When *Smug* unto the forge doth come,
Unleſſe the *Brewer* doth liquor him home,
He'll never ſtrike thy pot and my pot *Tom*.
Which no body can deny.

Of

Of all professions in the town
The *Brewers* trade hath gain'd renown,
His liquor reacheth up to the Crown,
Which no body can deny.

Many new Lords from him there did spring,
Of all the trades he still was their King,
For the *Brewer* had the world in a sling,
Which no body can deny.

He scorneth all Laws and Martial stops,
But whips an Army as round as tops,
And cuts off his foes as thick as hops,
Which no body can deny.

He dives for Riches down to the bottom,
And cryes, my Masters, when he had got um,
Let every tub stand upon his own bottom,
Which no body can deny.

In War-like acts he scorns to stoop,
For when his Army begins to droop,
He draws them up as round as a hoop,
Which no body can deny.

The Jewish *Scots* that scorns to eat
The flesh of Swine, and *Brewers* beat,
'Twas the sight of this hogs-head made 'um treat,
Which no body can deny.

Poor *Jockie* and his basket hilt
Was beaten, and much blood was spilt,
And their bodies like barrels did run atilt,
Which no body can deny.

Though *Jemy* gave the firſt aſſault,
The *Brewer* at laſt made them to halt,
And left them what the Cat left in the Mault.
Which no body can deny.

They cry'd that Antichriſt came to ſettle
Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle,
For his Noſe and Copper were both of one mettle,
Which no body can deny.

Some Chriſtian King began to quake,
And ſaid, with the *Brewer* no quarrels we'll make,
We'll let him alone, as he Brews let him Bake,
Which no body can deny.

He hath a ſtrong and very ſtout heart,
And thought to be made an Emperor for't,
But the Devil put a ſpoke in his Cart,
Which no body can deny.

If any intended to do him diſgrace,
His fury would take off his head in the place,
He alway did carry his Furneſſe in his face,
Which no body can deny.

But yet by the way you muſt underſtand,
He kept his foes ſo under command,
That *Pride* could never get the upper hand,
Which no body can deny.

He was a ſtout *Brewer*, of whom we may brag,
But now he is hurried away with a hag;
He brew'd in a bottle, and bak'd in a bag,
Which no body can deny.

And

And now may all ſtout Souldiers ſay,
Farewell the glory of the day,
For the *Brewer* himſelf is turn'd to clay,
Which no body can deny.

Thus fell the brave *Brewer*, the bold ſon of ſlaugh-
We need not to fear what ſhall follow after, (ter,
For he dealt all his life time in fire and water,
Which no body can deny.

And if his Succeſſor had had but his might,
We had not been in a pittifull plight,
But he was found many grains too light,
Which no body can deny.

Let's leave off ſinging, and drink off our Bub,
Wee'll call for a Reckoning, and every man Club,
For I think I have told you a *Tale of a Tub.*
Which no body can deny.

In imitation of Come my Daphne, *a Dialogue between* Pluto *and* Oliver.

Pluto. COme Imp Royal, come away, (day.
Into black night we will turn bright
Oliver. 'Tis *Pluto* calls, what would my Syre?
Pluto. Come, follow to the Stygian fire,
Where *Ireton* doth wait
To welcome thee in ſtate.
Oliver. Were I in bed with *Lamberts* wife,
I'de quit thoſe joyes for ſuch a life.

Pluto. My Princely *Nol* make haſt,
For thee we keep a Faſt.
Oliver. In theſe diſmal ſhades will I
Unto thee unfold my Villany.
Pluto. In my boſome I'll thee lay,
For thy ſake wee'l all keep holyday.

Chorus. Wee'l rage and roar, and fry in flames,
And *Charles* himſelf ſhall ſee
How damn'dly we agree,
Yet ſcorn to change our Chains
For his eternal diety.

A Quarrel betwixt Tower-hill *and* Tyburn.

I'LE tell you a Story that never was told,
A tale that hath both head and heel,
And though by no Recorder inroll'd,
I know you will find it as true as ſteel.

When General *Monck* was come to the Town,
A little time after the Rump had the rout,
When Loyalty roſe, and Rebellion fell down,
They ſay, that *Tower-hill* and *Tyburne* fell out.

Quoth terrible *Tyburne* to lofty *Tower-hill*,
Thy longed-for daies are come at laſt,
And now thou wilt dayly thy belly fulfill
With King-killers bloud whilſt I muſt faſt.

The

The High Court of Juſtice will come to the Bar,
There to be cooked and dreſſed for thee,
Whilſt I, that live out of Town ſo far,
Muſt only be fed by Fellony.

If *Treaſon* be counted the fouleſt fact,
And dying be a *Traytor*'s due,
Then why ſhould you all the glory exact?
You know, they are fitter for me than you.
(long,
To ſpeak the plain truth, I have groan'd for them
For when they had routed the Royal Root,
And done the Kingdom ſo much wrong,
I knew at the laſt they would come to't.

When *Titchburne* ſate upon the Bench,
Twirling his Chain in high degree,
With a Beardleſs Chin, like a withered Wench,
Thought I, the Bar is fitter for thee.

But then, with ſtately compoſed face,
Tower-hill to *Tyburne* made reply,
Do not complain, in ſuch a Caſe
Thou ſhalt have thy ſhare as well as I.

There are a ſort of Mongrils, which
My Lordly Scaffold will diſgrace:
I know *Hugh Peters* his fingers itch
To make a Pulpit of the place.

But take him *Tyburn*, he is thine own,
Divide his quarters with thy knife,
Who did pollute with fleſh and bone
The quarters of the Butchers wife.

The next among these Petticoat-Peers
Is *Harry Martin*, take him thither,
But he hath been addle so many years,
That I fear he will hardly hang together.

There's *Hacker*, zealous *Tom Harrison* too,
That boldly defends the bloudy deed,
He practizeth what the Jesuites do,
To murder his King, as a part of his Creed.

There's single-eyed *Hewson* the Cobler of Fate,
Translated into Buff and Feather,
But bootless are all his seams of State
When the soul is unript from the upper-leather.

Is this prophane mechanical Brood
For me, that have been dignfy'd
With loyal *Laud* and *Straffords* blood,
And holy *Hewet*, who lately dy'd?

Do thou contrive with deadly *Dun*
To send them to the River of *Stix*,
'Tis pitty, since those Saints are gone,
That Martyrs and Murtherers bloud should mix.

Then do not fear me that I will
Deprive thee of that fatal Day;
'Tis fit those that their King did kill
Sould hang up in the Kings high-way.

My Priviledge, though I know it is large,
Into thy hand I'le freely give it,
For there is *Cook* that read the Kings Charge,
Is only fit for the Devils tribute.

Then

Then taunting *Tyburn*, in great ſcorn,
Did make *Tower-hill* this rude reply:
So much rank bloud my ſtomack will turn,
And thou ſhalt be ſick as well as I.

Theſe Traytors made thoſe Martyrs bleed
Upon the Block, that thou doſt bear,
And there it is fit they ſhould dye for the deed;
But *Tower-hill* cryed, they ſhall not come there.

With that grim *Tyburn* began to fret,
And *Tower-hill* did look very grim:
And ſure as a Club they both would have met,
But that the City did ſtep between.

The Bloody Bed-roll, or *Treaſon diſplayed in its Colours.*

Triumphing News for Cavaliers,
The Rump ſmells ſtrong, caſt out by th' Peers.

OLd OLIVER's gone to the Dogs,
Oh! No I do miſtake,
Hee's gone in a Wherry
Over the Ferry,
Is call'd the *Stygian* Lake.
But *Cerberus* that Great Porter
Did read him ſuch a Lecture,
That made him to roar
When he came a-ſhoar

For being *Lord Protector.*
News, news, news,
Brave Cavaliers *be merry,*
Chear up your ſad ſouls
With Bacchus *Bowls,*
Of Claret, White, and Sherry.

Where is that Curſed Crew
Were of the laſt Kings Jury,
By thy damned ſoul
Go fetch them *Nol*
Quoth *Pluto* in his fury.
Where is old *Joan* thy wife?
Her Highneſs I would ſee,
Come let her in
She ſhall be my Queen,
For a Cuckold thou ſhalt be.
News, news, &c.

Make room for a *Ramping Lady,*
One of the Devils race,
This ugly Witch,
And naſty Bitch
Spat in the King's ſweet face.
I le make her a Lady of Honour,
Quoth *Pluto* let her in,
And open the door;
For this old Whore
Shall wait upon my Queen.
News, news, &c.

Here comes Sir HENRY MARTYN
As good as ever piſt,

This

This wenching beaſt
Had Whores at leaſt
A thouſand on his liſt:
This made the Devils laugh,
So good a friend to ſee,
At *Pluto*'s Court
There's better ſport,
Come thou ſhalt dwell with me.
News, news, &c.

Bid *Caron* bring his Boat,
Here comes a man of fame,
Who hath waited here
Above a year,
JACK BRADSHAW is his name,
O ho quoth *Pluto* then,
As loud as he could yawl,
By *Oliver*'s Noſe
I did ſuppoſe
Thou hadſt been at *White-hall.*
News, news, &c.

Thou'rt welcome to my Court,
Here on my Scroul I find,
I have in ſtore
A thouſand more
As Arrant Rogues behind.
Why art thou ſad quoth *Pluto*?
My Servants muſt appear,
Then do not grudge
I'le made thee Judge
Of all my Subjects here.
News, news, &c.

Here comes a friend of mine,
Make room for the Lord LISLE,
His guests at last
Did come so fast
That made old *Pluto* smile.
Thou must along with me,
Now 'tis too late to rue it,
Thy damned Soul
Is on my Scroul,
Remember Doctor *Hewet.*
News, news, &c.

What is the Cause Sir ARTHUR
Your Pulses go so quick?
'Tis Bishops Lands
That's in your hands
VVhich makes them beat so thick.
Thy Oath of Abjuration
Was far a worser thing,
For the Devil and thou
Did study how
VVe should abjure our KING.
News, news, &c.

Next comes Sir HENRY MILDMAY
As good as ever twang'd,
VVhat Laws had we
VVhen he scap'd free
And honest men were hang'd?
Perhaps the KING's good grace
May pardon what is past,
But that's all one
At *Pluto's* Throne
Thou must appear at last,
News, news, &c,

Sh all

Shall *Traytors* be conceal'd?
Oh! no Sir HENRY VANE,
'Tis a pittifull thing
For our good KING
When Traytors are in grain.
If thou wilt take the pains,
Then pray thee go and look,
For I am told
Thou art enrol'd
In *Pluto*'s bloody Book.
News, news, &c.

Here comes the *Learned* SPEAKER,
Whose baggs of Gold do ruſt,
Who would not hear
A *Cavalier*
Though his Cauſe were nere ſo juſt.
Corruption bears the ſway
Where Juſtice is deny'd,
The Devil take him,
And Mr. PYM,
And likewiſe Collonel PRIDE.
News, news, &c.

Make room for one-ey'd HEWSON,
A *Lord* of ſuch account,
'Twas a pretty Jeſt
That ſuch a Beaſt
Should to ſuch honour mount.
When *Coblers* were in faſhion,
And *Nigherds* in ſuch grace;
'Twas ſport to ſee
How PRIDE and he

Did juſtle for the Place.
News, news, &c.

What dreadfull ſhew is this?
'*T*is PRIDEAUX or his Ghoſt,
He makes ſuch haſt,
And comes ſo faſt,
I think He's riding Poſt.
A *Lawyer* if thou art,
Amongſt the damned ſouls,
At *Pluto*'s Barre,
'*T*is better farre
Then pleading at the Roles.
News, news, &c.

Oh welcome Dr. PETERS,
And Cornet JOYCE alſo,
One of theſe twain
Was worſe than *Cain*
That gave the deadly blow:
One of theſe *Curſed Rogues*
Was he that did the feat,
But ſome men ſay
'*T*was that Lord GRAY
That made the work compleat.
News, news, &c.

A Boat for this Old *Doctor*
To croſs the River *Styx*,
For *Pluto* he
Deſired to ſee
Some of his Antick tricks;
My *Chaplain* thou ſhalt be,
What more can be deſired?

Oh

Oh! quoth he
That cannot be,
My Leaſe is not expir'd.
News, news, &c.

Oh! my *Rump*, my *Rump*, my *Rump*,
My *Rump* ſmells wonderous ſtrong,
The bliſters riſe
About my Thighs
With voting here ſo long,
My *Rump* is grown ſo ſore,
I can no longer ſit,
Hold up thy Bum,
The Devil is come
With a Plaiſter to cure it.
News, *news*, &c.

When *Pluto* keeps his feaſt,
The Rogues muſt all appear,
And Mr. SCOT
I had forgot,
Muſt taſt of this good Chear.
Find out the Man, quoth *Pluto*,
That is the greateſt ſinner,
If COOK be he
Then COOK ſhall be
The *Cook* to *Cook* my dinner,
News, *news*, &c.

God bleſſe the *KING S* good grace,
And keep him from his foes,
I wiſh the rather
Becauſe his *Father*,
Had too too many of thoſe.

God

God bleſſe the *Duke of YORK*,
His Siſter, and Another,
Accurſt be thoſe
That do oppoſe
The ſending for their Mother.
News, news, news,
Brave Cavaliers *be merry,*
Chear up your ſad ſouls
With Bacchus *Bowls,*
Of Claret, White, and Sherry.

The four Legg'd Elder; or a Relation of a Horrible Dog and an Elders Maid.

To the Tune of *The Ladies fall*; Or *Gather your Roſe Buds*, and 50. other Tunes.

1.

ALL *Chriſtians*, and *Lay-Elders* too,
For ſhame amend your Lives,
I'll tell you of a Dog-trick now,
Which much concerns your wives.
An *Elder's* Maid near *Temple-bar*
(Ah what a Quean was ſhe!)
Did take an ugly Maſtiff Cur
Where Chriſtians uſe to be:
Help Houſe of Commons, Houſe of Peers!
Oh now or never help!
Th' Aſſembly having ſate four years
Have now brought forth a whelp!

2. One

2.

One Evening late she stept aside,
Pretending to fetch Eggs,
And there she made her self a Bride
To one that had four leggs:
Her Master heard a Rumblement,
And wonder'd she did tarry,
Not dreaming (without his consent)
His Dog would ever marry.
Help House of Commons, &c.

3.

He went to peep, but was afraid,
And hastily did run
To fetch a Staff to help his Maid,
Not knowing what was done;
He took his *Ruling Elder*'s Cane,
And cry'd out, *Help, help here!*
For *Swash* our Mastiff and poor *Jane*
Are now, *fight Dog, fight Bear.*
Oh House of Commons, &c.

4.

But when he came he was full sorry,
For he perceiv'd their strife,
That according to the *Directory*
These two were Dog and Wife:
Ah (then he said) thou cruel Quean,
Why hast thou me beguil'd?
I wonder'd *Swash* was grown so lean,
Poor Dog he's almost spoyl'd.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

5.

I thought thou hadst no carnal sense
But what's in other Lasses,

And

And could have quench'd thy Cupiſcence
According to the *Claſſis*;
But all the Pariſh ſee it plain,
Since thou art in this pickle,
Thou art an *Independent* Queen,
And lov'ſt a *Conventicle*.
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

6.

Alas now each *Malignant* Rogue
Will all the world perſwade
That ſhe that's Spouſe unto a Dog,
May be an *Elder*'s Maid;
They'll jeer us if abroad we ſtir,
Good Maſter *Elder* ſtay,
Sir, of what *Claſſis* is your Cur;
And then what can we ſay?
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

7.

They'll many graceleſs Ballads ſing
Of a *Presbyterian*,
That a *Lay-Elder* is a thing
Made up half-Dog half-Man:
Out, out, (ſaid he, and ſmote her down)
Was Mankind grown ſo ſcant?
There's ſcarce another Dog in town
Had took the *Covenant*.
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

8.

Then *Swaſh* began to look full grim,
And *Jane* did thus reply,
Sir, you thought nought too good for him,
You fed your Dog too high:
Tis true, he took me in the lurch,
And leapt into my arm,

But (as I hope to come to Church)
I did your Dog no harm.
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

9.

Then ſhe was brought to *Newgate* Gaol,
And there was naked ſtript,
They whipt her till the Cord did fail,
As Dogs uſe to be whipt:
Poor City Maids ſhed many a tear
When ſhe was laſh'd and bang'd,
And had ſhe been a *Cavalier*,
Surely ſhe had been hang'd.
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

10.

Her's was but *Fornication* found,
For which ſhe felt the laſh,
But his was *Buggery* preſum'd,
Therefore they hanged *Swaſh*.
What will become of *Biſhops* then,
Or *Independency*,
For now we find both Dogs and Men
Stand for *Presbytery*.
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

11.

She might have took a *Sow-gelder*,
With *Synod-men* good ſtore,
But ſhe would have a *Lay-Elder*
With two legs, and two more.
Go tell the *Aſſembly* of *Divines*,
Tell *Adoniram Blew*,
Tell *Burges*, *Marſhall*, *Caſe*, and *Vines*,
Tell *Now-and-Anon-too*.
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

12.

Some ſaid ſhe was a *Scotiſh* Girl,
Or elſe (at leaſt) a Witch;
But ſhe was born in *Colcheſter*,
Was ever ſuch a Bitch!
Take heed all Chriſtian Virgins now,
The *Dog-ſtar* now prevails;
Ladies beware your Monkeys too,
For Moukeys have long tails.
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

13.

Bleſſe *King* and *Queen*, and ſend us peace,
As we had ſeven years ſince,
For we remember no *Dog-dayes*
While we enjoy'd our Prince:
Bleſs ſweet Prince *Charles*, two Dukes, three Girls,
O ſave His *Majeſty!*
Grant that his *Commons*, *Lords*, and *Earls*,
May lead ſuch lives as He
Oh Houſe of Commons, *Houſe of Peers!*
Oh now or never help!
Th' Aſſembly having ſate four years,
Have now brought forth a whelp!

News from Colcheſter.

Or, A Proper new Ballad of certain Carnal paſſages betwixt a *Quaker* and a *Colt*, at *Horſley* near *Colcheſter* in *Eſſex*. To the Tune of *Tom of Bedlam.*

1.

ALL in the Land of *Eſſex*,
Near *Colcheſter* the Zealous,

On

On the ſide of a bank,
Was play'd ſuch a Prank,
As would make a Stone-horſe jealous.

2.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox*, and *Nailor*,
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion,
Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns *Italian*!

3.

Even to our whole profeſſion
A ſcandall 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talkt with diſdain
Amongſt the Profane,
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

4.

And in the Good time of Chriſtmas,
Which though our Saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd Cavalier
Ere play'd ſuch a Chriſtmas gamball?

5.

Had thy fleſh, O *Green*, been pamper'd
With any Cates unhallow'd,
Hadſt thou ſweetned thy Gums
With Pottage of Plums,
Or prophane minc'd Pie hadſt ſwallow'd.

6.

Roll'd up in wanton Swine's-fleſh,
The Fiend might have crept into thee,
Then fullneſſe of gut
Might have made thee rut,
And the Devil have ſo rid through thee.

7.

But alas, he had been feasted
With a Spiritual Collation,
By our frugal Mayor,
Who can dine on a Prayer,
And sup on an Exhortation.

8.

'Twas meer impulse of Spirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal,
Filly Foal, quoth he,
My Bride thou shalt be:
And how this is lawfull, learn all.

9.

For if no respect of Persons
Be due 'mongst the sons of *Adam*,
In a large extent,
Thereby may be meant
That a *Mare*'s as good as a *Madam*.

10.

Then without more Ceremony,
Not Bonnet vail'd, nor Kist her,
But took her by force,
For better for worse,
And us'd her like a Sister.

11.

Now when in such a Saddle
A Saint will needs be riding,
Though we dare not say
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some back-sliding?

12.

No surely, quoth *James Nailor*,
'Twas but an insurrection

Of the Carnal part,
For a Quaker in heart
Can never loſe perfection.

13.

For (as our Maſters teach us)
The intent being well directed,
Though the Devil trapan
The Adamical man,
The Saint ſtands un-infected.

14.

But alas a Pagan Jury
Ne're judges what's intended,
Then ſay what we can,
Brother *Green*'s out-ward man
I fear will be ſuſpended.

15.

And our Adopted Siſter
Will find no better quarter,
But when him we inroul
For a Saint, Filly Foal
Shall paſſe her ſelf for a Martyr.

16.

Rome that Spiritual *Sodome*,
No longer is thy debter,
O *Colcheſter*, now
Who's *Sodome* but thou,
Even according to the Letter?

The Four-legg'd Quaker.

To the Tune of *The Four-legg'd Elder.*

1.

ALL that have two or but one ear,
(I dare not tell ye half)
You of an *Essex* Colt shall hear
Will shame their very *Calf.*
In *Horsley* Fields near *Colchester*
A *Quaker* would turn Trooper;
He caught a Foal and mounted her
(O base!) below the Crupper.
Help Lords, and Commons, once more help,
O send us Knives and Daggers!
For if the Quakers be not gelt
Your Troops will have the Staggers.

2.

Ralph Green (it was this Varlet's name)
Of *Colchester* you'll swear,
For thence the *Four-legg'd Elder* came,
Was ever such a Pair!
But though 'twas foul 'tween *Swash* and *Jane*,
Yet this is ten times worse;
For then a Dog did play the Man,
But Man now play'd the Horse.
Help, &c.

3.

The Owner of the Colt was nigh,
(Observing their Embrace)
And drawing nearer did espy
The *Quaker's* sorrel Face:

My

My Foal is raviſh'd (then he cryes,
And fiercely at him ran)
Thou Rogue, I'll have thee haltered twice,
As Horſe and eke as Man!
Help, &c.

4.

Ah Devil, do'ſt thou tremble? now
'Tis ſore againſt thy will;
For Mares and preaching Ladies know
Thou haſt a Colts tooth ſtill:
But mine's not guilty of this Fact,
She was by thee compelled;
Poor thing, whom no man ever backt
Thou wickedly haſt Bellied.
Help, &c.

5.

O Friend (ſaid *Green*, with ſighs and groans)
Let this thy wrath appeaſe!
(And gave him then eight new Half-crowns
To make him hold his peace)
The man reply'd, though I for this
Conceal thy Hugger Mugger,
Do'ſt think it lawfull for a Piece
A ſilly Foal to Bugger?
Help, &c.

6.

The Maſter ſaw his Colt defil'd,
Which vext his Soul with doubt;
For if his Filly prov'd with Childe
He knew All would come out:
Then he afreſh began to rave,
(For all his Money taking)
Neighbours, ſaid he, I took this Knave
'ith' very act of *Quaking*.
Help, &c.

7.

Then to the Pinfold (Gaol I mean)
They dragg'd him by the Mane,
They call'd him Beaſt, and call'd her Queen,
As if ſhe had been *Jane*.
O ſtone him (all the Women cry'd)
Nay geld him (which is worſe)
Who ſcorn'd us all, and took a Bride
That's Daughter to a Horſe!
Help, &c.

8.

The Colt was ſilent all this while,
And therefore 'twas no Rape,
The Virgin foal he did beguile,
And ſo intends to ſcape:
For though he caught her in a Ditch
Where ſhe could not revolt,
Yet he had no *Scott'ſh ſpurr* nor Switch
To ride the willing Colt
Help, &c.

9.

O *Eſſex*, *Eſſex*, *England*'s pride,
Go burn this long-tail'd Queen,
For though the *Thames* runs by thy ſide,
It cannot waſh thee clean!
'Tis not thy Bleating Sonn's complaints,
Hold forth ſuch wanton courſes,
Thy Oyſters hint the very Saint
To horn the very Horſes.
Help, &c.

10.

Though they ſalute not in the Street
(Becauſe they are our Maſters)
'Tis now reveal'd why *Quakers* meet
In Meadows, Woods, and Paſtures.

But

But Horſ-men, Mare-men, all and ſome
Who Man and Beaſt perplex,
Not only from *Eaſt-Horſley* come,
But from *Weſt-Middle-Sex.*
Help, &c.

11.

This was not GREEN the *Feltmaker*,
Nor Willow GREEN the *Baker*,
Nor GEORGE the Sea-GREEN *Mariner*,
But RALPH the Graſſe-GREEN *Quaker*,
Had GREEN the Sow-gelder but known,
And done his Office duly,
Though RALPH was GREEN when he came on,
He had come off moſt blewly.
Help, &c.

12.

Alas you know by Man's fleſh came
The *Foul-diſeaſe* to *Naples*,
And now we fear the very ſame
Is broke into our Stable;
For Death hath ſtoln ſo many Steeds
From Prince and Peer, and Carrier,
That this new Murrain rather needs
a **FARRAR* than a Farrier.
Help, &c.

[* *Phyſician to the Earl of* Pembrook, *who is no Quaker nor Quacker.*

13.

Nay if this GREEN within the walls
Of *Colcheſter* left forces,
Thoſe Cavaliers were Caniballs,
Eating his Humane Horſes!
But ſome make Man their *ſecond courſe*,
(In cool Blood will not ſpare)
Who butcher Men and favour Horſe
Will couple with a Mare.
Help, &c.

14. This

14.

This *Centaur*, unquoth *Other* thing,
Will make a dreadfull Breach:
Yet though an Ass may *speak* or **sing*,
O let not Horses *preach*!
But *bridle* such wilde Colts who can
When they'll obey no Summons,
For things begot 'tween Mare & Man
Are neither Lords nor Commons.
Help, &c.

* *A new Sect of young Men and Women, who pray, eat and sing* extempore.

15.

O *Elders*, *Independants* too,
Though all your Power's combin'd;
Quakers will grow too strong for you
Now Horse and Man are joyn'd:
While *Cavaliers*, poor foolish Rogues,
Know only Maids Affairs,
She-Presbyters can deal with Dogs,
And *Quaking-men* with Mares.
Help, &c.

16.

Now as when *Milan* Town was rear'd,
A Monstrous Sow untam'd,
With Back *half Hair half Wool* appear'd,
'Twas *Mediolanum* nam'd:
So *Colchester* must have recourse
To some such four-legg'd Sister,
For sure as *Horsley* came from Horse,
From Colt 'twas call'd *Col-chester*.
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

A JOLT *on Michaelmas day* 1654.

To the Tune of

To himself that hath fool'd
More than Mahomet *could, &c.*

1.

IT fell on a day,
When good People say
St. *Michael* beat the Dragon,
My Lord the *Protector*
Did drive (like a *Hector*)
A Coach instead of a * Wagon.

2.

Because he did hear
The Chareteer
Did antiently wear a Crown,
Up went the Horse-heels,
Round round went the Wheeles,
'Till his *Highnesse* came head-long down.

3.

He reign'd them so hard,
They look'd back and were scar'd
To see him so red and so grim
Away then they fled,
And though he us'd to lead,
This *new-modell'd* Horse would lead him.

* *Londinium petere solebat gestatorio, seu vehiculo communi.*

4. But

4.

But O how they ſnuff
When his Piſtol flew off,
For which all the Saints ſuſpect him,
Doth Providence attend him,
Thirty thouſand defend him,
Yet a poor Pocket-piſtol protect him ;

5.

How many a Hurl
Had poor Mr. * *Thurl* ——
—*Lo* ! He in the Coach did prank it :
He thought he had ſate
Chief Secretary of State,
But was toſs'd like a Dog in a Blanket.

6.

Nay had they run faſter
Hee'd follow his Maſter
Through all the Sceans of this Mad-ſhow :
A Brewer, a Collonel,
A Preacher a General,
A Protector, a King——then comes *Bradſhaw*.

7.

They ſlander my *Lord*
With a bug-bear Word,
That he did like *Phaeton* drive;
But his *Highneſs* try'd
Six Horſes to guide,
And *Phaeton* had now *five*.

* Vocem τῷ THURLO rithmicè reſpondentem noſtrates deſiderant : nomen itaque (ipſius homulli inſtar crucis) hanc τμῆσιν patitur ; noſtroque vel verſiculo, ac ipſo curru, huc illuc impellitur.

8.

Mad *Phaeton* hurl'd
Fire all o're the World,
Then dead in a River was found:
But my Lord had no ayme
To ſet all in a flame,
And never was born to be drown'd.

9.

'Twas *Nero* did ſtrive
Such Charets to drive,
And publickly ſhew'd his Work;
But when my Lord ſticks
Up his Bills to ſhew tricks,
Hee'l undo th'other *dauncing Turk.*

10.

But if you look high,
There's ſome reaſon why
Theſe Jades did ſo fling and skip,
For though we afford
Him the *power of the Sword*,
He had no command of the *Whip.*

11.

Enthron'd in his Chair
(What a pox did He there?)
He took ſuch Protectorly courſes,
He ſeem'd Horſe and Mule,
But 'tis eaſier to rule
Three Kingdoms, than ſix Horſes.

12.

Not a day nor an hour
But we felt his Power,
And now he would ſhew us his Art:

His

His first Reproach
Is a fall from a Coach,
And his last will be from a Cart.

The House out of Doors.

April 20. 1653.

To the Tune of *Cook Laurell.*

1.

YOu saw *Eleven Members* turn'd out of Doors,
And 200. more were driven from home,
And then their own *Lords* were voted down stairs,
(When some of them crept into the *Lower room*:)
We purg'd and we purg'd, but all would not do't,
The Body had got such a damnable Paunch)
Till *OLIVER* fell upon *Branch and Root*, (*Branch.*
Then down with it, down with it, down *Root and*
With a hey down, down a down down,
Sing ho down down to make up the Ditty,
With a hey down down a down down,
The Parliament's broke as well as the City.

2.

These Remnant *Members* began to say
Their *General* was fit to be had in suspition;
And offer'd to Vote his Commission away, (sion:
As if (forsooth) they had given him his Commis-
He did (yet did not) make use of his *Sword*,
On Men that could vote, and vote, but no more;

He

He ſhew'd them his Hilt, and ſpake but a word,
And that word blew the whole Houſe out of (door.
With a hey down, &c.
The Parliament's broke as well as the City.

3.

This day was *Strafford* all-to-be-Traytor'd,
Becauſe (they ſay) *He had an Intent*
(As this day *Nol* the *Members* ſcatter'd) *April* 20. 1641 1653
By an Army to force the Parliament.
At which old *VANE* now rants and raves,
For *Strafford's* bloud is not yet grown cold)
And yet we muſt ſay while we ſpeak of Knaves,
The *Old* is the *Young*, and the *Young* is the *Old.*
With a hey down, &c.
The Parliament's broke as well as the City.

4.

Sir *MILDMAY* then with his hand on his groin,
(As fit for a *Knave of the Diamonds*) ſtood:
He eat the Kings Bread, & drank the Kings Wine,
So long till at laſt he drank of his Bloud.
So did *CORNELIUS HOLLAND* too,
Whoſe ſhare i'th' *Revenue* doth fill three Pages.
But now when the *Houſe* is broke up (you know)
'Tis fit *Houſhold Servants* be paid their Wages.
With a hey down, &c.
The Parliament's broke as well as the City.

5.

The Judge of *Morocco* (*Treaſon HILL*)
Devour'd at a Morſell all *Taunton Dean*,
He keeps five Chambers i'th' *Temple*, but will
(Now th' *Houſe* is pull'd down) be a *Hillock* again.
And the Devil too for his *BOND* doth call,

Though

Though *Dennis* from Chamber to Chamber did hop,
He ſate *Lord Preſident* at *Whitehall*,
But now muſt go home to ſit in his ſhop.
With a hey, &c:
The Parliament's broke as well ae the City.

6.

Now Alderman *Fuſtian* cocks not his Beaver,
Who chang'd his Name from *Perry* to *PURY*,
A Dean and a Biſhop made out of a Weaver,
That had been refus'd to be of a Jury:
He vow'd to *leave not a Gentleman*,
Though every Houſe were as big as Rome:
In all bloody Votes he higheſt ran;
But now may run down to his *Bottom* and *Loom*.
With a hey, &c,
The Parliament's broke as well as the City.

7.

Now look to your Wives, for I am inform'd
That carnal *SCOT* is again broke looſe;
But the *Houſe* that ſhelter'd his Luſt is Reform'd
As he did the Hall of *Lambeth-houſe*;
(For he knew the *High Commiſsion* ſate there)
Both *King* and *Cromwell* he openly curs'd,
But *Oliver* now will pay his Arrear,
For of all kind of *Scots* the *Engliſh* is worſt.
With a hey down, down a down down,
Sing ho down down to make up the Ditty,
With a hey down down a down down,
The Parliament's broke as well as the City.

The RUMP.

December 26. 1659.

To the Tune of *The Blacksmith.*

NOw Master & Prentice for Rimes must pump
On *Hab*, * *Noll*, *Arthur*, and *Lawson Vantrump*,
A *Long Parliament* of a *Short Rump*. [*St. John's.*
Which no body can deny.

For Wits and No-Wits now have an Itch
To prepare some damnable tearing Switch
For them whose very Face is a Breech.
Which, &c.

Twelve years they sate above *Kings* and *Queens*,
Full twelve, and then had enter'd their *teens*
When *Oliver* came to out-sin their Sins.
Which, &c.

And yet after all his signal *Septembers*, (bers
Both he and his Babe, and his *Other*-House Mem-
Saw *Rump* was but asleep in its Embers.
Which, &c.

For up it rose, then out 'twas blown,
For *Lambert* and *Rump* like my Lady and *Joan*,
Blew in and out till *Rump* blew out *John*.
Which, &c.

And then it swell'd with such monstrous growth

That by and by it broke out in the South,
From whence it was called PORTS-MOUTH.
Which, &c.

From thence to *London* it rode tan-tivy,
(Though *London* then wore *Holly* and *Ivy*)
And sate at *Whitehall* in a *Council-Privy*.
Which, &c.

Then suddenly *Fleetwood* fell from Grace,
And now cryes *Heaven hath spit in his face*,
Though he *smelt* it came from *another place*.
Which, &c.

Janizary *Desbrow* then look'd pale,
For, said he, if this *Rump* prevail,
'Twill blow me back to my old Plough-tayl,
Which, &c.

But when he felt his own Regiment kick,
Oh, quoth he, this was my own Trick
'Gainst my Brother *Nol* and my Nephew *Dick*.
Which, &c.

Now whom the Devil doth *Rump* represent?
'Twas This that Sir *Thomas Jermyn* meant
When he call'd it a *Whipping Parliament*.
Which, &c.

We're stript of all shelter from the *long Robe*,
As rich and warm as the Devil left *Job*,
For Satan *Rump* sits Lord of the Globe.
Which, &c.

And

And yet when all is examin'd and ponder'd,
You'll find three Kingdoms enslav'd & plunder'd,
For saying *Fourty* is lesse than *Four hundred.*
Which, &c.

And now behold the Sign is *in Clune*,
But if *Monck* be honest or wise, then soon he
Makes *Rump* but the *Italian's Domo Comuuni.*
Which, &c.

Heaven bless the *King*, with his two brave *Brothers*,
From *Rumps* and *Lords* of the *House* call'd *Others*,
And hang these *Rumping* Sons of their Mothers.
Which, &c.

And that He may blesse both Us and our Heirs,
Let all the Members of Commons and Peers,
Turn honest as He that wants his Ears.
Which no body can deny.

Sir Eglamor *and the Dragon:*

Or a Relation how Generall George Monck *slew a most Cruell Dragon* Febr. 11. 1659.

To the Tune of Sir Eglamor.

1.

GEnerall *George* that Valiant wight,
He took his Sword and he would go fight,
And as he rode through *London* Town,
Men, Women, Posts, and Gates, fell down.

2.

But turning about towards *Westminster*,
He saw it must come to *Fight Dog*, *Fight Bear*,
For there an old Dragon sate in its Den,
Had devour'd (God knows how many) brave Men.

3.

This Dragon it was and a monstrous Beast,
With fourty or fifty heads at least,
And still as this Dragon drank down Blood,
Those heads would wag and cry *good---good--good!*

4.

No *Hidra* nor *Leviathan*,
For every Head look'd like a Man,
And yet they all grew *Hidra*-wise,
For cut off one and another would rise

5

Besides it had most Deviliſh claws,
Call'd *Committees* of the *Good Old Cause*;
But Devil and his Dam had no such Paunch
As this which swallow'd *Root and Branch*.

6.

It swallow'd Churches, Pallaces,
Forrests, Islands, Lands, and Seas,
Cathedrall Choires it made but a Sallad,
And left not a man to sing a Ballad.

7.

But that which made this Dragon prevaile,
Was a damnable Sting stuck in its *Tayle*,
This *Tayle* 'gainst Christendom made Wars,
And swept down all St. George's *Stars*,

8.

Then *Ægypts* Plagues we understood,
Darkneſſe, *Rivers* turn'd to *Blood*,

Upstart

Upſtart *Vermin* thick as wooll,
And *Frogs* and *Locuſts* Pulpits full.

9.

Yet that which moſt did Plague theſe Illes,
Three Kingdoms lay ſo ſick of th' Piles,
For every man in dolefull dump
Was tortur'd with a *Bloody Rump.*

10.

But as in its Den this Dragon did ſit,
George gave it many a gay good hit,
Though then he had no Sword nor Sythe on,
But fought as *Phœbus* ſlew old *Python.*

11.

For George ſhot at him a flaming Letter,
(Which ſome then thought might have been bet-
He wipe'd the *Rump* away with a Paper, (ter)
And out it flew like a ſtinking Vapour.

12.

Now *London* had her own deſire,
For every Street was pav'd with fire,
All Men and Bells with many a thump,
Cry'd *Rump-Rump-Rump-Rump-Rump-Rump-R.*

13.

Six thouſand fifty Bone-fires then,
(By twenty more then th' Army had Men)
O monſtrous *Rump*, that thus requires
(Though but half broyl'd) ſix thouſand Fires!

14.

This very day that *Rump* was burn'd,
Old *Magna Charta* was confirm'd;
This day they Voted that monſtrous thing, *Febr.*
That no Addreſſes be made to the King. 11. 1647.

15.

Now God bleſs **Charles**, & **York**, & **Glouceſter**,
From many or from one Impoſtor,
May *Kings*, and *Peers*, and *Commons* joyn
To ſave us both from **Rump** and **Loyn**.

The Cities Feaſt to the Lord Protector.

To the Tune of Cook Laurell.

SIR Mayor invites his Highneſſe his gueſt,
And bids him to *Grocers-Hall* to dinner,
There never was Saint at ſo great a Feaſt
Provided him at the Charge of a Sinner.
With a ran tan the Devil is dead.

And what was the day do you think, without jeſt-ing,
Of all the year it was *Aſh-wedneſday*,
This pious Reformer ſet apart for his Feaſting,
When all good Chriſtians ſhould Faſt and Pray.
With a ran tan the Devil is dead.

The Souldiers in cluſters throng'd for place,
To ſee this Monſter of their own making,
And ſaid it was a Protectors grace,
But that it wanted not much of *A King*.
With a ran tan the Devil is dead.

The *Bucks* of the City in herds were met,
And were paled in with a very good fence,
But what their *Does* did, I cannot tell yet,
Of that ye may hear three quarters hence.
With a ran tan the Devil is dead.

With

With that the Recorder marcht up to the Hall
With a diſh of Divinity dreſt for his pallate,
And laid before him a ſhoulder of *Saul*,
With a ſavory *ſimily* by for a ſalate.
With a ran tan the Devil is dead.

His Highneſſe commanded to lay it by,
'Twas fit for his people he'd make it known,
And they ſhould have it, good reaſon why,
For they wanted more ſhoulders than their own.
With a ran tan the Devil is dead.

A diſh of Delinquents heads in a Charger
Was ſent as a preſent from *Goldſmiths* Hall,
He wiſht his ſtomack ten times larger,
Yet made a long neck and poach'd them all.
With a ran tan the Divil is dead.

A Prelate was next, and to him he buckles,
With a Biſhoprick truſs'd before and behinde,
His Highneſs was in with him up to the knuckles,
And to his own kitchin the ſkuers aſſign'd.
With a ran tan the Divel is dead.

His Highneſs then calld for a boule of Canary,
And drank ſo deep that it made him reel,
He toſs'd it to *Lambert*, and *Lambert* to *Harry*,
And *Harry* to the *Mayor*, and the *Mayor* to *Steel*.
With a ran tan the Devil is dead.

When Dinner was ended, away to the banquet,
Where ſnatching of Sugar-plums one from another,
Hal fill'd up his pockets, and ſaid God be thanked,

And carried them home to his Lady Mother.
With a ran tan the Devil is dead.

Then his *Highneſs* commanded the *Mayor* to kneel,
The *Beaſt* of the *City* was ſoon on his knees,
He made him a Knight with iron and ſteel,
And bid him riſe up, and pay him his fees.
With a ran tan the Devil is dead.

Up roſe my *Lords* worſhip and made him a leg,
With that the *Knight-maker* did give him the Sword;
His *Highneſſe* did ſpice him without a nutmeg,
When he made a bad *Knight* of a pittifull *Lord*.
With a ran tan the Devil is dead.

When he left the City he broke a jeſt,
His words were pithy, and I'le repeat them,
Farewell (quoth his Highneſs) *thou ſpur-gall'd Beaſt,*
Fools make the Feaſts, and wiſe men eat them.
With a ran tan the Devil is dead.

FINIS.

RUMP SONGS.

The Second Part.

The Re-reſurrection of the RUMP. *Or, Rebellion and Tyranny revived.*

To the Tune of the Blackſmith.

IF none be offended with the ſcent,
Though I foul my mouth, I'le be content,
To ſing of the *Rump* of a Parliament.
Which no body can deny.

I have ſometimes fed on a *Rump* in Sowſe,
And a man may imagine the *Rump* of a Lowſe;
But till now was ne're heard of the *Rump* of a Houſe. *Which no body can deny.*

There's a *Rump* of Beef, and the *Rump* of a Gooſe,
And a *Rump* whoſe neck was hang'd in a Nooſe;
But ours is a *Rump* can play *faſt and looſe*.
Which no body can deny.

A *Rump* had *Jane Shore*, and a *Rump Meſſaleen*,
And a *Rump* had *Antonies* reſolute Queen;
But ſuch a *Rump* as ours is, never was ſeen,
Which no body can deny.

Two *ſhort years* together we *Engliſh* have ſcarce
Been rid of thy Rampant Noſe (Old *Mars*)
But now thou haſt got a prodigious *Arſe.*
Which no body can deny

When the parts of the Body did all fall out,
Some Votes it is like did paſs for the Snout;
But that the *Rump* ſhould be King was never a doubt. *Which no body can deny.*

A *Cat* has a *Rump*, and a *Cat* has nine Lives,
Yet when her Head's off, her *Rump* never ſtrives;
But our *Rump* from the Grave hath made two Retrives. *Which no body can deny.*

That the *Rump* may all their Enemies quail,
They'll borrow the Devills Coat of Mayl,
And all to defend their Eſtate in Tayl.
Which no body can deny.

But though their *ſcale* now ſeems to be th'upper,
There's no need of the charge of a Thankſgiving, ſupper,
For if they be the *Rump*, the Armi's their *Crupper.*
Which no body can deny.

There's a Saying belongs to the *Rump*,
Which is *good* although it be worn to the *Stump*,
That on the *Buttocks* I'le give thee a Thump.
Which no body can deny. There's

There's a Proverb in wch the *Rump* claims a part,
Which hath in it more of Sence than of Art,
That for all you can do I care not a Fart.
Which no body can deny.

There's another Proverb gives the *Rump* for his Creſt,
But Alderman *Atkins* made it a Jeſt,
That of all kind of Lucks, *ſhitten* Luck is the beſt.
Which no body can deny.

There's another Proverb that never will fail,
That the *good* the *Rump* will do when they prevail
Is to give us a Flop with a Fox-tail.
Which no body can deny.

There is a Saying which is made by no Fools,
I never can hear on't but my heart it cools,
That the *Rump* will ſpend all we have in Cloſeſtools.
Which no body can deny.

There's an Obſervation wiſe and deep,
Which without an *Onion* will make me to weep,
That Flyes will blow Maggots in the *Rump* of a Sheep.
Which no body can deny.

And ſome that can ſee the wood from the trees,
Say, this ſanctified *Rump* in time we may leeſe;
For the *Cooks* do challenge the *Rumps* for their Fees.
Which no body can deny.

When the *Rump* do ſit wee'l make it our Moan,
That a Reaſon be 'enacted if there be not one,
Why a *Fart* hath a tongue, and a *Fyeſt* hath none.
Which no body can deny.

And whilst within the Walls they lurk,
To satisfie us, will be a good work,
Who hath most Religion, the *Rump* or the *Turk*.
Which no body can deny.

A *Rump*'s a Fag-end, like the baulk of a *Furrow*,
And is to the whole like the *Jail* to the *Burrough*,
'Tis the *Bran* that is left when the Meal is run thorough. *Which no body can deny.*

Consider the *World*, the Heav'n is the Head on't,
The *Earth* is the middle, and we men are fed on't;
But *Hell* is the *Rump*, and no more can be fed on't.
Which no body can deny.

Flectere si nequeunt Superos Acharonta movebunt.

A New-Years-Gift for the RUMP.

YOu may have heard of the *Politick Snout*,
Or a *tale of a Tub with the bottom out*,
But scarce of a Parliament in a *shitten Clout*.
Whih no body can deny.

'Twas *Atkins* first serv'd this *Rump* in with *Mustard*,
The *sawce* was a *compound* of *Courage* and *Custard*,
Sir Vane *bless'd the Creature*: Nol *snufled & blusterd*.
Which no body can deny.

The *Right* was then in *Old Olivers Nose*,
But when the *Devil* of that did *dispose*,

It

It *descended from thence to the Rump* in the cloze.
Which no body can deny.

Nor is it likely there to stay long,
The Retentive Faculties being gone,
The *Juggle* is *stale*, and *Mony* there's *none*.
Which no body can deny.

The *Secluded Members* made a *Tryal*
To *Enter*, but them the *Rump* did defie all
By the Ordinance of Self-denyal.
Which no body can deny.

Our *Politique Doctors* do us Teach,
That a *Blood-sucking Red-coat's as good as a Leech,*
To Relieve the Head, if applyed to the Breech.
Which no body can deny.

But never was such a *Worm* as *Vane*;
When the *State scour'd* last, it *voided* him then,
Yet now he's *crept* into the *Rump* again.
Which no body can deny.

Ludlow's Fart, was a *Prophetique Trump*:
(There was never any thing so Jump)
Twas the very *Type*, of a *Vote* of this *Rump*.
Which no body can deny.

They say 'tis good Luck, when a *Body rises*
With the Rump upward; but he that advises
To *Live* in that *Posture* is none of the wisest.
Which no body can deny.

The *Reason* is *worse*, though the *rime* be *untoward*,
When

When things proceed with the *wrong end forward*;
But they talk of ſad news to the *Rump* from the
Norward. *VVhich no body can deny.*

'Twas a wonderfull thing the *ſtrength of that Part*,
At a *Blaſt*, it will take you a *Team* from a *Cart*;
And *Blow* a Man's *Head* away with a *Fart*.
VVhich no body can deny.

When our *Brains* are *Sunck* below the *Middle*,
And our *Conſciences ſteer'd by the hey down- diddle*,
Then things will go round without a Fiddle.
VVhich no body can deny.

You may order the *City* with a *Hand-Granado*,
Or the *General* with a *Baſtonado*,
But no way for a *Rump* like a *Carbonado*.
VVhich no body can deny.

To make us as famous in *Counſel*, as *VVars*,
Here's *Lenthal*, *a Speaker for mine*——
And *Fleetwood is a Man of Mars*.
VVhich no body can deny.

'Tis pitty that *Nedhams* Fall'n into Diſgrace,
For he orders a Bum with a marvailous Grace,
And ought to attend the *Rump* by his *Place*.
VVhich no body can deny.

Yet this in deſpight of all Diſaſters,
Although he hath *Broken the Heads of his Maſters*,
'Tis ſtill his *Profeſsion*, *to give 'em all Plaſters*.
VVhich no body can deny.

Let

Let 'em cry down the Pope, till their Throats are ſore,
Their Deſign was *to bring him in at the back door*,
For the *Rump* has a mind to the *Scarlet-whore*.
VVhich no body can deny.

And this is a truth at all hands confeſt,
However unskillfull in any of the reſt;
The Rump ſpeaks the Language of the Beaſt.
VVhich no body can deny.

They talk that *Lambert* is like to be *try'd*
For *Treaſon*, and *Buggery* beſide,
Becauſe that he did the *Rump* beſtride.
VVhich no body can deny.

The *Rump*'s an *old Story*, if well underſtood
'Tis a thing dreſs'd up in a *Parliaments* Hood,
And lik't; but the *Taile* ſtands where the *Head* ſhould. *VVhich no body can deny.*

'Twould make a *man ſcratch where it does not itch*,
To ſee forty Fools heads in one Politick breech,
And that *--hugging the Nation as the Devil did the VVitch.* *VVhich no body can deny.*

From rotten Members preſerve our VVives: (Lives,
From the mercy of a Rump, our Eſtates and our
For they muſt needs go, whom the Devil drives.
Which no body can deny.

A New Ballad.

To an Old Tune, *Tom of Bedlam.*

MAke room for an *honest Redecoat*,
(And that you'l say's a wonder)
The *Gun*, and the *Blade*,
Are his *Tools*, —— and his *Trade*,
Is for *Pay*, to *Kill* and *Plunder*.
Then away with the Laws,
And the Good Old Cause,
Ne'r talk o' the Rump *or the* Charter,
'Tis the Cash does the feat,
All the rest's *but a* Cheat,
Without That, *there's no* Faith *nor* Quarter.

'Tis the Mark of our Coin, GOD WITH US,
And the Grace of the Lord go along with't,
When the *Georges* are flown,
Then the *Cause goes down*,
For the Lord is departed from it.
Then away, &c.

For *Rome*, or for *Geneva*,
For the *Table*, or the *Altar*,
This spawn of a Vote,
He cares not a Groat ——
For the *Pence*, hee's your dog in a Halter.
Then away, &c.

Tho' the Name of *King* or *Bishop*,

To

To Noſtrils pure may be *Loathſom*,
Yet many there are,
That agree with the *Maior*,
That their *Lands are wondrous toothſom*.
Then away, &c.

When our Maſters are Poor, we Leave 'em,
'Tis the *Golden Calf* we bow too;
We kill, and we ſlay,
Not for Conſcience, but Pay;
Give us *That*, wee'l fight for you too:
Then away, &c.

'*Twas That* firſt turned the *King* out;
The *Lords*, next: then, the *Commons*:
'*Twas* that kept up *Nol*,
Till the Devil fetch'd his Soul;
And then it ſet the *Bum* on's.
Then away, &c.

Drunken Dick was a *Lame Protector*,
And *Fleetwood* a *Backſlider*:
Theſe we ſerved as the reſt,
But the City's the Beaſt
That will never caſt her Rider.
Then away, &c.

When the *Maior* holds the Stirrop,
And the *Shreeves* cry, *God ſpeed your Honours*:
Then 'tis but a Jump,
And up goes the Rump,
That will ſpur to the Devil upon us.
Then away, &c.

And now for a fling at your *Thimbles*,
Your *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *VVhiſtles*,

In truck for your Toyes,
We'll fit you with Boyes:
('Tis the doctrine of *Hugh's Epistles.*)
Then away, &c.

When your *Plate* is gone, and your *Jewells*,
You must next be entreated
To part with your *Bags*,
And strip you to *Rags*,
And yet not think y'are cheated.
Then away, &c.

The truth is, the *Town* deserves it;
'Tis a *Brainless, Heartless Monster*:
At a *Clubb* they may *Bawl*,
Or *Declare* at their *Hall*,
And yet at a push, not one stir.
Then away, &c.

Sir *Arthur* vows he'll treat 'em,
Far worse than the Men of *Chester*,
He's *Bold*, now they're *Cow'd*,
But was nothing so *Lowd*
When he lay in the ditch at Lester.
Then away, &c.

The Lord hath left *John Lambert*,
And the *Spirit, Feaks Anointed*,
But why oh Lord,
Hast thou sheathed thy Sword?
Lo, thy Saints are disappointed.
Then away, &c.

Tho' Sir *Henry* be departed:

Sir

Sir *John* makes good the place now,
And to help on the work
Of the Glorious *Kirk*,
Our *Brethren* march apace too.
Then away, &c.

While *Divines*, and *States-men wrangle*,
Let the *Rump-ridden* Nation bite on't,
There are none but we
That are sure to go free,
For the Souldier's still in the right on't.
Then away, &c.

If our *Masters* won't supply us,
With *Mony*, *Food*, and *Clothing*:
Let the *State* look to't,
We'll ha' one that will do't,
Let him live, ——— we'll not damn for nothing.
Then away with the Laws,
And the Good Old Cause,
Ne'r talk o' the Rump *or the* Charter,
'Tis the Cash does the Feat,
All the rest's *but a* Cheat,
Without That *there's no* Faith, *nor* Quarter.

The Breech wash'd by a Friend to the R U M P.

To the Tune of *Old Simon the King.*

IN an humour of late I was,
Ycleped a *dolefull dump*.

Thought I---we're at a fine paſs;
Not a man ſtands up for the *Rump*:
But lets be *laſhed* o'r and o'r.
While it lies like a ſenceleſs Fop.---
'Twould make a man a *Whore*,
To ſee a *Tail tew'd like a Top.*
Though a Rump *be a dangerous bit,*
And many a Knave runs mad on't,
Yet verily as it may hit,
An honeſt man may be glad on't.

To abuſe a poor, *Blind* Creature---
I had like to have ſaid and a *Dumb*;
But now it has gotten a *Speaker*,
And *Say* is the *Mouth* of the Bum,
When *Beſſe* rul'd the Land there was no man
Complain'd, and yet now they *rail*:
I beſeech you what *differs a Woman*
From a thing that's all Tongue, and Tayle?
Though a Rump, &c.

The *Charter* we've ſworn to defend,
And *propagate* the Cauſe.
What call ye thoſe of the *Rump-end*
But *Fundamental Laws?*
The *Caſe* is as clear as the Day,
There had been no Reformation,
If the *Rump* had claw'd it away,
You had had no Propagation.
Though a Rump, &c.

As a *Bodie's* the better for a *Purge*,
Tho' the *Guts* may be troubled with Gripes:
So the *Nation* will mend with a *Scourge*,

Tho'

Tho' the *Tayle* may be ſick of the *Stripes.*
Ill humours to conveigh,
When the *State* hath taken a *Looſeneſs,*
(Who can hold what will away?
The Rump muſt do the Buſineſs.
Though a Rump, &c.

The *bold Cavalier,* in the Field,
That laughs at your *Sword,* and *Gun-ſhot,*
An *Ord'nance* makes him to *yield,*
And he's glad to turn Tail to *Bum-ſhot.*
Old Oliver was a Teazer,
And waged warr with the *Stump;*
But *Alexander,* and *Cæſar*
Did both *ſubmit* to the *Rump.*
Though a Rump, *&c.*

Let no man be further miſled
By an Errour, paſt Debate;
For *Sedgwick* has prov'd it the *Head,*
As well of the *Church* as the *State;*
Honeſt Hugh; that ſtill turns up the *Tippets,*
When he *Kneels* to *Adminiſter;*
Sayes --- a Rump, with *Skippons ſippets,*
Is a Diſh for a *Holy Siſter.*
Though a Rump, &c.

We're all the better for't,
'Tis the Fountain of *Love,* and of *Life.*
'Tis *that* makes the *ſport,*
Keeps the *peace* betwixt *Man,* and *Wife.*
Oh; --- happy all they that have ſpent
Their *Bloud,* and *Eſtates* on the *Breech,*

For they're ſure, at laſt to *Repent*;
And they'd better dye *Honeſt* than *Rich* !
Though a Rump, &c.

Through *Pride* of *Fleſh*, or *State*,
Poor Souls are overthrown :
How happy then is our Fate ?
We've a Rump to take us down :
In matters of *Faith* 'tis true,
Some differings there may be,
But give the *Saints* their due,
In the Rump they all agree.
Though a Rump, &c.

'Tis good at *Bed*, and at *Bord*;
It gives us *Pleaſure* and *Eaſe*,
Will you have the reſt in a word ?
'Tis good for the new diſeaſe,
(The Tumult of the Guts;)
'Tis a Recipe for the *Kings Evill*,
Waſh the Members as ſweet as Nuts,
And then throw them all to the Devil.
Though a Rump *be a dangerous* Bit,
And many a Knave runs mad on't,
Yet, verily, as it may hit,
An honeſt man may be glad on't.

Chipps

Chipps of the Old Block; or, *Hercules Cleansing the Augæan Stable.*

To the Tune of *The Sword.*

1.

NOw by your good leave Sirs,
Shall see the Rump can cleave Sirs,
And what Chips from this Treacherous Block
Will come you may conceive Sirs.

2.

Lenthall's the first o' the Lump sure,
A Fart and he may jump sure,
For both do stink, and both we know
Are Speakers of the Rump sure.

3.

That Mine of Fraud Sir *Arthur*,
His Soul for Lands will barter,
And if you'd ride to Hell in a Wayn
Hee's fit to make your Carter,

4.

Sir *Harry Vane*, God blesse us,
To Popery he would press us,
And for the Devils Dinner he,
The *Romane* way would dress us.

5.

Harry Martin never mist-a
To love the wanton Twist-a,
And lustfull Aretines bawdy Leaves
Are his Evangelist-a.

6.

Harry Nevill's no Wigeon,
His Practise truly stygian
Makes it a Master-piece of wit
To be of no Religion.

7.

But my good Lord *Glyn* Man,
Pride is a deadly sin Man,
Cots plultera nails few Traytors be
Like you of all your kin Man.

8.

If *Saint-John* be a Saint Sir,
He hath a deviliſh Taynt Sir,
While *Straffords* blood in Heavens High Court
Of Justice makes complaint Sir.

9.

Doctor *Palmers* all day sleeping,
And into his Heart ne're peeping,
'Tis ill he that neglects his own,
Should have All-souls in keeping.

10.

Will Bruertons a sinner,
And, *Croyden* knows, a Winner,
But O take heed least he do eat
The Rump all at one Dinner.

11.

Robin Andrews is a Miser,
Of Coblers no despiser,
And could they vamp him a new head,
Perhaps he would be Wiser.

12.

But Baron *Wild* come out here,
Shew your Ferret Face and Snout here,
For you being both a Fool and Knave
Are a Monster in the Rout here.

13.

Nick Lechmere Loyalty needs ſtill,
And on Weather-Cocks he feeds ſtill,
If Heathen, Turk or Jew ſhould come,
So he would change his Creed ſtill.

14.

There's half-witted *Will Say* too,
A right fool in the Play too,
That would make a perfect Aſſe,
If he could learn to Bray too.

15.

Cornelius thou wert a Link-boy,
And born 'tis like, in a Sink boy,
Ide tell thy Knavery to the World,
But thy pitch ſticks in my ink boy.

16.

Baron *Hill* was but a Valley,
And born ſcarce to an Alley,
But now is Lord of *Taunton-Dean*
And thouſands he can Ralley.

17.

But if you ask the Nation,
Whence came his Elevation?
They'll ſay he was not raiſed by God,
But by our inundation.

18.

Lord *Fines* he will not Mall men,
For he likes not death of all men,
And his heart doth go to Pit to Pat,
When to Battle he ſhould call men.

19.

Perfideous *Whitlock* ever,
Hath miſchiefs under's Beaver,
And for his ends will put the World
Into a burning Feavour.

20.

Ashley Cowper knew a Reason,
That Treachery was in season,
When at the first he turned his coat
From Loyalty to Treason.

21.

And gouty Master *Wallop*,
Now thinks he hath the Ballop,
But though he trotted to the Rump,
Hee'l run away a Gallop.

22.

There's *Carew Rawleigh* by him,
All good men do defie him,
And they that think him not a Knave,
I wish they would but try him.

23.

Luke Robinson that Clownado,
Though his heart be a Granado,
Yet a High-shooe with his hands in his Poke,
Is his most perfect shadow.

24.

Salloway with Tobacco,
Inspired, turn'd State Quacko;
And got more by his feigned zeal,
Then by his *What de'e lack ho.*

25.

But *Lisle* is half forgotten,
Who oft is over-shotten,
For just like Harp and Gridiron
His brains with Law do Cotten.

26.

Lord *Monson*'s next the Bencher,
Who waited with a Trencher,
Now his tail is jerk'd at home and abroad,
For he's a feeble Wencher.

We

27.

We hear from Sir *John Lenthall*,
Though his gouty Lord hath ſpent all,
His Rump's plac'd wrong, but 'tis his face
That is right Fundamental,

28.

What Knaves are more to be vext, Sirs,
You'l hear when I ſing next, Sirs,
For now my Muſe is tir'd with this
Abominable text, Sirs.

Ridentem dicere verum, Quid vetat ?

Rump Rampant, or the Sweet Old Cauſe in Sippets.

To the Tune of,
Laſt Parliament ſat as ſnug as a Cat.

IN the name of the fiend,
What the *Rump* up again,
The Delk, and the Good Old Cauſe,
If they ſettle agin,
Which to think were a ſin,
Good night to Religion and Laws.

Firſt Tithes muſt go down
Like a ſprig of the Crown,
Although J. Presbyter grumble;
Already they tell's
Our Lead and our Bells
They'll ſell, next our Churches muſt tumble:

This

This poor *Engliſh* Nation,
By this Generation,
Hath been grieved 11. years and more,
But in that ſeaſon,
And not without reaſon,
They ha' thrice been turn'd out of door.

Which they pleaſe to call force,
Yet themſelves can do worſe,
For this Parcel of a Houſe
Dare keep out of door,
Thrice as many more,
And value the Law not a Louſe.

Firſt by Owl-light they met,
And by that light they ſet,
The reaſon of it mark,
Their Acts and the light,
Do differ quite,
Their deeds do beſt with the dark.

Eſquire *Lenthall* had ſwore,
He'd ſit there no more,
Unleſs in with Oxen they drew him,
That he once might ſpeak true,
They pick'd him out two,
Sent *Pembrook* and *Salisbury* to him.

When theſe Gameſters were pack'd,
The firſt gracious act
Was for pence for their friends of the Army,
Who for any ſide fight,
Except't be the right;
Sixſcore thouſand a month won't harm ye.

Yet

Yet many there be,
Say the Houſe is not free,
When I am ſure of that,
T' one another they're ſo free,
That the Nation do ſee,
They're too free for us to be fat.

Religion they wav'd,
Now they had us enſlav'd,
And got us ſure in their Claw,
They pull'd off their mask,
And ſet us our task,
Which is next to make Brick without ſtraw.

The next Act they made
Was for helping of Trade,
So they ſetled again the Exciſe,
Which the City muſt pay,
For ever and aye,
Yet might have choſe had they been wiſe.

To pull down their King,
Their plate they could bring,
And other precious things,
So that *Sedgwick* and *Peters*,
Were no ſmall getters
By their Bodkins, thimbles and rings.

But when for the good
Of the Nation 'twas ſtood
Half ruined and forlorn,
Though't lay in their power,
To redeem't in an hour,
Not a Citizen put out his horn.

They

They had manacled their hands
With King and Bishops Lands,
And ruined the whole Nation,
So that no body cares
Though they and their Heirs,
Be cornute to the third Generation.

May their wives on them frown,
But laugh and lie down,
To any one else turn up Trump;
To mend the breed,
As I think there is need,
Be rid like their men by the *Rump*.

And may these wise Sophees,
Pay again for their Trophees,
For I hope the Parliament means
(Now they ha' been at the costs
To set up the posts)
To make them pay well for the Chains.

Fortunate Rising: or, *The Rump Upward.*

GOod people, and you that have been undone
By Guns, and Drums and the Trumpets tone,
And new hard words since Forty and One.
Which no body can deny.

Here is a word that will plague you more
Then any that ever went before,
'Tis the *Rump* of *Harry Martins* Whore,
VVhich, &c.

The

The *Cauſe* was at firſt a pretty conceit
To create a durty Rebel great;
But now that has left th'imperial Seat,
Which, &c.

A *General* was a glorious Name,
Till *Eſſex* his Member ſpoilt his fame;
For a Souldier ought to be good at the Game,
Which, &c.

The *Communication* Line was a Jigg,
And as good as the Bath to make women big,
Who never were ſo, till they learnt to digg,
Which, &c.

Artillery was a thundring word,
Where many appear'd with Musket and Sword,
To fright poor *Atkins* out of a turd,
Which, &c.

Cavalier was a name of as great a Force,
As *Centaure*, that is both Man and Horſe,
And for Raviſhing ſuffered many a curſe,
Which, &c.

Yet every Woman that had this fear,
Although in her heart a Roundhead ſhe were,
In her belly ſhe wiſht a Cavalier,
Which, &c.

Sequeſtration ſcar'd Men out of their Plate,
Exciſe drew potent Ale out of date,
And the *Corps de Gard* broke many of pate,
Which, &c.

The

The *Plunderers* made men hide their money,
And women their jewels, if they had any;
And one there was, hid Gold in her Cunny,
Which, &c.

A *Commonwealth* is a Citizens truſt,
And by his wife ador'd it muſt,
As a Topique to prove adultery juſt,
Which, &c.

The Protector ſtorm'd with all mankind,
Made Kings, and Princes walk behind,
Till the Divel out-ranted him in a wind,
Which, &c.

The *Committee of Safety* threw the Dye;
But ſome body ſpit in his face from on high,
And made the valiant *Fleetwood* cry,
Which, &c.

But the *Rump* is a word of ſuch a power,
Pronounc'd, your beer, like thunder, 'twill ſowr,
And after make you ſquitter an howr,
Which, &c.

The ſquirting at *Epſom's* not worth a louſe,
Rump out-does all, that comes there to carouſe;
For it ſhit from *Portſmouth* to *Wallingford* houſe,
Which, &c.

If *Booth* were no Knave, a Fool let him be,
To keep ſuch a ſtir for Liberty,
When the *Rump* ſets all it's Tenants Free,
Which, &c.

He

He that could imitate ſounds in a fart,
And ſpeak from behind with a wondrous Art,
Were he living now, ſhould take *Lenthals* part,
Which, &c.

And then a Fart for the Cities forces,
For *Monk* that's coming with all his Horſes,
And a T —— for *Fairfax* too, that worſe is,
Which, &c.

A *Parſon* once in a frolick Divine,
Exhauſted Glaſſes, twenty and nine,
For Turkey's *Rump* in Canary wine,
Which, &c.

And ſure he received a Revelation,
When to preach he left his firſt Vocation,
That a *Rump* in time ſhould rule the Nation,
Which, &c.

Montelions Diall's a drolling Mock,
With a ſtick in the Countrey Fellows dock,
And fitter now than the *Pallace* clock,
Which, &c.

Morlay a joynt of the *Rump* grew bigg,
And ſwelling; but politick *Haſlerigg*,
Ha's ſent him for Phyſick to Doctor *Trigg*,
Which, &c.

Mad *Vane* was Anointed King, and ſaid,
He received a Crown that burden'd his Head,
For which the *Rump* ſent him home to Bed,
Which, &c.

The Abjuring Oath made the Speaker Sick,
Which *Haſlerigg* taking in the Nick,
For his fain'd one ſhow'd him a real Trick,
VVhich, &c.

Thus, what for aliment is unfit,
The Tail by a vertue guiding it,
Excludes, and leaves it ſelf beſhit,
VVhich, &c.

Let no man pretend any Cauſe,
Againſt the *Rump* to open his Jawes,
For it rules by the *Fundamental* Laws,
VVhich no body can deny.

A proper New Ballad on the Old Parliament, or the Second Part of Knave out of Doors.

To the Tune of

Hei ho my hony,
My heart ſhall never rue,
Four and twenty now for your Mony,
And yet a hard pennyworth too.

GOod morrow my Neighbours all,
What news is this I heard tell ?
As I paſt through *VVeſtminſter-hall*,
By the houſe that's near to Hell :
They told me *John Lambert* was there,

With

With his Bears, and deeply did ſwear :
(As *Cromwell* had done before)
Thoſe Vermine ſhould ſit there no more.
Sing hi ho Will. Lenthall,
Who ſhall our General be?
For the Houſe to the Devil is ſent all,
And follow gid faith mun ye.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Then Muſe ſtrike up a Sonnet,
Come piper and play us a ſpring;
For now I think upon it,
Theſe Rs turn'd out their King.
But now it muſt come about,
That once again they muſt turn out:
And not without Juſtice and Reaſon,
That every one home to his Priſon.
Sing hi ho Harry Martin,
A Burgeſs of the Bench,
There's nothing here is certain,
You muſt back and leave your Wench.
Sing hi ho, &c.

He there with the buffle head,
Is called Lord, and of the ſame houſe,
Who (as I have heard it ſaid)
Was chaſtis'd by his Lady-Spouſe.
Becauſe he run at ſheep,
She and her Maid gave him the Whip;
And beat his head ſo addle;
You'd think he had a knack in the Cradle,
Sing hi ho Lord Mounſon,
You ha' got a park of the Kings,
One day you'l hang like a hounſon,

For this and other things.
Sing hi ho, &c.

It was by their Maſters order
At firſt together they met,
Whom piouſly they did murder,
And ſince by their own they did ſet.
The cauſe of this Diſaſter,
Is 'cauſe they were falſe to their Maſter.
Nor can their *Genſd'armes* blame,
For ſerving them the ſame.
Sing hi ho Sir Arthur,
No more in the houſe you ſhall prate;
For all you kept ſuch a quarter,
You are out of the Councell of State.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Old *Noll* gave them once a purge
(Forgetting *Occidiſti,*)
(The Furies be his ſcourge)
So of the cure miſt he.
And yet the drug he well knew it,
For he gave it to Dr. *Huit.*
Had he given it them he had done it,
And they had not turn'd out his ſon yet.
Sing hi ho brave Dick,
L. Hall *and* Lady Joan,
Who did againſt Loyalty kick,
Is now for a New-years-gift gone.
Sing hi ho, &c.

For had old *Noll* been alive,
He had pull'd them out by the ears.
Or elſe had fired their Hive,

And kickt him down the ſtairs;
Becauſe they were ſo bold,
To vex his righteous ſoul.
When he ſo deeply had ſwore,
That there they ſhould never ſit more.
But hi ho Nol's *dead,*
And ſtunk long ſince above ground,
Though lapt in ſpices and lead,
That coſt us many a pound.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Indeed Brother Burgeſs your Ling
Did never ſtink half ſo bad;
Nor did your Habberdin,
When it no Peaſe-ſtraw had.
Ye were both choſe together,
'Cauſe ye wore ſtuff-cloaks in hard weather.
And *Cambridge* needs would have
A Burgeſs, Fool, and Knave.
Sing hi ho J. Lowry,
Concerning Abberdine,
No Member ſpake before ye,
Yet ye neer ſpoke again.
Sing hi ho my hony,
My heart ſhall never rue,
Here's all pickt ware for your mony,
And yet a hard penyworth too.

Ned Prideaux he went poſt
To tell the Protector the news,
That *Fleetwood* ruled the roſt,
Having tane off *Dicks* ſhooes.
And that he did believe,
Lambert would him deceive;

As he his brother had gull'd,
And *Cromwell Fairfax* bull'd.
Sing hi ho the Attorney
Was ſtill at your command,
In flames together burn ye,
Still dancing hand in hand.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Who's that that would hide his face?
And his neck from the coller pull?
He muſt appear in his place,
If his Cap be made of Wool.
Who is it with a vengeance?
It is the good Lord *Saint Johns!*
Who made Gods Houſe to fall,
To build his own withall.
Sing hi ho who comes there?
Who 'tis I muſt not ſay;
But by this dark-lanthorn I ſwear
He's as good in the night as day.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Edge Brethren, room for one,
That looks as big as the beſt;
'Tis pitty to leave him alone,
For he is as good as the reſt.
No Picklock of the Laws,
He builds among the Daws.
If you ha' any more Kings to murder,
For a Preſident look no further.
Sing hi ho J. Bradſhaw,
In blood none further engages;
The Devil from whom he had's law,
Will ſhortly pay him his wages.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Next Peagooſe *Wild* come in,
To ſhew your weezle face,
And tell us *Burleys* ſin,
Whoſe blood bought you your place.
When Loyalty was a crime,
He liv'd in a dangerous time,
Was forc'd to pay his neck,
To make you Baron of the Cheque.
Sing hi ho Jack Straw,
We'l put it in the Margent,
'Twas not for Juſtice or Law
That you were made a Sergeant.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Noll ſerv'd not *Satan* faſter,
Nor with him did better accord;
For he was my good Maſter,
And the devil was his good Lord.
Both *Slingsby*, *Gerrard*, and *Hewit*,
Were ſure enough to go to it,
According to his intent,
That choſe me Preſident.
Sing hi ho Lord Liſle,
Sure Law had got a wrench,
And where was Juſtice the while,
When you ſate on the Bench?
Sing hi ho, &c.

Next comes the good Lord *Keble*,
Of the triumvirate
Of the ſeal, in Law but feeble,
Though on the Bench he ſate.
For when one puts him a caſe,
I wiſh him out of the place;

And if it were not a ſin,
An abler Lawyer in.
Sing give the ſeal about,
I'de have it ſo the rather,
Becauſe we might get out,
The Knave my Lord my Father.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Pull out the other there,
It is *Nathaniel Fines,*
(Who *Briſtol* loſt for fear)
We'l not leave him behind's;
'Tis a Chip of that good old block,
Who to Loyalty gave the firſt knock.
Then ſtole away to *Lundey.*
Whence the foul fiend fetches him one day.
Sing hi ho Canting Fines,
You and the reſt to mend 'um,
Would you were ſerved in your kinds,
With an enſe reſcidendum.
Sing hi ho, &c.

He that comes now down ſtairs,
Is *Lord* Chief Juſtice *Glin.*
If no man for him cares,
He cares as little again.
The reaſon too I know't,
He help to cut *Straffords* throat,
And take away his life,
Though with a cleaner knife.
Sing hi ho Britain *bold,*
Straight to the bar you get,
Where it is not ſo cold
As where your Juſtice ſet.
Sing hi ho, &c.

He

He that ſhall next come in,
Was long of the Council of State;
Though hardly a hair on his chin,
When firſt in the Council he ſate:
He was ſometime in *Italy*,
And learned their faſhions prettily
Then came back to's own Nation
To help up Reformation.
Sing hi ho Harry Nevil,
I pre thee be not too raſh,
With Atheiſm to court the Devil,
You'r too bold to be his Bardaſh.
Sing hi ho, &c.

He there with ingratitude blackt,
Is one *Cornelius Holland*:
Who but for the Kings houſe lackt,
Wherewith to appeaſe his Colon.
The caſe is well amended,
Since that time, as I think,
When at Court gate he tended,
With a little ſtick and a ſhort link.
Sing hi ho Cornelius,
Your zeal cannot delude us,
The reaſon pray now tell us,
Why thus you plaid the Judas?
Sing hi ho, &c.

At firſt he was a Grocer,
Who now we Major call:
Although you would think no ſir,
If you ſaw him in *White-hall.*
Where he has great command,
And looks for cap in hand;

And

And if our eggs be not addle,
Shall be of the next new Moddle.
Sing hi ho Mr. Saloway,
The Lord in Heaven doth know
When that from Heaven you shall away,
Where to the Devil you'll go.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Little *Hill* since set in the House,
Is to a Mountain grown:
Nor that which brought forth the Mouse,
But thousands the year of his own,
The purchase that I mean,
Where else but at *Taunton Dean?*
Five thousand pound *per annum*,
A sum not known to his Granam.
Sing hi the Good Old Cause,
'Tis old although not true,
You have got more by that then the Laws,
So a Good Old Cause *to you.*
Sing hi ho, &c.

Master *Cecil* pray come behind,
Because on your own accord
The other House you declin'd,
You shall be no longer a Lord.
The reason as I guesse
You silently did confesse,
Such Lords deserved ill,
The other House to fill.
Sing hi ho Mr. Cecil,
Your honour now is gone,
Such Lords are not worth a whistle,
We made better Lords of our own.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Luke

Luke Robinſon ſhall go before ye,
That ſnarling Northern tike,
Be ſure he'll not adore ye,
For honour he doth not like.
He cannot honour inherit,
And he knows he can never merit:
And therefore he cannot bear it,
That any one elſe ſhould wear it:
Sing hi ho envious lown,
You're of the Beagles kind,
Who alwayes barked at the Moon,
Becauſe in the dark it ſhin'd.
Sing hi ho, &c.

'Tis this that vengeance rouſes,
That while you make long prayers,
You eat up widdows houſes,
And drank the Orphans tears.
Long time you kept a great noiſe,
Of God and the *Good Old Cauſe*;
But if God to you be ſo kind,
Then I am of the Indians mind,
Sing hi ho Sir Harry,
We ſee by your demeanor,
If longer here you tarry,
You'll be Sir Harry Vane Senior.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Now, if your zeal do warm ye,
Pray loud for fairer weather,
Swear to live and die with the Army,
For theſe Birds are flown together.
The Houſe is turned out a door,
(And I think it was no ſin too)

If

If we take them there any more,
We'll throw the Houſe out of the window.
Bing hi ho Tom Scot,
You lent the Devil your hand :
I wonder he helpt you not,
But ſuffer'd you to be trapand.
Sing hi ho, &c.

They're once again conduced,
And we freed from the evil
To which we long were uſed,
God bleſs us next from the Devil !
If they had not been outed,
The Army had been routed,
And then this rotten *Rump*,
Had ſat untill the laſt trump.
But hi ho Lambert's *here*,
The Protectors Inſtrument bore :
And many there be that ſwear
His Lady had done it before.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Come here then honeſt *Peters*,
Say Grace for the ſecond courſe :
So long as theſe your betters,
Muſt patience have upon force.
Long time ye kept a great noiſe,
With God and the *Good Old Cauſe*,
But if God own ſuch as theſe,
Then where's the Devils fees.
Sing hi ho Hugo,
I hear thou art not dead,
Where now to the Devil will you go,
Your Patrons being fled.

Sing

Sing hi ho my hony,
My heart shall never rue:
Four and twenty now for a penny,
And into the bargain HUGH.

A City Ballad.

To the Tune of *Down in a Bottom.*

1

SInce the *Realm* loſt its head
All our trading is dead,
And our *Money* and *Credit* is flown;
We have try'd many new,
But find it too true,
That no *Head* fits ſo well as our own.

2.

The *Drum* and the *Trump*
Devour'd all to the *Rump*,
And then they *drank healths* for that,
But that yielding no greaſe,
They next came to ſqueeze
The *City* becauſe it was *fat*.

3.

The *City* declar'd
That they were afeard,
And they their *Militia* would ſettle;
But, except the Boyes,
They made only a noyſe,
Their Votes were *in dock out nettle*.

4. The

4.

The *Mayor* and his *Peers*
Durſt not for their ears
Aſſert the *Militia*'s power :
Though once he ſeem'd for it,
He does now abhor it,
And *Revolted* in leſſe then an hour.

5.

'Tis that curſed *wedge*
That took off his edge,
For he looks like a jolly *Clubber*;
If he had but the life
And ſpirit of his Wife,
He would not lye ſtill like a *Lubber*.

6.

Our pair of new *Sheriffs*
Hang by them like ſleeves,
Their valour will ne're be their ſin;
So they be high and rich
They do not care which
Side looſe, if they may but win.

7.

That Earwigg that doth write
Himſelf *Lord* and *Knight*,
(And is one as much as the other)
Doth ſo ſtill undermine,
That he ſpoyles our deſign,
By the help of old *Beſſe* his *Brother*.

8.

He cares not a pin,
So as he may get in,
Who ere he keep out of his right,
He'll turn and return,
But be hang'd ere he'll burn,
For he dares neither *ſuffer* nor *fight*.

9.

His Ambition him thruſt
Into a *Pageant* at firſt,
And up to the *Pulpit* next;
And then into the *Chair*
Of our *City Lord Mayor*,
Which he better improv'd then his *Text*.

10.

O there did he ſqueeze
Out the *Fines* and the *Fees*,
Nor the *Church* nor the *Laity*'ſcapes,
Had he ſtaid another Year,
At which he did lear,
He had preſt us like *Canaans Grapes*.

11.

There's juſt ſuch another
May well be call'd *Brother*,
A *Collonel* ſtout, and a *Knight*,
And an *Alderman* too,
As now *Aldermen* go,
That will neither take wrong nor do right.

12.

We ne're yet did know
That he durſt meet a foe,
And his pale colour ſpeaks him afraid
Yet in ſtory we read
He did one valiant deed,
Which was to his *Maſters Maid*.

13.

Then to get an Eſtate,
He found out a Mate,
Which was an old *Uſurers* Daughter,
Supplanted the Son,
And then he begun
To be *Wealthy*, and *Worſhipfull* after.

14.

There are more beſides him
Stands for the back *Limb*,
A crue of ſuch *Harlotry* tools,
That who's not more blind
Then Fortune, may find
That he raiſes ſome beſides Fools.

15

Some are wary grave Sirs,
In their Chains and their Furs,
That dare not declare their opinion,
If hang'd they were all,
One tear would not fall
Without the help of an Onion.

16.

There's one kin to a *Miter*,
That's no *Presbyter*,
But loyal and honeſt and free,
Had we took down the Mayor,
And plac'd him in the Chair,
Up ſome body had gone and we.

17.

There's another, a Wit,
Was for all he could get,
But now wheels about and is true;
He may win all our hearts
Would he uſe his beſt parts
With our foes as he did with the *Jew*.

18.

The reſt of the Court
Are a mixt colourd ſort,
Rank *Presbyter*, rank *Independent*,
They do ſtill ſo prevail
For the *Weſtminſter* tayle,
'Tis feard we ſhall ne're have an end on't.

But

19.

But our *Counsel* of Commons
Are valiant old *Romans*,
And stand for our *peace* and *freedom*,
If that Dog that sells Leather,
And the Salesman together
Would either be honest or be dumb.

20.

But yet we cann't see
Any reason why we
Should all be so much at their becks,
If we chains must forbear,
Pray why should they wear
A *Militia* about their necks?

21

Our *Town Clerk* we took,
Has a serious look,
And his silence did shew him a *wit*,
But we discern him no more
Than the Court heretofore
Did that sullen *Mask* which he writ.

22.

The late *Petticoat* Squire
From his shop mounted higher
To the *Sword*, and from that he did *start*
By his *mony* and *grace*
To a *Remembrances* place
Now reports when the *Rump* let a *fart*.

23.

Their *Chaplain* that praid
Now recants what he said,
And walks by a perfecter light:
The cause why he straid
Was he wincked when he praid,
Now his eyes are open he's right.

24.

What ere the Cauſe be
We clearly may ſee,
No good thing propos'd for the City's,
But mens policy bends
It to their private ends,
That 'tis ſpoyl'd by the cloſe *Committee.*

25.

And it needs muſt be ſo,
For we all do well know
'Tis for *wealth* men are put into *office*;
And he that has ſtore
Domineers or'e the poor,
Whether *Fool*, *Knave*, *Elder*, or *Novice.*

26.

We our *Members* have ſent,
But the quick *Parliament*
Had firſt ſent their *Members* we find,
Yet no body knows,
With which ſide *Monk* will cloſe
Or will ſtand for *before*, or *behind.*

27.

Hee's a Souldier no doubt
Both skilfull and ſtout
But had need be more than a *Stalian*,
If his love ſhould extend
To the hindermoſt end,
And uſe us like *Italian.*

28.

A thouſand a year
If he could but tell where,
They thought would have made him to mind 'em;
But they promiſe ſtill,
As *Diego* made his will,

Great

Great things, but none knows where to find 'em.

29.

In this prodigal trick
They have out-done old Nick,
For what he did give he did ſhow.
Their title's the ſame,
And ſo is their aime
For ought any man doth know.

30.

Let it go as it will,
We are *Citizens* ſtill,
And free to this ſide, or that
We may prate, and may Vote,
But when it comes to't,
We'l be true to no body knows what.

31.

But this we ſee plain
'Twas for honour and gain
That we at the firſt did fall out,
And were not publick lands
Got in private mens hands
The times would ſoon turn about.

33.

And now we do find,
Theſe Saints in their kind,
Thoſe are mad that to aid them in *flocks* come,
And he that will fight
To keep us all from our right
Shall be chronicled for a *Coxcomb*.

The RUMP Dockt.

TIll it be underſtood
What is under *Monck*'s Hood,
The City dare not ſhew his horns:
Till ten dayes be out,
The Speaker's ſick of the Gout,
And the *Rump* doth ſit upon thorns.

If *Monck* be turn'd *Scot*,
The *Rump* goes to pot,
And the *Good Old Cauſe* will miſcarry;
Like coals out of embers,
Revive the Old Members:
Off goes the *Rump*, like *Dick* and *Harry*.

Then In come the Lords,
Who drew Parliament Swords,
With Robes lined through with Ermin;
But Peers without Kings
Are very uſeleſs things,
And their Lordſhips counted but Vermin.

Now *Morley* and *Fagg*
May be put in a bagg,
And that doughty Man Sir *Arthur*,
In deſpair of his Foil,
With Alderman *Hoyle*,
Will become a Knight of the Garter.

That Knave in Grain
Sir *Harry Vane*

His

His Caſe then moſt mens is ſadder;
There is little hope
He can ſcape the rope,
For the *Rump* turned him o're the Ladder.

That precious Saint *Scot*
Shall not be forgot,
According to his own deſires;
Inſtead of Neck-verſe
Shall have it writ on his Herſe,
Here haugs one of the Kings Tryers.

Thoſe nine ſons of *Mars*,
That whipt the *Rumps* Arſe,
I mean the Commanders War-lick;
If the *Rump* ſmell ſtrong
With hanging too long,
Shall ſerve to ſtuff it with Garlick.

That parcel of man
In length but a ſpan,
Whoſe wifes Eggs alwaies are addle
Muſt quit the *Life*-guard,
As he did when ſcar'd
By *Lambert* out of the ſaddle.

Lambert may now turn Floriſt,
Being come off the pooreſt
That ever did Man of the Sword:
The *Rump* let a Fart
Which took away his heart,
And made him a Squire of a Lord.

His *Cheſhire* glory
Is a pitifull ſtory,
  There the Saints triumpht without battle;
But now *Monck* and his Friers
Have driven him into the Briers,
  As he did *Booth* and his Cattle.

For the reſt of the *Rump*,
Together in a Lump,
  'Tis too late to cry, *Peccavi*;
Ye have ſinn'd all or moſt
Againſt the Holy Ghoſt,
  And therefore the Devil muſt have ye.

But now valiant City,
Whether muſt thy Ditty
  Be ſung in Verſe, or in Proſe,
For till the *Rump* ſtunk
For fear of *Monck*,
  Thy *Militia* durſt not ſhew its Noſe.

Baſe Cowards and Knaves,
That firſt made us Slaves,
  Very Raſcals from the beginning;
Onely unto *Moncks* Sword
The Nation muſt afford
  The honour of bringing the King in.

Arſy Verſy, or *The Second Martyrdom of the* RUMP.

To the Tune of

The Blind Beggar of Bednall-green.

1.

MY Muſe, to prevent leſt an after-clap come, (the Bum,
If the winde ſhould once more turn about for
As a preface of honour, and not as a frump,
Firſt with a Sirreverence uſhers the *Rump*,

2.

I ſhall not diſpute whether Long-tails of *Kent*,
Or Papiſt this name of diſgrace did invent;
Whoſe Legend of lies, do defame us the more,
Hath entail'd on us *Rumps* ne're heard on before.

3.

But now on its Pedigree longer to think,
(For the more it is ſtir'd the more it will ſtink)
'Tis agreed the *Rumps* firſt report in the Town
Did ariſe from the wooden invention of *Brown*.

4.

Old *Oliver*'s noſe had taken in ſnuff,
When it ſate long ago, ſome unſavoury puff;
Then up went the *Rump*, and was ferkt to the quick,
But it ſetled in ſpight of the teeth of poor *Dick*.

5.

Then the Knight of the Peſtle, King *Lambert*, and *Vane*,

With a Scepter of Iron did over it reign :
But the *Rump* ſoon re-ſetled, and to their diſ-
grace,
Like Excrements voided them out of the place.

6.

It did now, like a Truant's well-diſciplin'd Bum,
With the rod of affliction harder become;
Or elſe like the Image in *Daniel* it was, (braſs.
Whoſe Head was of Gold, but whoſe Tayl was of

7.

It endured the firſt heat, and proved no ſtarter,
But ſung in the midſt of the flames like a Martyr,
And whisk'd the Tayl like a terrible Farter,
And ſounded moſt chearfully, *Vive Sir Arthur*.

8.

But the next fire Ordeal put into a dump,
Sir *Orlando* the furious chief joynt of the *Rump*,
That he looked like the picture of *Richard* the
Or like an ejected and froſt-bitten T—— (Third.

9

'Tis ſaid that his *Durindana* he drew,
And a Wight on the Road moſt manfully ſlew?
But, pardon'd by *Charles*, made good what they
tell us,
How ill 'tis to ſave a thief from the Gallows.

10.

Being now to be burn'd, he ſoon did expire,
For he was but a flaſh, and would quickly take
So that their fewel upon him to ſpend, (fire,
What was it but Coals to *Newcaſtle* to ſend?

11.

To bring 'em to th' ſtake as in order they lye,
Harry Martyn the next place muſt occupy;

'Twas

'Twas expected in vain he ſhould blaze, for he
ſwore,
That he had been burnt to the ſtumps before.

12.

Tom Scot for the *Bum* moſt ſtifly did ſtand,
Though once by a *Bum* he was ſouly trapand;
But time and his office of *Secretary* (ry
Had learnt him his Buſineſs more private to car-

13.

Some thought he arriv'd at his dignity firſt,
By being ſo well in iniquity verſt,
The myſtery of which he hath practis'd of late
In his Function, which was, to be Baud to the
State.

14.

Hob Morley in ſilence did ſuffer the loſſe
Of his *Rump*, and with patience took up the
Croſſe,
That to ſee him ſo ſing'd and ſo ſcorcht you
would ſwear
No Camel more meekly his burden could bear.

15.

The *Speaker* was thought to the *Rump* to be true,
Becauſe like a Fart at firſt he burnt blew;
But ſtreight he was cunningly ſeen to retire,
For fear to endanger the Rolls in the fire.

16.

St. *John* a mortal of fleſh and of blood,
Swore by St. * *Peter* the example was good:
So facing about and ſhifting his ſtation,
He turn'd o're a new leaf in St. *Johns Revelations.*

* He hath a great kindneſſe for that Saint, not becauſe of his Keys, (which he knew he ſhould never make uſe of) but in reference to Peterborough Minſter, the ſtones of which built his new houſe

17. *Harry*

17.

Harry Nevil that looks like a *Mahomets* pigeon,
Accuſed to be of a State-mans Religion,
Is left to his choyce what proceſſe hee'll have,
To be burnt for an *Atheiſt*, or hang'd for a *Knave*.

18.

Now ſtop thy Noſe reader, for *Atkins* doth come,
That ſhame to the *Breeches* as well as the *Bum*.
To wiſh he was burnt were an idle deſire,
For he comes provided to ſhit out the fire.

19.

But leaſt he without a Companion ſhould be,
Here's *Liſle* that comes next ſtinks worſer then he;
So foully corrupt, you may plac't in your Creed,
Such a *Rump* could alone ſuch a *Fiſtula* breed.

20.

Poor *Ludlow* was bogg'd in *Ireland of late*, (State;
And to purge himſelf came to the Rump of the
But gravely they told him he had acted amiſs,
When he ſought to betray the *Rump* with a *kiſs*.

21.

Ned Harby was ſure an herb *John* in the pot,
Yet could he not ſcape the diſaſterous lot:
Scarce Church'd of the Gout was the truſty old Squire,
But he hopt from the Frying-pan into the fire.

22

Robin Andrews was laid on laſt as they tell us,
For a log to keep down the reſt of his fellows;
Though he ſpent on the City, like one of the *Royſters*,
Each morning his * two pence in Sack and in Oyſters.

* Some Authors hold that it was but three half pence, but Poetry will not admit broken number.

23. Next

23.

Next *Praise-God*, although of the *Rump* he was none,
Was for his Petition burnt to the *Bare-bone*:
So *Praise-God* & *Rump*, like true *Josephs* together,
Did suffer; but *Praise-God* lost the more * *leather*.

24

There's *Lawson* another dag-lock of the tayle,
That the water to avoid, to the water did sayle;
And in Godly simplicity means (as they say)
To manage the Stern, though the *Rump*'s out of play.

25.

But *Overton* most with wonder doth seize us,
By securing of *Hull* for no lesse than *Christ Jesus*,
Hoping (as it by the story appears) (years.
To be there his Lieutenant for one thousand

26.

Lord *Mounson?* Oh *Venus!* what do you here?
I little thought you were a Rumper I swear:
But an impotent Lord will thus far avail,
He will serve for a Cloak to cover the tail.

27.

To burnish his Star Mr. *Salisburie*'s come,
With the Atmos of gold that fall from the *Bum*;
Sure 'twas but a Meteor, for I must tell ye,
It smelt as 'twere turning to th' *Aldermans* jelly.

28.

Brother *Pembroke* comes last, and does not disdain
Tho' despis'd by the world, to bear up the train:
But after New-lights so long he did run,
That they brought him to *Bethlehem* before they had done.

* Courteous Reader, he is a Leather seller.

‡ Not Bethlehem in Juda (for he is none of the Magi)

29. Thus

29.

Thus the *Foxes* of *Sampſon* that carried a brand
In their tails, to deſtroy and to burn up the land;
In the flames they had kindled themſelves to expire,
And the Dee'l give them Brimſtone unto their fire.

A Chriſtmaſs Song, when the RUMP *was firſt diſſolved.*

To the Tune of *I tell the Dick.*

THis Chriſtmaſs time, 'tis fit that we
Should Feaſt and Sing and merry be
It is a time of mirth;
For never ſince the world began,
More joyfull news was brought to man,
Then at our *Saviours* birth.

But ſuch have been theſe times of late,
That Holy dayes are out of date,
And holyneſſe to boot;
For they that do deſpiſe, and ſcorn
To keep the day that Chriſt was born,
Want holyneſſe no doubt.

That Parliament that took away
The obſervation of that day,
We know it was not free;
For if it had, ſuch Acts as thoſe
Had ne're been ſeen in verſe or proſe,
You may conclude with me.

'Twas

'Twas that Assembly did maintain
'Twas Law to kill their Soveraign,
Who by that Law must dye,
Though Gods anointed ones are such,
Which Subjects should not dare to touch,
Much lesse to Crucifie.

'Twas that which turn'd our Bishops out
Of house and home both branch and root,
And gave no reason why;
And all our Clergy did expell,
That would not do like that Rebell:
This no man can deny.

It was that Parliament that took
Out of our Churches our *Service Book*,
A Book without compare;
And made Gods house, (to all our griefs)
That house of Prayer, a *Den of Thiefs*,
Both here and every where.

They had no head for many years
Nor heart (I mean the House of Peers)
And yet it did not dye;
Of these long since it was bereft,
And nothing but the *Tayle* was left,
You know't as well as I.

And in this *Tayle* there was a tongue,
Lenthall I mean, whose fame hath wrung
In Country and in City;
Not for his worth or eloquence,
But for a Rebell to his Prince,
And neither wise nor witty.

This

This Speakers words muſt needs be winde,
Since they proceeded from behind;
Beſides, you may remember,
From thence no Act could be diſcreet,
Nor could the ſenſe o'th' Houſe be ſweet,
Where *Atkins* was a Member.

This tale's now done, the Speakers dumb,
Thanks to the *Trumpet* and the *Drum*;
And now I hope to ſee
A Parliament that will reſtore
All things that were undone before,
That we may Chriſtians be.

Bum-Fodder: or, Waſte-Paper, proper to wipe the Nations RUMP *with, or your Own.*

FRee Quarter in the North is grown ſo ſcarce,
That *Lambert* with all his men of *Mars*,
Have ſubmitted to kiſs the *Parliaments Arſe*,
Which no body can deny.

If this ſhould prove true (as we do ſuppoſe)
'Tis ſuch a *wipe* as the *RUMP* and all's Foes
Could never give to Old *Olivers* Noſe,
Wich no body can deny.

There's

There's a Proverb come to my mind not unfit,
When the Head ſhall ſee the *RUMP* all be-ſhit,
Sure this muſt prove a moſt lucky *hit*,
Which, &c.

There is another proverb which every *Noddy*,
Will jeer the *RUMP* with, and cry *Hoddy-doddy*
Here's a Parliament all *Arſe* and no Body,
Which, &c.

'Tis a likely matter the World will mend
When ſo much blood and Treaſure we ſpend,
And yet begin at the wrong end,
Which, &c.

We have been round, and round about twirl'd
And through much ſad confuſion hurl'd,
And now we are got into the *Arſe of the World*,
Which, &c.

But 'tis not all this our courage will quail, (fail,
Or make the brave Sea-men to the *RUMP* ſtrike
If we can have no *head* we will have no *tail*,
Which, &c.

Then let a *Free Parliament* be turn'd *trump*,
And ne're think any longer the Nation to *mump*
With your pocky, perjur'd, damn'd old *RUMP*,
Which, &c.

But what doth Rebell *RUMP* make here,
When their proper place (as *W.-- P.--* doth ſwear)
Is at the *Devils Arſe* in *Derbyſhire*.
Which, &c.

Then

Then thither let us ſend them a tilt,
For if they ſtay longer, they will us beguilt
With a Government that is *looſe in the hilt*,
Which, &c.

You'l find it ſet down in the *Harrington*'s Moddle
Whoſe Brains a Commonwealth doth ſo coddle,
That 't has made a *Rotation* in his Noddle,
Which, &c.

'Tis a pittifull paſſe you men of the Sword
Have brought your ſelves to, that the *Rump* 's your Lord,
And *Arſie Verſie* muſt be the word,
Which, &c.

Our Powder and Shot you did freely ſpend,
That the Head you might from the Body rend,
And now you are at Wars with the *But-end*,
Which, &c.

Old *Martin* and *Scot* have all ſuch an itch,
That they will with the *Rump* try t'other twitch,
And *Lenthal* can *greaſe a fat Sow in the Britch*,
Which, &c.

That's a thing would pleaſe the Butchers and Cooks,
To ſee this ſtinking *Rump* quite off the hooks,
And *Jackdaw* go to pot with the *Rooks*,
Which, &c.

This froward Sir *John* (who the Rump did ne're fail)
Againſt *Charles Stuart* in a Speech did rail,

But men ſay it was *without head or tayl*,
Which, &c.

Juſt ſuch is the Government we live under,
Of a *Parliament* thrice cut in ſunder;
And this hath made us the Worlds wonder,
Which, &c.

Old *Noll* when we talkt of *Magna Charta*,
Did propheſie well we ſhould all ſmart-a;
And now we have found his *Rump's Magna Fart-a*,
Which, &c.

But I cannot think *Monck* (though a Souldier and Sloven)
To be kin to the Fiend whoſe feet are cloven,
Nor will *creep i' th' Rumps Arſe to bake in their Oven*,
Which, &c.

Then ſince he is coming, e'ne let him come
From the North to the South, with Sword and Drum,
To beat up the Quarters of this lewd *Bum*,
Which, &c.

And now of this Rump I'le ſay no more,
Nor had I begun, but upon this ſcore,
There was ſomething *behind*, which was not *before*.
Which, &c.

A Vindication of the RUMP : or *The* RUMP *Re-advanced.*

To the Tune of *Up tails all.*

FUll many a Ballad hath been Penn'd,
And ſcoffing Poem writ
Againſt the RUMP; but I intend
To ſpeak in Praiſe of it.
Come *Jove* and *Apollo*, come *Venus* and *Mars*,
And lend your aſſiſtance: to ſpeak of the *A* ——
Will require a prodigious wit,

There's ſcarce a Lady to be found
That loves either Pear or Plum
One half ſo well, if ſhe be ſound,
As tabering at her B ——
It may be, you'l ſay, I'm wide of the Caſe,
Since that Muſick's made in a diſtant place:
I anſwer the bredth of your Thumb.

When Alderman *Atkins* did bemar
His Hoſe through a Panick fear,
And Captain *Rea* that man of War,
Oh! what a Hogo was there?
If you ask me, what praiſe is in this? at a word,
The Captain ſo fenced himſelf by a T——
That his Enemies could not come near.

There is not a Lawyer in Country or Town,
Whoſe Rhetorick doth prevail, (Gown,
Although he hath purchas'd Fee ſimple by th'

But

But loves to be dealing in Tail;
And I may well ſwear by *Apollo* or *Mars*,
That at a Place called, the *Oven's Arſe*,
Oft times I have drunk good Ale.

And when you are dallying with a young Maid,
Would you not her Buttocks bethump?
And I have been often well apaid
With a Gooſe both fat and plump:
The Body being eaten, we ſtrive for the Tayl,
Each man with his Kan'kn of nappy brown Ale,
Doth box it about for the *R U MP.*

The *R U MP* of a Coney I often have ſeen
Moſt piteouſly claw'd by a Ferret,
And a Capons *Rump* is a bit for a Queen,
Although ſhe's a Perſon of merit.
In preaching and praying who ſpends the whole day,
At night keeps a *Rump* wherewithall for to play,
Be he never ſo full of the ſpirit.

I wonder who firſt call'd the Parliament *RUMP*,
Some ſay, that it was *Jack Hobby*,
And ſome, fiery *P*——good wits will jump;
Now I write not this to bob ye,
But only to tell ye that good Mr. *P*——
For all that he's cropt, yet he could not get in,
But was fain to remain in the *Lobby*.

The other day *I* was going in haſte,
(To think on't it grieves my heart)
I ſaw a poor Fellow all nak'd to the waſte,
And whipt at the Arſe of a Cart:

His *Rump* ('tis true) ſuffer'd the Rout. But I would
Fain know who it was, that durſt be ſo hold,
As to call Mr. Speaker Sir F ——

He might as well have ſtiled him *Anus*,
Since he was the mouth of the *RUMP*.
As cunning a Fox as *Romes Sejanus*:
But I do not love for to frump;
Or elſe I could tell ye, my Friends, to an Ace,
What good can a crew to the Land by a Mace,
As long as the Knave's the great'ſt Trump,

Our zealous ſticklers for Reformation
Will edifie on the Rump of a Siſter,
And it will never grow out of faſhion
To Phyſick the Tayl with a Gliſter. (ter
But beware that *Monk* doth not come with a bit-
Purge to the Rump which will make her beſhit
For ſhe hath already bepiſt her. (her,

The RUMP roughly but righteouſly handled: In a New Ballad.

To the Tune of *Cook Laurel.*

1.

MOre Sacks to the Mill, here comes a freſh Wit,
That means without Mittens (as you ſhall ſee)
To handle a RUMP that's all to beſhit,
Sirreverence of the Company. 2. And

2.

And let other ſinners that love a whole skin,
Keep out of my reach for fear of a Stone;
For I'm like the Hang-man, who (when's hand was in)
Said he had as good truſs up forty as one.

3.

Firſt I'le tell you whence this *Rump*-regnant came,
When *England* to Faction and Schiſm was bent,
By means of long peace to ſettle the ſame,
Our noble King ſummon'd a Parliament.

4.

A Parliament which may make old men grieve,
And Children that ne're ſhall be born complain;
I mean ſuch as dy'd before they did live,
Like *Harrington's Rota* or th' Engin of *Vane*.

5.

This Parliament, like a wilde skitiſh Tit,
Unman'd and unback'd, and unapt to obey,
Would let neither Prince, Peer, nor Prelate ſit,
Yet ſtammel'd nos'd *OLIVER* ſmelt out a way.

6.

With Piſtol and Muſquet he brought the Beaſt under,
And aw'd it ſo much, and ſo far did prevail,
That tamely he dockt it, and (to all mens wonder)
He caſt off the Colt and ſadled the Tayl:

7

Which ſhortly began to kick at's Command,
And reſtive it grew, and left its true pacing,

Which made him resolve on his own Leggs to
stand,
And turn the RUMP out of the stable a gra-
sing.

8.

The Red-coats, with breath like my Lady's
Bumblast,
This Parliament-snuff blew twice out and in;
But North and West-winds will so out it at last,
That nought but Hell fire shall light it agen.

9.

Though now they tempt *Monk* with a 1000. *per*
annum,
In hopes that to worship, his face hee'l fall
flat on;
Yet he's wise enough to resist and disdain 'em,
And cry, *Get behind me, thou Bob-tail of Satan.*

10.

Right pat with St. *George*'s this Story will jump,
Poor *England*'s the Damsel appointed for slaugh-
ter,
And *Monk* the St. *George* to kill Dragon *RUMP*,
And safely restore to the King his fair Daugh-
ter.

11.

The *Rump* thus in grosse no more shall be plaid
on,
But now I will whet my Pen (if it please ye)
To joynt it, & shew what foul parts it is made on,
God grant that our Stomachs prove not over-
queasie.

12.

Here's *Lenthal* once Mouth to the Parliaments
mind,

Though

Though he at length acted the Fundament's part,
Whose Speech was not breaking of Silence but Winde,
And's giving the Thanks of the House, but a Fart.

13.

But many I find this Opinion are firm in,
That he has no real distemper at all,
But feigns it; and like a Prophetical Vermin,
Runs from an old House that is ready to fall.

14.

If *Ludlow* the state of Grace he had been in,
And kept himself safe fro' th' Committee of Safety,
For's Fathers sake, Deputy Fart he had been,
Instead of the *Frost*, they call *Say the crafty*.

15.

Next comes the *Rump*'s Gad-fly, the *Jehu*-like driver,
King-abjuring *ARTHUR*; Sir, you (if I ken you)
O' th' Bishop's *Uriah*-like fall were Contriver,
To get the fair *Bersheba* of their Revenue.

16.

But 'twas a more carnal concupiscence,
That at *Bristol*-Vicaridge set you a neighing,
Which you enjoy'd and occupy'd in the fence
Which puts pretty Maids to pishing and fying.

17.

Nay you like the *Trojan*-Adulterer swore, (Fury,
To those that once saved you from the King's
That rather than *Helen* of *Duresm* restore,
Their *Troynovant* in its own ashes you'd bury.

18.

But I dare no farther his paſſion provoke
For fear of a prejudice which it may do me
For with his own Choller ſhould he chance to choke,
The Hang-man in Action of Treſpaſſe might ſue me.

19.

Then have at Sir *Harry* the Int'reſt Refiner,
Who's not of the Church, but Society of JE-
And can make Divinity's Self-Diviner, (SUS,
And model new Heavens, and new Earths to pleaſe us.

20.

'Twas he that injected the ſublimd matter
To late Lady *Lambert*, and ſhe to th' Squire,
Which made him Protector, and Parliament-ha-
And to be *Fift Monarch* devoutly aſpire. (ter,

21.

Like Grub from Sheeps tails, ſince the *Rump* doth him throw,
He'll creep to ſome placket of Sanctification,
And come forth a Fleſh-flye next Summer, and blow
New Maggots in's Church, of more whimſical faſhion.

22.

Methinks in his eyes the waters do gather,
As if the Lord *Straffords* Death troubled his ſight;
Perhaps he repents and means (like his Father)
Ev'n in his own Garter to do his Ghoſt right.

23.

There goes the twice treacherous Banquerout *Salloway* From

From *Westminster Wolves*, to *Tow'r Lions* bound,
Cause he from one Treason to another did fall away,
And will fall again, but not quite to the ground.

24.

The next is a Politick Pen-man that got-land
By's Knavery more then his Birth, and 'tis his-hope
That *Lambeth* shall ever and ever be *Scot*-land,
And seat of an Arch-one, but not of a Bishop.

25.

Here's *Nevil* (who to be made in *Scot*'s stead
A State-Secretary) did practise a New art,
To th' Office, (by Letters unto the House read)
He courted himself in the name of *Charles Stuart*.

26.

Now see with a *P O X*, where *Martin* comes on,
The seed of corrupt and sinfull Loyns,
Who a worthy had been, if as near *Solomon*
In Wisdome, as number of Concubines.

27.

If in utter darkness there should be a failing
Of Horror, the *Rump* may furnish it with
Squire *Fleetwood* to help out the weeping and wailing,
And Sir *William Brereton* for gnashing of teeth.

28.

Now *Mildmay*, and *Whitlock*, and *Lisle* I might call in,
And Master Lord *Salisbury* (from Noble house
Who seems not descended, so much as down faln)
And others, which well may serve a fresh Muse.

29.

And now the *Rump*'s ſet in the Salt, and *Monck*
Hath offer'd full fairly his own for to make it,
But finding himſelf by the Devil out-drunk,
He honeſtly cryes, *Nay then let him take it.*

30.

But for 'em when hence they go, (ſuch were their follies)
Above nor beneath, there no quiet place is,
King Charles in Heaven, in Hell *Tyrant NOL* is,
Who (as God us'd *Fleetwood*) will ſpit in their faces.

31.

Now mark what ſweet Morſells Hell ſwallowed of late,
There's *Cromwell*, and *Prideaux*, and *Bradſhaw*, and theres
He that made Old Nick (when he enter'd his Gate)
Cry, *Oh my Son Pride, are you there with your Bears?*

32.

And now I no longer will rake in this ſink,
But ſhortly the *RUMP* is for *Tyburn*, and then
I'le tell you more of it; but you (as I think)
Do now ſtop your Noſes, and I'le ſtop my Pen.

The She-Citizens Delight.

To the Tune of *Cuckolds all a Row.*

YOu Cow-hearted Citizens
What is your damn'd pretence,
To keep your ſelves within your beds And

And not fight for your Prince;
Whoſe Majeſty ſhould you behold,
Your ſhame will breed your woe,
And then like fools you will cry out
Cuckolds all a row.

There's ſome of you whoſe Biſhops Lands
Do ſo much clog their heels,
That now they cannot ſtir, whereas
Elſe would they run on wheels:
But yet I hope a time will come
When you ſhall be made know,
And told unto their faces that
You'r Cuckolds all a row.

But yet for one moſt reverent Act
You are to be commended,
That through your Rams-Head zeal you have
Your Brother Rump Befriended,
To ſeat them in the Parliament Houſe,
Their wiſdomes forth to ſhow,
But they and you are all alike
Cuckolds all a row.

But I adviſe you ſet this RUMP
In ſalt for fear of ſtinking,
'Twill fall unto the Devils ſhare,
Becauſe 'tis his by drinking;
In ſpight of all their Acts and Laws
Hee'l car' them down below,
Then Hell and City all alike
Cuckolds all a row.

Alaſs

Alas poor *Lambert* is undone,
And now he may go Preach,
Since 'tis the *Engliſh Al-a-mode*
For every Rogue to Teach;
He'le noſe it bravely in a Tub,
And let his Brethren know
That they are Damn'd unleſſe they dip
Cuckolds all a row.

But where's your mighty *Fleetwood* now,
His honor's worn to th' ſtump,
He'le ſerve Ambaſſador to hell
To make room for the Rump,
And thus King-killers one by one
Shall to the Devil goe
Upon the City Aſſes pack
Cuckolds all a row.

And now Cow-hea ts look to your ſhops,
The Red-coats will you fright,
And plunder you becauſe they know
Your hornes hang in your light;
Not matter, for you have been the cauſe
Of all the Kingdoms woe,
And do deſerve ſtill to be call'd
Cuckolds all a row.

But if that you would honeſt grow,
And do a glorious thing,
Which is to rouſe and take your Armes,
And fight for *Charles* our King;
Which Act your Credits will regain,
And all the World ſhall know
That you ſhall then no more be call'd
Cuckolds all a row.

The RUMP Carbonado'd: or *A New BALLAD.*

To the Tune of the *Black-smith.*

LEnd me your ears, not cropt, and I'le sing
Of an hideous Monster, or Parliament thing,
That City and Country doth wofully wring,
VVhich no body can deny.

Take care that no Sectary be in this place,
For if you offend the least Babe of Grace,
The Rump will be ready to fly in your face,
VVhich, &c.

They fram'd a *Remonstrance*, to set all on fire,
Which took with the People, as they did desire,
And forc'd them to Covenant that they would conspire, *VVhich, &c.*

No sooner exalted was *Essex* his horn, (scorn;
But God's law, and man's too the Cuckold did
To ruine our Country this Rebel was born,
Which, &c.

Take *Warwick* along, if company you lack,
No Admiral like an old Puritan Jack,
A verier Knave you cann't find in the Pack,
Which, &c.

These arm'd with Commissions by Sea and by Land,

Did

Did ſend forth their forces the King to with-
ſtand,
Till of all that was good they had ſoon made an
hand, *Which, &c.*

In glory and wealth, we once ſo abounded,
And were in Religion ſo thoroughly grounded,
That none could have ſhatter'd us thus but the
Roundhead, *Which, &c.*

Which pluck'd down the King, the Church and
the Laws,
To ſet up an Idol, then Nick-nam'd the *Cauſe*,
Like *Bell* and *Dragon* to gorge their own Maws,
Which, &c.

They baniſht all Royalliſts out of the Line,
And ſcarce would endure to hear any Divine,
That would not for company cogge, lye, and
whine, *Which, &c.*

So frantickly zealous they were at that ſeaſon,
That the five rotten Members impeacht of High
Treaſon,
They guarded againſt all Right, Law and Reaſon,
Which, &c.

Will fool was counted the worſt of the twain,
Till *Tom* fool Lord *F*——the Cauſe to maintain,
His Honor and Conſcience did fearfully ſtain,
Which, &c.

Sir *William* at *Run-away-downs* had a bout,
Which him and his Lobſters did totally rout,
And

And his Lady the Conqueror could not help him out, *Which, &c.*

Though General *B*—— do now fawn and beseech,
The Cavaliers found him a blood-sucking Leech,
He would seem a Convert, but he stinks of the Breech, *Which, &c.*

All will confesse that Saint *Oliver Cromwell*
Had learn'd in his Reign the three Nations to cumwell,
Although it be true that he did love a *Bum*-well, *Which, &c.*

But young *Dick* and *Harry*, not his Heirs but his Brats:
As if they had lesse wit and grace than Gib-Cats,
Slunk from their Commands like a pair of drown'd Rats, *Which, &c.*

The sound of a Rump nere heard of before,
In their addle pates did so whistle and roar,
That streight they betook themselves to the back door, *Which, &c.*

When *Hasterig* of the *Rump* brought up the rear,
The Army was in such a bodily fear,
That no one commander durst ever appear, *Which, &c.*

Down goes the Publick, when Knaves usurp Power,
The *Rump* by one Ordinance can more men devour, Than

Than all the great Guns ſhot from the Tower,
Which, &c.

Pennington long ſince was broken to fitters,
Yet ſits with the *Rump* of Sects to Pig-litters;
And ſuch as come near him, he all to beſquitters,
Which, &c.

If Alderman *Atkins* you keep not in minde,
Hee'l take it ſo ill, that hee'l fly out behinde,
And make you remember with every winde,
Which, &c.

Titchborn could preach, pray and prate by the Spirit,
And *Ireton* little better, who rang'd like a Ferret,
And *Tyburn* thinks long to give them their merit,
Which, &c.

Lord *Gourney* was right, whom the City betraid;
Now the City would be right, were the Maior not a Jade:
Till ſuch as he be made examples, nere look for better Trade, *Which, &c.*

Ne're did any Nation ſo court their own good,
As we have all offers of mercy withſtood,
God's judgement on our rapine, and ſhedding of blood,
Which, &c.

All wiſe men and good, ſay it is a miſchievous fate,
A Kingdome to turn to a Popular State;
Yet wee'l take no warning untill it be too late:
Which, &c.

A desperate crew of self-seeking Elves,
Do wilfully force us on quicksands and shelves;
This we see, yet we seek not to safeguard our selves, *Which, &c.*

For when the poor Cits are plunder'd by force,
Their grievances find as little remorse
I'th' man-beast, the Maior as in his great horse,
Which, &c.

The *Rump* yet sits brooding upon their close stool
In labour to bring forth a Knave or a Fool;
Begotten by a new Legislative Tool,
Which, &c.

Sir *Henry Vane* Prince of the last modell'd rout,
Was known as a *Traytor*, both cunning and stout,
Yet for being too rampant the *Rump* shit him out,
Which, &c.

James Harrington Knight or Knave, choose you whether,
For in the *Rump* still Knight and Knave go together,
The times cannot mend till hee's tyed to his tether, *Which, &c.*

Harry Martin and *Scot* with some thirty eight more
Are resolved on the question to keep us all poor,
Whilest they have the power to Plunder and Whore, *Which, &c.*

Who can gain-say that it was a strong fart,

Which blew the Lord *Disborough* back to his Cart,
And taught silly *Fleetwood* of crying the Art,
Which, &c.

'Tis pity that *Hewson* the Lord should have died
For piercing his Brother, the Cobler's Hide,
Since the word of Command came from his blind side, *Which, &c.*

Luke Robinson wants both his Bristles and Aule
To stitch up his lame Legge, and help him to craule,
Who down-right hath halted betwixt God and *Baal*, *Which, &c.*

The Prentices once put the Troupers to flight,
And the Red-coats for fear then were ready to shite,
When *Lambert* the Atheist marcht Northward to fight, *Which, &c.*

The *Greeks* that sack *Troy* from the Belly did come
Of *Epriis* his Horse; but with Musket and Drum
The War among us is carried on by the Bum,
VVhich, &c.

Jack Presbyter struts up and down in a jump,
Curtail'd on purpose for fear least the *Rump*
Should sit on his skirts and give him a thump,
Which, &c.

Instead of an Use of divine Consolation,

The

The Hypocrite publiſht a late Exhortation,
To trapan this poor City, and beggar the Nation,
Which, &c.

For what is call'd Chriſtian, it is no great matter,
So they may but gather, they care not who ſcatter;
They cannot be giſted unleſs they do flatter,
Which, &c.

Since *Charles* was beheaded we have backward gone,
And now are brought ev'n to the bare Rump-bone,
Which ſpeaks in no other but *Atkins* his tone,
Which, &c.

'Tis hard to ſay, how much theſe Arſe-wormes do urge us,
We now need no Quack but theſe *Jacks* for to purge us,
For reſiſting our Head the Tayle now doth ſcourge us, *Which, &c.*

Lenthal now Lords it though the Rabble him mock,
In calling him Speaker, and Speaker to the Dock,
For an hundred pound more hee'l kiſs their very Nock, *Which, &c.*

And now if we crave but a Parliament Free,
We are ſure to feel Plunder, or Priſon to ſee;
They'l gore us, and bore us, & ſlaves we muſt be,
Which, &c.

We are ſenſible now, that there is no one thing,
Can full ſatisfaction to all Intereſt bring,
Till in ſpite of all Traytors, we fetch in the King,
Which, &c.

Monk like the Oracle playes faſt and looſe;
We know not yet, whether hee's a Fox or a Gooſe,
He had need look about him, for his neck's in a nooſe, *Which, &c.*

Then to conclude this innocent Song,
Leaſt the *Rump* ſhould infect you, which ſmelleth ſo ſtrong:
Old *Old Nick* bleſs them all, and take them e're long, *Which no body can deny.*

A Pſalm ſung by the People before the Bone-fires, made in and about the City of London, *Febr:* 11.

To the Tune of *Up tails all.*

COme let's take the *Rump*
And waſh it at the Pump,
For 'tis now in a ſhitten Caſe:
Nay if it hang an Arſe,
Wee'l pluck it down the ſtares,
And roſt it at Hell for its greaſe.

Let

Let the Devil be the Cook,
And the roaſt overlook,
  And lick his own fingers apace;
For that may be born,
(if he take it not in ſcorn
  To lick ſuch a privy place.)

Though we are bereft
Of our Armes, Spits are left,
  Whereon the Rump we will roaſt;
Wee'l prick it in the Tayl,
And baſt it with a Flayl,
  Till it ſtink like a Cole-burnt Toaſt.

It hath lain long in brine,
Made by the Peoples eyne,
  So 'tis ſalt through unſavoury meat;
Wee'l draw it round about
With Welſh Parſley, and no doubt
  It will choak *Pluto*'s great Dog to eat.

We will not be mockt,
This *Rump* hath been dockt,
  And if our skill doth not fail;
To fear it is good,
Or elſe all the blood
  In the Body, will leak out at the Tail.

Then down in your Ire,
With this *Rump* to the fire,
  Get *Harrington*'s *Rota* to turn it;
If Paper be lackt,
The Aſſeſsment Act
  You may ſtick upon't leſt ye burn it.

But see there my Masters
It rises in blisters,
And looks very big on the matter;
Like a roasting Pigs ear;
It sings, do ye hear?
'Tis enough, come quickly the Platter.

Lay Trenchers and Cloth,
And away bring the Broth,
Did the Devil o' th' Fag-end make none;
But hold, by your leave
Napkins we must have
To wipe our mouths when we have done.

Come Ladies pray where?
Will you none of our Chear?
Are ye of such a squeamish nature?
Pray what is the reason?
Are Rumps out of season?
But 'tis an abuse to the Creature.

Come wee'l fall on,
Pray cut me a Bone,
The Meat may be healthfull and sound;
Fogh! come let us bury't,
To th' hole we must carry't,
This *Rump* it stinks above ground.

This Fire wee'l stile
The Funeral pile,
The Grave shall be under the Gallows;
The Vane shall be th' Scull
Of some Trayterous Fool,
And the Epitaph shall be as follows;

Under

Underneath the Stones
A Rump-Corporate's bones,
Are laid full low in a ſink,
And we do implore ye
Let them reſt, for the more ye
Do ſtir them, the more they will ſtink.

A Diſplay of the Headpiece and Codpiece Valour, of the moſt Renowned Collonel Robert Jermy, *late of* Baſield *in the County of* Norfolk, *Eſq; with his Son Captain* Toll *by his ſide; now on their way for* New-England. *Or, the lively deſcription of a dead-hearted fellow.*

To the Tune of a *Turd*, or the *Black-ſmith.*

Did you ne're hear of the Baby of *Mars*,
That charg'd *Fox*'s wife with a Tars,
For his valour lies all in his Arſe,
Which needs muſt be very ſtrong.

A ſanctify'd Colonel in beaten Buff,
With a Scarlet Jump that's (1) Cudgel-proof;
And his Son (2) *Crowland* Coward of the ſelf-ſame ſtuff,
Who got the Wench bigg with young. *Probatum eſt.*

(1) *Cudgell'd by Mr.* Armiger *at* Wells *in* Norfolk, *Novemb.* 4. 1654.
(2) *Ran away ſix miles at* Crowland *Siege, and re're lookt behind him.*

He's a Journey-man Soldier to the States Army,
And 'tis in his terms, When you fight you muſt
ſpare me:
So runs the Commiſſion of Colonel *Jermy*,
If I be informed true.

Upon a Mock-Larm he's ſure in the Van,
Where he takes none, and does no more hurt
than he can.
He's a pittifull Souldier, though a cruel man,
Let's give the Devil his due,

To ſacrifice to his fears and his pride,
He caus'd a (1) Church-Champion be mur-
der'd and try'd
By the Judge of his name, and the Rope on his
ſide;
'Tis Pity they ever were parted.

Yet you cannot but ſay 'twas very well meant,
When he went to the Houſe of Parliament,
In love to his Country before he was ſent,
In a Coach, when he might have been Carted.

You muſt alwayes take the good-will for the
deed,
Though at (2) *Riſen* he had not the luck to ſpeed;
Yet ſome other place may have very great need,
If the Devil releaſe but his hire.

(1) *He cauſed Parſon* Cooper *to be hang'd by Judge* Iermy, *for fear he ſhould beat him.*
(2) *He corrupted twenty free* Burgherr *at* Riſen, *to give their Votes for him in the laſt Election for Parliament.*

So

So dear was his love that he (1) purchas'd a
throng
Of Sea-men, in Lice and Lungs very ſtrong.
Sure he will be ſome body ere it be long,
If he be not laid in the mire.

How the Sailers did hollow and throw up their
Hats,
And the men with wide mouths that us'd to cry
Sprats;
But the brave Spark of *Arundel* made them look
like drown'd Rats,
When he (2) humbled *Tom Toll* for his ſin.

That high-born Hero had cudgell'd their
Swords,
Had they not almoſt expir'd at his words;
But the whole deſign was not worth two half-
Turds,
Though you throw the (3) three Juſtices in.

In his laſt good ſervice he (4) took the City,
By an Order from the miſtaken Committee,
Where he ſcap'd a ſcowring, the more was the
pitty;
For 'twas foul when you've ſaid what you can.

He march'd into the Gates with an hundred more,
O brave! he ne're did the like before;
For he us'd to ſneak in at the (5) back dore,

(1) He hired 100. men to come with him to LYN with ſwords and guns, for fear Mr. HOWARD, and his two men ſhould beat him.
(2) Mr. Howard gave him a box on the ear with the back of his hand, and he fell to the ground with fear.
(3) Juſtice Cremar, Juſtice Peddar, and Juſtice Life.
(4) He took the City of Norwich when the Gates were open, and no oppoſition.
(5) Mrs. Foxe's back door.

As

As becomes a right modeſt man.

When they entred the Town they beleagur'd
the Maior,
And with wonderfull courage they ſtormed the
Chair;
But they ſoon were all foul, and ran very fair,
As if they'd been bred for the Courſe.

For the (1)Bells were rung backward, as he ſayes
his Prayers,
And his head went forward with his haſte down
the ſtairs,
Like a man of diſpatch in the State-affairs,
Thank Fortune it was no worſe.

'Tis much to be wondred he ſhould leave the
Rump,
Though his love to that end has receiv'd a Law
But that is his god whatever is Trump; (frump,
Yet his Spirit now was blind.

Had the Rump but once fizl'd, 'twas the
ſtrongeſt ſide,
But a Fart has ſo routed his Troop in their pride,
Though infallible (2) *Butler* was his guide,
That they are both blown down the winde.

(1) *The Bells were rung backward, which alarm'd the City, who came in and had beat him, if he had not run away upon the noiſe of it.*

(2) Iermy's *Chaplain, that prayes, and ſwears, and fights, and lyes for him in ordinary.*

Yet

Yet that would be thought a true (1) Engliſh-
Let him make true Latine if he can; (man,
Yet learned mens lives this Raſcal will ſcan,
And when he has done it deny it.

This is *Jermy*'s Forlorn when brave *Jacks* appear;
He has little of wit, and leſſe of fear,
And ſwears for his Collonel by the year;
And when he is in, he will ply it.

When the Nation was Jaded with a (2) Quaker,
This *Jippoe* forſooth was a great Undertaker,
And amongſt other Trades a Juſtice-maker,
(3) *Brewer*, *Tirrell*, and Gaffer *Liſe*.

We're made and created by his ſtinking breath,
To ſit on the Bench upon Life and Death.
We'd as good have had a Turd in our teeth,
Without any further ſtrife,

I thought this Collonel would fail,
When he was upon his Codpiece-bail,
He got ſuch a flap with a Fox tail,
As more at large in your (4) Box, Sir.

But now if we may believe common fame.
At preſent they ſay he's fled for the ſame,

(1) *Let us ſhew our ſelves true Engliſh men, is his uſual ſaying*
(2) *He that drank ſo much Aſſes milk, as, without the Parliament's mercy, he is like to be a Fool for ever.*
(3) *Two* Juſtices *in* Norfolk.
(4) *Maſter* Armiger *hath the exemplification of a Verdict in a Box, wherein* Jermy's *Baudery with* Foxes *wife is ſet forth.*

How

How poorly this Fellow has plaid his Game!
But let him not ſcape without knocks, Sir.

Yet he is ſuch a Coward that I dare ſay,
He neither dares fight nor yet run away,
And yet he'd be glad to ſtand at a ſtay,
If he might but have his *Quietus*.

For tell him his baſeneſs but once to his face,
Y'are ſure enough he dies on the place,
If he hangs not himſelf upon this diſgrace,
'Tis one to a Thouſand he'l beat us.

A Letany for the New-year.

FRom all and more than I have written here,
I wiſh you well protected this *New-year*;
From *Civil* war, and ſuch *uncivil* things
As ruine *Law* and *Goſpel*, *Prieſts* and *Kings*;
From thoſe who for *ſelf-ends* would all betray,
From ſuch new *Saints* that *Piſtol* when they *pray*,
From flattering *Faces* with infernal *Souls*,
From new *Reformers*, ſuch as pull down *Pauls*,
From *Linſy woolſy Lords*, from *Town* betrayers,
From *Apron Preachers*, and *extempore* Prayers,
From *Pulpit*-blaſphemy & bold *Rebellion*, (ye on,
From *Bloud* and--ſomethings elſe that I could tell
From new falſe *Teachers* which deſtroy the *old*,
From thoſe that turn the *Goſpel* into *Gold*, (*Trump*
From that black *Pack* where *Clubs* are alwayes,
From *Bodies Politique* and from the *Rump*,
From thoſe that *ruine* when they ſhould *repair*,
From ſuch as cut off *Heads* inſtead of *Hair*,

From

From twelve Months *Taxes* and abortive *Votes*,
From chargeable *Nurſe-Children* in *red Coats*,
From ſuch as ſell their *Souls* to ſave their *Sums*,
From City *Charters* that make Heads for *Drums*,
From *Magiſtrates* which have no truth or knowledge,
From the *red Students* now in *Greſham* Colledge,
From Governments erected by the *Rabble*,
From ſweet Sir *Arthurs* Knights of the round Table,
From City-Saints whoſe *Anagram* is *Stains*,
From *Plots* and being choak'd with our own *Chains*,
From theſe, and ten times more which may enſue,
The *Poet* prays, *Good Lord deliver you.*

The New State deſcribed.

LO here a Glorious *Realm* ſubverted ſtands,
Juſt *Tumbler*-like upon the *Feet* and *Hands*:
Once *Europes Pride* and *Envy*, now their *Scoff*,
Since the baſe *Entrayles* cut the *Head* on't off;
The *Body* loſt its form, and's turn'd a *Lump*;
Now all the *Limbs* are *Vaſſals* to the *Rump*,
Which all the *Nutriture* devour'd and ſpent,
Yields nothing back but *ſtink* and *excrement*,
And all *returns* that ever this doth ſend us,
Serves only to *defile* us and *offend* us;
'Tis by much *pamparing* grown a ſtrange *Diſeaſe*,
Which all *receives*, and *gives* nor food nor eaſe
To th' pining *Body*, but is craving ſtill;
And we by *feeding* it our ſelves do *kill*; Which

Which nothing lives by that has any worth,
But those base *vermin* which its *stink* brought forth.
If every *Member* in this Body would
Withdraw its *strength* and influence, as they should,
This nasty *Highness* quickly must abate,
And yield to th' *Head* which only saves the *State*.

The Devills Arse a Peake: or, Satans beastly part, or in plain terms, Of the Posteriors and Fag-end of a Long Parliament.

To be said or sung very comfortably.

To the Tune of *Cook Laurel.*

O Foolish Brittanicks, where are your hearts fled?
What fiend doth the Nation bewitch;
That since you like Rogues cut off your own Head,
Your Noses close in with the Britch?

The Britch! such a bit, *Nolls* paunch could never brook,
For it put him still to his dumps;
And though full meals of Hell-broth he oft took,
Yet alwaies he spew'd out the Rumps.

Till *Lambert* the Knave and *Fleetwood* the fool
(Though *Dick* perswaded them from it)
Did overturn the Devils Close stool,
And like Dogs return to their Vomit.

No

No ſooner the Councel Table was ſpread
With many a vomited gull (Head,
But the Army turn'd ſqueazie and turned their
For they ſoon had their Belly full.

The Red-coats could never this Rumbling digeſt,
Till adviſ'd by *Old nick* and his train,
(Who good unwittingly oft may ſuggeſt)
They ſpew'd up their Vomit again.

Their Surreverence was for a while out of ſight,
Till *Whettam* began to deplore 'um,
And *Arthur* the Knight of the Spur a bold wight,
The Rump of a Rump did reſtore 'um.

Then a pox light on the pittifull Rump,
That a third time above board vapers,
Which *Old Nick* blew out; but now turns up
As *Jone* farted in and out Tapers. (Trump,

The Houſe by this Legion was long time poſſeſt,
Bnt at laſt they were caſt out of dore;
Yet finding it ſwept, returned a new gueſt
Seven-times more a fiend than before.

Away then ye pittifull Citizen ſlaves,
Who let ſuch enormities paſs,
Were you but true men or but errant Knaves,
Fools durſt not you ride like an *Aſs*.

Then dare to be Honeſt, and beat up your Drum,
For when the Rogues hear of your power,
You'll ſmell what a ſcent proceeds from the Bum,
From *Whitehall*, at leaſt to the *Tower*.

S' foot!

S' foot! what if these Arſ-worms with gifts of our
Great *George* to defend them ſhould move(gold
Our goods & our Liberties, then would be ſold,
And the Devil a *Monk* would he prove.

Then pluck up your Spirits, and draw out your
'Tis force that muſt only prevail, (Swords,
We have long enough ſtood out in bare Words,
Let's now make a Rod for their Tayl.

Then *Vive le Roy* let's merrily Sing,
Can any Man well in his Wits,
Think worſer of *Charles* our Noble good KING,
Than thoſe who do govern by Fits?

Search round the great City what ill you can ſee,
Which the Raſcally *Rump* hath not done,
And then you will wiſh with the Nation and me,
That *CHARLES* had his Heritage won

For Swearing, Sacriledge, Murther, and Lyes,
KING-Killing, Hypocriſy, Cheats,
They make no more of theſe Sins, then of Flies,
HELL is almoſt out-damn'd by their Feats.

Then fight ye like men for the good of the Nation
As ye hope to be civilly Drunk, (tion,
On free coſt at bleſſed *CHARLES* Corona-
Pray hard for the truneſſe of *Monk*.

Heaven bleſs our good Soveraign, the beſt of all
Let the King of our Hearts be Trump, (Men,
That Peace and Proſperity may come agen,
Squire *Dun* and *Old Nick* take the Rump.

Then

Then let the Knaves ſhuffle three Kingdoms a-
Till each Curr at his Fellow ſnarles, (while
Ere long they will Cut, and after the Broyle
The Dealing muſt fall to KING *Charles.*

This Flap with a Fox-tail ſhall have the ſame lot,
That unhorſt his Tumble-down Highneſs,
For ſince the reſt of the Members are not,
The Rump muſt ſhortly have *FINIS.*

The Committee of Safety.

HEard ye not of the Phanatick Committee
Of Safety, whom *London* that ſtiff-necked Citty
Profanely diſturbed, and was not that pitty?
Oh bleſſed Reformation.

This gallant Committee made up of a crue
Of three and twenty bad men and untrue,
Would have made both our Church & our State for to rue.
Still bleſſed Reformation.

Charles Fleetwood is firſt and leads up the Van,
Whoſe counterfeit Zeal turns Cat in the pan,
And dame *Sankey* will ſwear he's a valiant man.
Oh, &c.

John Lambert at *Oliver*'s Chair doth roare,
And thinks it but reaſon upon this ſcore,

That *Cromwell* had ſitten in his before.
Still, &c.

Desborough's a Clown, of whom it is ſed,
That to be a States-man he never was bred,
For his Shoulders are far better proof than his Head. *Oh, &c.*

But whatever he wants is ſoundly made up
By ſubtle Sir *Vane*, who would bring us to ſup
Large draughts from the whore of *Babylon*'s cup.
Still, &c.

And under the arm of that masked Turk
Little *Bennet* creeps in to help on the good work,
And by voting down Tithes to reform the proud Kirk. *Oh, &c.*

The Tobacco-man *Salway* with a heart full of gall
Puffs down Bells, Steeples, Prieſts, Churches, & all
As old ſuperſtitious Relicks of *Baal*.
Still, &c.

Holland the Link-boy's a worſhipfull Wight,
For he muſt ſtand by to hold them a Light
While they do their works of darkneſs and night.
Oh, &c.

Next *Steel* the Recorder, whoſe politick Noddle
With Out-landiſh Notions of State doth ſtill quoddle,
Would here introduce the *Venetian* Moddle.
Still, &c.

Brandriſſe

Brandriffe a harmleſs and innocent Pigeon
Moſt zealouſly moves, that each ignorant Wigeon
May have leave to profeſs and own any Religion.
Oh, &c.

Wat Strickland him ſecond's that furious Ram,
And ſwears that when firſt to *Holland* he came,
All Sects were permitted in *Amſterdam*.
Still, &c.

Whitlock that miſchievous dangerous Elf
Never ſticks to turn ſides to promote his own Wealth,
And hath Wit enough, Law enough to damne himſelf.
Oh, &c.

Ludlow's a Saint of the Levelling mold, (bold,
And of courage undaunted, for Faith makes him
Since the fort at *Duncannon* is his ſtrong hold.
Still, &c.

Thompſon a Perſon of noted affection, (ſpection,
Though ſuſpected as guilty of much circum-
Yet is one of this Gang for the Peoples correction.
Oh, &c.

Jeſuitical *Berry* can hardly afford
A Gown-man to preach, but will make us accord,
That *Mars* hath beſt right to the two-edged ſword.
Still, &c.

Poor *Sidenham* would preach and pray too if he could,
But finding he cannot perform what he would,

He is bent and resolv'd ne're to do what he
should *Oh, &c.*

At President *Laurence* let none dare to scoff
Or abuse his grave Sermons, to call them riff raff,
Hee's a Father of *England*, and the Horse-men
thereof. *Still, &c.*

Lord *Hughson* the Cobler's teeth greedily chatter
To carve up a Prentice's Head in a Platter,
For he will go through-stitch with the whole
matter. *Oh, &c.*

John Clark in his hast is all lightning and thunder,
To break all Demurres and weak Scruples asun-
der,
While his fingers do itch at the Cities rich plun-
der. *Still, &c.*

No marvel that *Lilburn* is one of this Train,
As frantick as any, and as crosse in the grain,
For *Robin* inherits his Brothers mad Brain.
Oh, &c.

The Mountain did travel and bring forth of late,
What was't but a Mouse? and Sir *Harrington's*
pate
Is pregnant with formes of the Utopian State.
Still, &c.

What? A Scotch Rook among all these English
Jack-dawes,
The Laird *Warriston's* in for the *Gude Old Cause*,
To subvert all Proprieties, Charters and Laws.
Oh, &c. A brace

A brace of sage Aldermen act in the Play,
Ireton and *Titchburn* who faithlesly may,
The *Londoners* Counseils and Plottings betray,
Still, &c.

So here's a *Committee of Safety* compounded
Of Knave and of Fool, of Papist and Roundhead,
On Base's of Treason and Tyranny gronnded.
Oh, &c.

These did their Protestant Soveraign kill,
These glory'd the bloud of the Nobles to spill,
And trampled on Parliaments at their own will.
Still, &c.

These were the Carbuncles of *Oliver*'s Nose,
And the Rump's stinking excrements as we sup-
Bound up in the linings of *Atkins*'s Hose. (pose
Oh, &c.

Tredeskin himself never had such a Show
As this Knack, which would all our Rights o-
verthrow,
And *Caligula*-like slay three Lands at a blow.
Still, &c.

What Resolves and what Orders were past I
shan't tell,
Nor will any longer on this Subject dwell,
E're now an Account is given in Hell,
Where they'l make a new Reformation.

For *Monck* charm'd the Goblin, and packt it a-
way

To its propereſt Place, with black *Pluto* to ſtay,
For which let true *Engliſh-men* joyfully ſay
St. George *wrought the true Reformation.*

The GANG *or the Nine Worthies and Champions,* Lambert, *&c.*

To the Tune of *Robinhood.*

IT was at the Birth of a Winters morn,
With a Hey down down a down down,
Before the Crow had piſt,
That nine *Hero's* in ſcorn
Of a Parliament forlorn,
Walkt out with Sword in fiſt.

Johnne Lambert was firſt a dapper Squire,
With a Hey down, &c.
A mickler man of might
Was nere in *York-ſhire;*
And he did conſpire
With *Vane* Sir *Harry* a Knight.

Desborough was ſuch a Country Swain,
With a Hey down, &c.
An *Eaſter* Sun nere ſee;
He drove on a main
Without any brain,
Such a jolt-head Knave was he.

Kelſey was a brave Button-maker;
With a Hey down, &c.
As ever ſet mould upon Skewer;

And

And this Wife-aker
Was a great pain-taker,
T' make *Lambert*'s Nose look blewer.

The devout and Holy Major *Creed*,
With a Hey down, &c.
I known't of what Faith or Sect,
Had mounted a Steed,
And vow'd he would bleed
'Fore *Lambert* should be checkt.

Duckenfield (Steel was nere so true,)
With a Hey down, &c.
And as wise as ever was *Toby*.
Lay in the Purlew,
The Cock-pit Avenue,
To hinder the Speakers *Go-by*.

A man of Stomack in the next Deal,
With a Hey down, &c.
Was hungry Colonel *Cobbet*,
He would eat at a Meale
A whole Common-weale,
And make a Joynt but a Gobbet.

The following Champion is *Barrow*,
With a Hey down, &c.
An Ominous name for a Swine-Herd,
He flew like an Arrow,
Thither whence Lord *Harry*
But durst not draw his Whinyard.

Room for *Packer* a toyling Ditcher,
With a Hey down, &c.

He had ſet his Spade an edge,
He hop't to be Richer
By being a Bricher
And *Lambert* his Stake in the hedge.

For Nobilities ſake we may not forget,
With a Hey down, &c.
That Valiant *Mars* his true Son,
His Cobling Feat
Lackt a Parliament Seat
That Marks-man one-eyed *Hewſon:*

Theſe being aided with Red Coat and Creepers,
With a Hey down, &c.
After a ſhort Diſpute
The Liberty *Keepers*,
Were made Boo-peepers,
And the Speaker ſtrucken Mute.

But well ſaid Sir *Arthur*, what time of the day?
With a Hey down, &c.
The Parliament's now in the Prime
They ſtand at a *Bay*,
And have miſt their Prey,
And Cowardly curſe the time.

The Second Part.

NOw *Johnne* is gone to the *North* Countrey,
With a Hey down, &c.
And glad he is to retire,
He cryes *Cramme O Cree*,
Have mercy on me
ſet a-Fire.

And

And *Desborough* gotten into his Farm,
With a Hey down, &c.
Untill they do him need,
'Meant the Houſe no harm,
But took it for a Barn,
His Lord and hee's not agreed.

Kelſey is praying for the Dole,
With a Hey down, &c.
Of the Hoſpital that's *Suttons*;
He is out of the Roll,
And hath ne're a Loop-Hole,
And now his Arſe makes Buttons.

And *Creed* will now believe Sir *Arthur*,
With a Hey down, &c.
His Steed is Chopt for a Jade,
He will be a Carter
Before a Martyr,
And is turned *Regenade*.

Duckenfield's in a pittifull Caſe,
With a Hey down, &c.
The Speakers Horſes and Coach,
Were at ſtake with the Mace,
And he's thrown Aums Ace,
Tyburn owes him a reproach.

By being too greedy Colonel *Cobbet*,
With a Hey down, &c.
Ha's got a Bone in his throat,
He hath ſighed and ſobbed
And grievouſly throbbed,
But it will not help the Choak.

Pray

Pray take your turn too Mr. *Barrow*,
With a Hey down, &c.
What think you of your Plot?
Your Sow will not Farrow,
The Hang-man's Harrow,
That Hurdle will be your Lot.

Tye him up *DUN*, 'tis Goodman *Packer*,
With a Hey down, &c.
That would ſet up another Noſe,
Had he been a Backer
As Colonel *Hacker*,
H'ad liv'd in ſpight of his Foes.

Hewſon's Companions as ſcabby as Coots,
With a Hey down down a down down.
Have infected him with the mange,
They have piſt in his boots,
He muſt cry roots,
And *TURN OUT* to Turnup muſt change.

Vanity of Vanities, or *Sir* Harry Vane's *Picture.*

To the Tune of the *JEWS* Corant

HAve you not ſeen a *Barthol'mew* Baby,
A Pageant of policy as fine as may be,
That's gone to be Shown at the Mannor of *Raby*,
Which no body can deny.

There

There was never such a prostitute Sight,
That ever profan'd this purer Light,
A *Hocus Pocus* juggling Knight,
Which, &c.

He was taken for a Delphick *Tripus*,
Another doubt-solving *Oedipus*,
But the Parliament made him a very *Quibus*,
Which, &c.

His cunning State tricks and Oracles,
His lying Wonders and Miracles,
Are turned into Parliament Shackles,
Which, &c.

Goodly great Sir *Onesimus VANE*,
The Annointed King of Saints not Reign?
I see all Godlyness is not Gain,
Which, &c.

John a *Leyden* that *Munster's* Jing,
Was a Fool and an Asse to this pretty Thing,
But the Parliament hated the name of a King,
Which, &c.

This holy Saint hath pray'd till he wept,
Propheſied and Divin'd while he slept,
But fell in a T—— when aside he stept,
Which, &c.

He sate late in the House so discontent,
With his Arms folded and his Brows bent,
Like *Achitophel* to the Parliament,
Which, &c.

He

He durſt not ſpeak of a Concubine,
Nor gave more Councel to any Deſign,
But was muſing on a Hempen Line,
Which, &c.

He ſee Mr. P—— take a great deal of Pain,
To get in with the reſt as Members Again,
But they were Voted as uſe-leſs as *VANE*.
Which, &c.

They gave him a *Conge* with ſuch a Vote;
'Twas thought they had learned it by Rote,
Ever ſince he went down to *Graves-end* by Bote.
Which, &c.

For all his Ceremonious Cringing,
He ſhall undergo a notable Swinging,
There is now no more need of his Engine,
Which, &c.

When firſt the Engliſh War began
His Father was a Court *Trepan*,
And 'roſe to be a Parliament Man,
Which, &c.

So from the Father came unto the Son,
Whom wo and Mis'ry now do wait upon,
For Counſelling Protector *John*,
Which, &c.

A *Gemini* they were, *Pollux* and *Caſtor*,
One was a Teacher, the other a Paſtor,
And both like R—— betrayed their Maſter,
Which, &c.

The

The Devil ne're ſee ſuch two Sir *Harry's*,
Such a peſt'lent pair nor near nor far is,
No not at the Jeſuites *Sorbon* of *Paris*,
Which, &c.

They talkt of his having a Cardinals Hat,
They'd ſend him as ſoon an old Nun's Twat;
For turning in pan there was nere ſuch a Cat,
Which, &c.

His dainty proje&t of a Sele&t Senate,
Is Damned for a blaſphemous Tenet, (*Bennet*,
'Twas found in the budget ('tis ſaid) of Monk
Which, &c.

Of this State and Kingdom he is the Bane,
He ſhall have the reward of *Judas* and *Cain*,
And 'twas he that overthrew *Charles* his Wain,
Which, &c.

Should he ſit where he did with his miſchievous brain,
Or if any his Councels behind do remain,
The houſe may be called the *Labour in Vain*,
Which no body can deny.

The Glory of the WEST, or, *The Tenth Renowned* WORTHY, *and most Heroick* CHAMPION *of this* BRITISH ISLAND. *Being an unparallel'd Commemoration of General* MONK'S *coming towards the City of* LONDON.

TO unperplex the Riddles of our State,
And to discover t'us our hidden part,
Welcome (we cry) Welcome to *George* the *Great*,
A joyfull sight to see.

Not like the *Macedon*'s impatient sword,
That solv'd the doubt tyed in the *Gordian* Cord,
Great *George* doth time proportion due afford,
A joyfull, &c.

Wisdoms great pattern bred at *Bellonaes* Brest,
Prudence and Valour joyned in one Rest,
No more St. *George* shall be but *George* the *Blest*,
A joyfull, &c.

As *Cæsar* did the affrighted Boat-man learn,
When he sate trembling at the stinking stern,
My fates Embarqued that do's the world concern,
A joyfull, &c.

So the wrackt Vessel of the state distrest,
With Heav'ns angry blasts, now seeks for rest,
From the *Favonian Gales* of *George* o'th' *West*,
A joyfull, &c.

His

His great excelling merits in the Scale,
Of our rais'd hope, nor shall the angry *Taile*,
Of any *Comet* 'gainst our peace prevail,
A joyfull, &c.

Another *Fabius*, whose wise delayes (rayes)
(Like a misty morn, guilt with the Suns noon'd
Have Crown'd him with the Glorious Bayes,
A joyfull, &c.

He that has marched quite three Kingdoms o're,
Subdu'd his great mind for to make them four,
The signs to bring peace and plenty to our door.
A joyfull, &c.

Let all antient Glory then be a *Romance*,
Let old Fame, and craz'd Time, lye in a Trance,
Nothing new but *Hony Soit qui maly pense*,
A joyfull, &c.

This is the Noble Champion of the *Garter*,
The Great Defender of the *Magna Charter*,
The Soveraign Good came from the *Northerne*
Quarter, *A joyfull, &c.*

To settle a Nation without any Blowes,
To break down the Bridge of another Nose,
To do what all wish, but no body Knows,
A joyfull, &c.

To compleat a Design without any Noyse,
To amuse the Loud cry of *Vive le Roys*, (toys,
And sport all along with your Common wealth
A joyfull, &c.

But

But all the grand *Hero's* and wiſe ones together,
None had ſuch advantage of Wine and Weather,
'Tis true he's ſprung of a Princely Feather,
A joyfull, &c.

Where ſhall we begin his *Trophees* to raiſe?
Or when ſhall we make an end of his praiſe?
The bleſſing and honour and joy of theſe dayes.
A joyfull, &c.

The untam'd *Scot* (before his glorious time)
Has made t'expiate their treacherous crime,
They own him ſole Conqueror of their Clime,
A joyfull, &c.

His great and moſt powerfull Influence.
Ha's retrain'd them in their Obedience,
As if they own'd the *Vice-roy* of their Prince,
A joyfull, &c.

The ſhifting *Iriſh* 'bey'd his great command,
The ſlaughtered *Dutch*, yet rowling on the ſand,
Crave a reflux, to keep them from his hand,
A joyfull, &c.

Thrice did he Victory over them repeat,
And the almoſt wearied State were forc'd to treat
To ſave them from a final laſt defeat,
A joyfull, &c.

Whether we conquer'd are, or we muſt ſubmit,
By his all-powerfull hand to them that ſit,
We are ſure to be eas'd of our preſent fit,
A joyfull, &c.

What

What if great *George* should come to the City,
And in all your good humours should presently fit ye,
And I hope he will do; else more is the pity.
A joyfull sight, to see.

The City of LONDON'S *New Letany.*

To the Tune of the *Black-Smith.*

FRom *Rumps* that do Rule against Customes and Laws,
From a fardle of Fancies stil'd a *Good Old Cause*,
From Wives that have nails which are sharper than Claws,
Good Jove *deliver us all.*

From men who seek Right where it's not to be had,
From such who seek good where all things are bad,
From wise men far worse than fools or men mad.
Good Jove, &c.

From Soldiers that wrack the poor out of dores,
From *Rumps* that stuff Coffers to pleasure their Whores,
Which they secretly squeeze from Commonwealth scores, *Good* Jove, &c.

From Ingroſſers of wealth to ſye by their walls,
Which they force from poor women for keeping of Stalls,
And chooſe for to riſe by other mens falls.
Good Jove, &c.

From Knaves that doe pocket good Subjects Eſtates,
From ſuch that give Plaiſters when they've broken our Pates,
From *Rumps* that do Vote down our Poſtes, Chaines and Gates,
Good Jove, &c

From States-men that Court the Thing that they hate,
From wofull Repentance that comes too late,
From thoſe that delight in making of bate,
Good Jove, &c.

From Souldiers who mutiny for want of their pay,
And at laſt go ſneeking without it away,
Crying, they hope for a far better day,
Good Jove, &c.

From one who brought Forces to fill up the Town,
That when *Rumps* were at higheſt he might pull them down,
Becauſe he himſelf doth aim at the Crown,
Good Jove, &c.

From Commanders who never drew ſwords but in Schools,

Which

Which were button-pointed to favour such fools,
Who in vapouring words do threaten Joynt stools, *Good* Jove, &c.

Who to loose drop of blood would faint at the heart,
And in dread of a Gun are scar'd at a Fart,
If one blows but his Nose it makes them to start.
Good Jove, &c.

Who think every brush of wind an Alarm, (Arm,
To which they make ready and cry out Arm,
Yet secretly pray that there may be no harm,
Good Jove, &c.

From a City that lyes on its back to be Gelt,
From those that won't stir till famine be felt,
From the Pike, the Gun, the Sword, and the Belt,
Good Jove, &c.

From a simple Maior not fit to Rule Hoggs,
From such as obey him like Spannel Doggs,
From Summers heat and from winters Foggs,
Good Jove, &c.

From Country Petitions and Declarations,
That will not be drawn one inch from their stations,
But triumph in words for old Reformations.
Good Jove, &c

From Apprentices valour and threats from the City,
Which would Act great Wonders, yet forbear in pitty,

From Fools that conceit themſelves very witty,
Good Jove, &c.

From Oaths and Engagements impoſed by force,
And broken as faſt without any remorſe,
Alleadging them Ceremonies of courſe,
Good Jove, &c.

From thoſe whoſe damn'd actions with Treaſon are Crown'd
From ſuch that would Law and Goſpel confound,
And vow that the City they'l burn to the ground,
Good Jove, &c.

From People that murmur with Swords in their hand
And keep an entreating when they may command,
Yet had rather looſe all than Knaves to withſtand,
Good Jove, &c.

From *Rumps* that the Kingdoms Revenue have ſpent,
From an everlaſting Parliament,
And from an Army full of diſcontent,
Good Jove, &c.

From ſuch who do courteſies with a long pauſe,
From thoſe who condemn before they hear the Cauſe,
And from Trades that are worſe than picking of ſtraws, *Good* Jove, &c.

From a Foes mercy when one lyes in his power,
From a Friends anger in an ill hour,

And

And from a Fool that's Lieutenant of the *Tower.*
Good Jove, &c.

From men who make use of their Friends in the nick,
And when the Brunt's over against them do kick,
The thoughts of such Varlets do make my Muse sick. *Good night good people all.*

The RUMP serv'd in with a Grand Sallet: or, *A New Ballad.*

To the Tune of the *Black-smith.*

1.

Poetical Muses have fallen heavy as a *Mallet,*
Upon the poor *Rump* for disgusting their *Pallet,*
To cure the disrellish take now a *Grand Sallet,*
Which no body can deny.

2.

This *RUMP* is deriv'd by lineal descent,
As the undoubted Heir, and excrement,
Of the yet perpetual *Parliament,*
Which, &c.

3.

This was such an *Idol,* as the *Zealots* did strain
Their Purses and Consciences for to maintain,
Though it prov'd both of *Church* and *Kingdom* the bane. *Which, &c.*

4.

The tail of the *Dragon*'s not ſo bad as this *Rump*,
Which hath three ſuch Kingdoms worn to the very ſtump,
And muſt leave them for the time a confuſed Lump, *Which, &c.*

5.

Our Lawes, Lives, Lands, Liberties, were upon ſale,
By this everlaſting *Rump*, *Fag-end* or *tail*,
Yea to ſave our very Souls they refus'd to take bail. *Which, &c.*

6.

A *Tail* which was eaten up almoſt of the Pox,
That ſtunk more like *Carrion*, than ever did *Fox*,
Or that which was roſted of late at the ſtocks.
Which, &c.

7.

A *Rump* that the People did hate, ſcorn, and curſe,
As a Devil incarnate, or of ſomething that's worſe,
Of *Schiſm* and *Rebellion* both Mother and Nurſe,
Which, &c.

8.

The *Othodox Clergy* was forc'd for to fly,
They were plundred and ſequeſtred without reaſon why,
But only becauſe they would not comply,
Which, &c.

9.

Then as guilty of *Popery* the *Common-prayer-book* was damn'd,
And with all kind of News-books the Churches were cram'd, Venting

Venting lyes, non-ſence, blaſphemy, and what's
not to be nam'd. *Which, &c.*

10.

Then the Antient Order of Biſhops went down,
Which in the Church Chriſtian was ever of Renown,
The Proverb proves true, *No Miter, No Crown,*
Which, &c.

11.

In whoſe ſtead we planted *Elders* and *Presbyters,*
Which impowr'd, brake Princes and People in fitters,
And with their Claſſes and Aſſes them all to beſquitters, *Which, &c.*

12.

They call'd then a Synod which ſcarce could agree,
I'th' ſpace of three years whether there be a *TRINITY,*
From ſuch pur-pure-blind *Levites* God bleſs you and me, *Which, &c.*

13.

That Aſſembly was juſt like the Members that choſe it,
Without Learning and Honeſty, all the World knows it,
Fit Jakes-farmers for the *Rump,* they could twang and noſe it,

14.

They combin'd with the *Scots* to bring in a *Directory,*
Tending neither to our *Good*, nor yet to *Gods Glory;*

'Tis a ſhame that *Tom Fuller* ſhould name't in
Church-ſtory, *Which, &c.*

15.

For whereas a Chriſtian ſhould be taught how to
pray,
And both rightly to believe, and humbly to obey,
Nor *Lords prayer*, nor *Creed*, nor *Decalogue* have
they, *Which, &c.*

16.

Then *curſe ye Meroz*, in each *Pulpit* did *thunder*,
To perplex the poor people and keep them in
wonder,
Till all the Reins of Government were broken
quite aſunder, *Which, &c.*

17.

Then St. *Pauls* the Mother-Church of this City
and Nation,
Was turn'd to a Stable, O ſtrange Profanation!
Yet this was one of their beſt fruits of Reforma-
tion.

18.

Of all that is Chriſtan they make no great matter,
So they may but gather they care not who ſcat-
ter;
Their *Tryers* would approve none but ſuch as
bribe and flatter, *Which, &c.*

19.

Inſtead of an *Uſe* of *Divine Conſolation*,
Theſe *Hypocrites* publiſht a late *Exhortation*,
To trepan and beggar this *City* and *Nation*,
Which, &c.

20.

If they be eſtabliſht bid *England* farewell,
And rather than dwell here i'th' Suburbs of Hell,
Choole

Chooſe *Turkey*, or *Tartary*, or any where to dwell,
Which, &c.

21.

This form will ne're ſuit with the *Engliſh* Complection,
Which is free and too Heroick to yield baſe Subjection,
Or to take from a Pope in each Pariſh correction,
Which, &c.

22.

Who ever did *Lord* it like theſe ſelf-ſeeking Elves,
Which have forc'd us on covenants, vows, oaths, and other ſhelves,
That ſhould warn us for the future to look to our ſelves, *VVhich, &c.*

23.

All ſober men know that 'tis a miſchievous fate,
A Kingdom to turn into a popular State,
And *Epiſcopy* into a *Presbyterate*,
VVhich, &c.

24.

Yet the Parliament ſet up the pure *Members five*
Both of *Church* and *Kingdom*, the downfall to contrive,
That by the Ruines of our *Sion* this their *Babel* might thrive, *VVhich, &c.*

25.

The *Presbyters* 3. years were long ſince expir'd,
And yet, as if they had not our patienee quite tir'd,
To ſpur-gall us ſtill afreſh they have conſpir'd,
VVhich, &c.

26. Then

26.

Then why ſo many *Bonfires* of late in this *City*?
Why ſuch ringing of Bells, and rejoycing? 'Tis pity
That ye ſhould be ſo gull'd by the *Rump*, that
does out-wit ye, *Which, &c.*

27.

For the *Houſe* is like *Hydra*, if one head ye kill,
Another ſtarts up, another full as ill;
So, though one *Rump* is gone, yet another ſits
ſtill, *Which, &c.*

28.

They have altered the ſcean, the people to pleaſe,
Becauſe in *commotions* they muſt them appeaſe,
We have thus chang'd our bed, but not our diſ-
eaſe, *VVhich, &c.*

29.

Their ſhifting and ſhuffling is but to decoy us,
While Spiders do ſpin, their Cobwebs annoy us,
If the *Houſe* ben't ſwept clean, ere long they'l de-
ſtroy us, *Which, &c.*

30.

If they mean as they talk of a *Parliament free*,
How comes it that ſuch *Qualifications* we ſee,
That no one known *Royaliſt* can choſen be?
VVhich, &c.

31.

The beſt things corrupted do ever prove worſt,
Then that the next *Parliament* make amends for
the firſt,
Let's chooſe no more *Zealots*, leſt in pieces we
burſt, *Which, &c.*

32.

For when as the *Schiſmaticks* i'th' *Houſe* do *prevail*

Then

Then the head and all the Members are led by the *tail*,
So that all parts in doing their duty needs muſt fail, *Which, &c.*

33.

Let the *Militia* be ſetled e're you part with your Money,
Elſe you'l find them *gall* and *wormwood* whom you took for honey,
And the *Sonldiers* will inſult 'ore as ſoon as they've undone ye, *VVhich, &c.*

34.

'Tis believed the 3. Generals, *Fairfax*, *VValler*, and *Brown*,
Are ſorry now for what they once helpt to pull down,
And 'tis hopt they'l redeem it by deeds of Renown, *Which, &c.*

35.

We are ſenſible now that there is no one thing
Can full ſati-faction to all Intereſts bring
But onely *Charles* the ſecond, our known lawfull *King*, *Which, &c.*

36.

Let's dally no longer, but like *Britains* let's ſtand,
For GOD and KING *CHARLES*, and the Laws of the Land;
Let's up and be doing, let's do't out of hand.
Which no body can deny.

Saint

Saint George *for* England.

To the Tune of *Cook Laurell.*

THe *VVeſtminſter* Rump hath been *little* at *eaſe*,
Of which you have heard enough one would think,
And therefore wee'l lay it aſide if you pleaſe,
For the more we do ſtir in't the more it will ſtink.

Theſe County reſolves for a *Parliament free*,
Makes the *Rump* ſmell worſe than it did of late,
For now it *runs down their heels* you may ſee,
You may call them our *Privy-Members* of State.

But why ſhould this *Rump* deal ſo roughly with *Kent*?
When *England* was conquer'd they were *ſcot*-free,
Muſt they for declaring of all men be ſhent?
But *long-tail* and *bob-tail can never agree.*

'Tis much diſputed who *Antichriſt* is,
I think 'tis the *Rump*, nor am I in jeſt,
For indeed, although of the number it miſs,
Of this I am ſure '*tha's the mark of the Beaſt.*

I cannot believe that our General *Monck*
Intends to protect it, hee's not ſuch a Fool;
For if he were rightly inform'd how it ſtunk,
He never would joyn with ſuch Grooms of the *Stool.*

Though't

Though't be not whole *Antichriſt*, 'tis the worſt part,
By it both the *Pope* and the *Turk* are out-done,
If it be not the head, nor the feet, nor the heart,
'Tis the *Rump* of the *VVhore of Babylon.*

So pocky, ſo ſtinking, ſo cheating to boot,
That he that has got but an eye or a noſe, (do't?
Would never beſtride it; Then why ſhould he
And make the poor *Devil* his ſtallionſhip loſe;

If I might adviſe him, he ſhould not come near it,
The ſcent of that houſe is naught for his *Gout*,
And for his *Army* too; he might well fear it,
'Tis enough to infect both his *horſe and his foot.*

Nor would I wiſh him to come to *VVhitehall*,
For that hath been an unfortunate place, (fall:
From thence *Noll* was fetch'd, and *Dick* had his
And *George* may take heed that it be not his Caſe.

I remember the time when he fought for the King,
And the *Cauſe* was good though he did not prevail:
O let not the Boyes in the ſtreets now ſing,
He was once for the *Head*, but now for the *Tail.*

Then *George for England* ſtrike up thy Drum,
And do they devoir this Rump to deſtroy,
That Noble King *Charles* the ſecond may come,
And our Streets may eccho with *Vive le Roy.*

And if *He* ſhould come by thy Valour and Might,
In that brave exploit thou'lt have more to brag on, Than

Than e're had Saint *George* that valiant Knight,
Who reſcued the Maid by killing the *Dragon.*

Then lay by the thought of a *Parliament free,*
But firſt bring the *King* in if you be wiſe,
For without Kings & Lords theres none can be;
'Twill be but a *Rump of a bigger ſize.*

You know how to do it, and needs not much
ſchooling,
All that you need to ſay is, *let it be done,*
Then why ſhould you ſtand delaying and fooling,
You fought for the *Father,* why not for the *Son?*

If you do not do't, much honour you'l loſe,
Which He and We mean you, for this We do
know,
That in ſpight of the *Rump,* and all other his
Foes,
He will be brought in whether you will or no.

The Hiſtory of the Second Death of the RUMP.

To the Tune of
The Parliament ſate as ſnug as a Cat.

I.

COme buy my fine Ditty
Of News from the Citty,
As it was told in *Devonſhire;*

The

The Pimp that whips weekly
Your Breech Politickly
Sells not ſo much truth in a quire.

2.

Tom Kings-man; near undone
With long ſtay in *London*,
Laſt week to the Country did gallop;
Where he took Cavaliers
With his News by the ears,
As they did the Pot to drink all--up.

3.

Quoth he, I once went
To th' late Parliament,
Whoſe Members(when I had ſeen 'em)
Made me think of a Rat,
That was caught by a Cat,
And eat up the tail, that is venom.

4.

But yet to the ſtump
Of that Poyſonous Rump,
Th' *Old Mouth* did ſoder in ſeaſon;
And when that was done,
Like a *Lay-elder* Gun,
It ſtunk at both ends of High Treaſon.

5.

The Monſter did come
Of mere *Mouth* and *Bum*,
Moſt cunningly thus compacted,
That if queſtion'd it were,
For miſchief done there,
It might ſwear, 'twas by *no body* acted.

6.

O' the nature and name
Of each Member that came

Should

Should I give a full relation,
Youl'd gueſſe by the ſtink,
That I rak't in the ſink,
And common-ſhore of the whole Nation.

7.

Religions you might
Find all there, but the right;
For through the ſame Sieve they ran,
Which *Noll* us'd before
To ſift the Houſe o're,
Till nothing was left but the Bran.

8.

But of thoſe they had,
Diviſions being made
By Fortune's hand, (which is uncertain)
Some Members got many,
Some few, ſome not any,
As *Nevill* complained, and *Martin*.

9.

Indeed from Uſurpers
They freed us and our Purſe,
And praiſe of thanks had been their hire,
For taking us thean
Out o'th' Frying-pan,
Had they not caſt us into the fire.

19.

For *Cromwell* they voted
A Tyrant, though rotted,
'Cauſe when they firſt footed their Game,
Hee'd not let them tarry
To prey on the Quarry,
But gorg'd himſelf on the ſame.

11.

And King *Olivers* Sons,
(Like Prince-playing Whore-Sons,
That on too high parts had ventur'd)
They ſtrip't with a hiſs
Of their State-properties,
And *exeunt two Fools as they enter'd.*

12.

What elſe they do,
By our Purſes we knew,
As well as that ſcribling Knave *Nedham*;
Some good Laws they un-did,
And ſome bad they founded,
And ſhortned our Chain for our Freedom.

13.

To quell this fierce Monſter,
A Knight did anon-ſtir,
Who wanted Arms; yet from a Waggon
O' th' Popes hee'd take none,
But from *Preſter-John*,
And ſo St. *George* fell by the Dragon.

14.

Then *Lambert's* Wife chid him,
And (like *Cromwell*) bid him
Confound it, and mount the Throne Royal,
Your Weapons are long
Quoth ſhe, and as ſtrong,
My ſelf of 'em both have made tryal.

15.

He finds the *Anabapriſt*
For his purpoſe aptiſt,
And treads the ſteps of *Knipper Dolin*,
He faſts, and he prayes,

I'th' new canting phraſe,
As if Heaven were taken with drolling.

16.

Some Packs he inveagles,
O'th' blood-coated Beagles,
To's party, the Rump-men did ſo to,
And victualled ſo well,
The adjacent fort Hell,
As if they no other would go to.

17.

Little *John* thus did draw,
'Gainſt th' Out-law,
(Good King) to try who ſhould have thy Deer,
And thus for both poyſons,
A quarrel did riſe once
Betwixt the foul Toad and the Spider

18.

Bold *Lambert* advanced,
He picquier'd and pranced,
And's Party with ſpeeches did urge on.
But though he and *Morley*
Did ſnarle and look ſurly,
They cheated the Devil and the Chirurgion.

19.

For ſoon the Red-coat,
(Who'l not fight, but vote)
When *Lamberts* ſide ſtronger was found,
By (at leaſt) two foot,
And a Trooper to boot,
Did let the Rump fall to the ground.

20.

And with General *Lentball*,
The Houſe they o're w uatall,

Religion,

Religion and Laws they n'ere ſtood on,
But ſought ſtill to hold,
Ill got Land and Gold,
Which firſt made the *Old Cauſe* a *Good One.*

21.

So fell the aged ſway,
Of five Months and a Day,
We yet ſee no Heir apparent,
But from Scabberd pregnant,
Expect *Poſthume regnant*,
If Midwife *Monck* kindly take care on't.

22.

The Sword-men addreſs to's,
Pleas, and Manifeſto's,
Which ſhew 'em leſs honeſt than crafty,
Whilſt a Tyrannous crew,
Our dangers renew,
That's call'd a *Committee of Safety.*

23.

But *Fleetwood* and *Whitlock*,
(The Laws cunning Pick-lock)
With *Salloway* and *Vane*, two prime Praters,
Loved Treaſon ſo well,
That again to't they fell,
And betray'd ev'n their own Fellow-traytors.

24.

In's villany *Bradſhaw*,
Of conſtancy made ſhew,
For ſcorning Repentance as fickle,
His life he ſoon ended,
And to hell deſcended,
This of my Faith is an Article.

25.

Yet *Politicus.*
(The Devil's *Succubus,*
To teem for his Commendation)
Advizes us all
To mourn, and we ſhall,
Whilſt that Hell-hound yelps in our Nation.

26.

And now *Lambert*'s Cohorts,
And *Monks* (which makes wo hearts)
Do ſeem to conteſt, but anon,
We ſhip-wrack't ſhall be,
When they can agree
From what coaſt the ſtorm ſhall fall on.

27.

Whilſt Buff and Red-coats
Are ſanctified notes
Of Chriſt's and his Goſpel's Protectors,
But 'mong themſelves ſolely,
Do they paſs for holy,
As *Beſſus* and's *Sword-men* for *Hectors.*

28.

They that heard this ſtory,
Firſt ſighed, and were ſorry
To hear of poor *Englands* confuſion,
Then drank a full Bowl
To that Royal ſoul
That muſt ſettle all in concluſion. *Vivat.*

The Arraignment of the DEVIL for ſtealing away Preſident Bradſhaw.

To the Tune of, *Well-a-day, well-a-day.*

2

IF you'l hear news that's ill,
Gentlemen, Gentlemen,
Againſt the Devil: I will
Be the Relator.
Arraigned he muſt be,
For that felloniouſly,
'thout due ſolemnity,
He took a Traytor.

2.

John Bradſhaw was his name.
How it ſtinks, how it ſtinks,
Who'l make with blacker fame,
Pilate unknown.
This worſe than worſt of things
Condemn'd the beſt of Kings,
And what more guilt yet brings,
Know 'twas his own.

3.

Vertue in *Charles* did ſeem,
Eagerly, eagerly,
And villainy in him
To vye for glory;
Majeſty ſo compleat,
And impudence ſo great
Till that time never met,
But to my Story.

4.

Accuſers there will be
Bitter ones, bitter ones,
More than one, two, or three,
All full of ſpight:
Hang-man and Tree ſo tall,
Bridge, Tower, and City-wall,
Kite and Crow, which were all
Robb'd of their right.

5.

But Judges none are fit,
Shame it is, ſhame it is,
That twice ſeven years did ſit
To give Hemp-ſtring dome;
The fiend they would befriend,
That he might in the end
To them like favour lend
In his own Kingdom.

6.

Sword-men it muſt be you,
Boldly to't, boldly to't,
Muſt give the Devil his due,
Do it not faintly;
But as you rais'd by ſpell
Laſt Parliament from hell
Omnipotently.

7.

The Charge they wiſely frame
(On with it, on with it,)
In that yet unknown name
Of Supreme power.
Which ſix weeks hence by Vote
Shall be or it ſhall not,
When *Monk*'s to *London* got
In a good hour.

8.

But twelve good men and true,
Cavaliers, Cavaliers,
He excepts againſt you,
Juſtice he fears.
From Bar and and Pulpit he
Craves ſuch as do for fee
Serve all turnes: for hee'l be
Tryed by his Peers.

2.

Satan, y'are guilty found
By your Peers, by your Peers.
And muſt dye above ground,
Look for no pitty.
Some of our Miniſtry,
Whoſe Spirits with yours comply,
As *Owen*, *Caryl*, *Nye*,
For death ſhall fit 'ee.

10.

Dread Judges; mine own limb
I but took, I but took.
I was forced without him
To uſe a Crutch.
Some of the Robe can tell
How to ſupply full well
His place here, but in hell.
I had none ſuch.

11.

Devil, you are an Aſſe,
Plain it is, plain it is,
And weakly plead the caſe;
Your wits are loſt.
Some Lawyers will out-do't,
When ſhortly they come to't,
Your craft, our gold to boot,
They have ingroſs'd.

12.

Should all men take their right,
Well-a-day, well-aday,
We were in a ſad plight,
O'th' *Holy Party*.
Such practiſe hath a ſcent
Of Kingly government;
Againſt it we are bent,
Out of home-Char'ty.

13.

But if I dye, who am
King of Hell, King of Hell,
You will not quench its flame,
But find it worſe:
Confuſed Anarchy
Will a new torment be;
Ne're did theſe Kingdoms three
Feel ſuch a curſe.

14.

To our promotion Sir,
There are here, there are here,
Through ſome confuſed ſtir
Doth the high-road lye.
In hell we need not fear
Nor King, nor Cavalier,
Who then ſhall dominere
But we the Godly?

15.

Truth then, Sirs, which of old
Was my ſhame, was my ſhame,
Shall now to yours be told,
You cauſed his death.
The Houſe being broken by
Your ſelves (there's Burglary)
Wrath entered forcibly,
And ſtopt his breath.

16. Sir

16.

Sir, as our Preſident
Taught by you, taught by you,
'Gainſt the King a way went
Moſt ſtrange and new:
Charging him with the Guilt
Of all the blood we ſpilt,
With Swords up to the hilt,
So wee'l ſerve you.

17.

For mercy then I call,
Good my Lords, good my Lords,
And Traytors I'le leave all
Duly to end it.
Sir, Sir, 'tis frivolous,
As well for you as us,
To beg for mercy thus,
Our crimes tranſcend it.

18.

You muſt dye out of hand,
Satanas, *Satanas*,
This our Decree ſhall ſtand,
Without controll,
And we for you will pray,
Becauſe the Scriptures ſay,
When ſome men curſe you, they
Curſe their own ſoul.

19.

The fiend to *Tyburn*'s gone,
There to dye, there to dye.
Black is the North anon,
Great ſtorms will be,
Therefore together now
I leave him and th' Gallow:
So News-man take 'em thou,
Soon they'l take thee.

The Rota: Or

News from the Common-wealths-Mens-Club,
Written by Mr. Henry Stub;
'Tis better than a Syllybub.

1.

AT *Weſtminſter* where we take boat,
There on the left hand you may note
The ſign of the *Turks Head* and *Throat*.

2.

What Heads and Thoats therein there be,
If you'l have patience to ſee,
Theſe few lines here ſhall notifie.

3.

Here *Harrington* breeds up his youth
To the diſcover of no Truth,
All *Common-wealths-men* in good ſooth.

4.

A queſtion here, though nere ſo rude,
Is ſo belabour'd, and ſo rew'd,
And into ſundry pieces hew'd.

5.

If un-reſolved by *I*, or *Not*,
It muſt be put to the Ballot.
'Tis Mr. *Harringtons* own plot.

6.

The fineſt thing that ere was ſeen,
The one ſide white the other green,
And there you muſt put in a Bean.

7.

First *Harrington* doth hawk and hum,
And tells a ſtory of old *Rome*,
Which from his own ſtore never come.

8.

He cites *Sigonius* and *Lampridius*,
Authors which to the Club are hideous,
And he in quoting moſt perfideous.

9.

But there a ſad miſhap befell,
Which much doth grieve me for to tell,
But I am glad it was ſo well.

10.

The learned man ſtood up and ſpoke,
That by two Loſſes he was broke,
His Reputation and his Cloke.

11.

Quoth he, my Reputation
I hear is tumbled up and down
Much like a Foot-ball through the Town.

12.

And for my Cloak, by this good light,
This Raſcal *Miles* but yeſter-night
With Coffee did it all bedite.

13.

Next *Polixſen*, that Politician,
Yet ſurely he is no *Hebrician*,
And (as I take it) a worſe *Grecian*.

14.

Whom *Αυτοκρατως* did ſo fright,
He was not himſelf again that night,
'Twas thought he did himſelf beſhite.

15.

There's *Poultney* too that man of Law,

In

In Politicks he is but raw,
But prattles more than a Jack-daw.

16.

Who ſpeaking once of *Injuſtice*,
Made a diſtinction ſomewhat nice,
It was between a *Sin* and *Vice*.

17.

Next comes in *Gold* that brazen-face,
If bluſhing be a ſign of grace,
The Youth is in a wofull caſe:

18.

Whilſt he ſhould give us *Sol's* and *Ob's*,
He brings us in ſome ſimple bobs,
And fathers them on Mr *Hobs*.

19.

Nay, he hath got the prettieſt feat,
Monarchs out of the world to beat,
Thus proves they're all a *tacite Cheat*.

20.

If man in ſtate of nature be,
And one imparts his right to me,
I cheat him of his property.

21.

The like, if many men poſſeſt,
To one gives all their intereſt;
He muſt be deem'd a Cheat at beſt.

22.

We want not an Attorney hight,
Lame Collins (if I name him right)
Oh! 'tis a very learned Wight.

23.

The ſubtleſt man that ere I ſaw,
Did arguments from Scripture draw;
Religion was before the Law.

24.

If ſo Sir *Harrington*'s miſtane,
Religion doth the Law ſuſtain,
Law property, it is moſt plain.

35.

A *Parſon* too, of no ſmall note,
His ſenſe as thred-bare are his coat;
And neither of them worth a groat.

26.

The man doth hope in time to be
Chaplain to the Academy;
Hee's fit, for he can ſcarce tell three.

27.

Morley, who thought to have been one
Of the Committee, but was none;
For had he, they'd been all undone.

28.

'Twas well foreſeen, for the wiſe *Knot*
Thought that the man might have a Plot,
For to have dipped their *Ballot*.

29.

One in a ſpeech he did reherſe,
'Gainſt the Popes land, he was ſo fierce,
He cut it off at leaſt in a teiree.

30.

He ſaid he'd quote Authority,
That the full lengsh of *Italy*
Contain'd but threeſcore miles and three.

31.

A Cambrobritain here god-wot,
Muſt needs make one of this learned Knot,
But 'twere as good if he were not.

32.

Taf Morgan, God her Worſhip ſave,

Doth

Doth ſhit among them very grave,
He's no great States-man, but great K——.

33.

Laſt, *Skinner* of his Chair grown proud,
Doth gravely weild the buſie croud,
And ſtill to Orders cries aloud.

34.

To tell you more of Mr. *Skinner*,
He'd rather talk than eat his Dinner;
'Tis that which makes him look the thinner.

35.

But whilſt the Man to *Strafford* cry'd,
Sir you to Orders muſt be ty'd,
Or elſe you muſt not here abide.

26.

For our courſe here, is not to prate
Of things that do too near relate
To the Affairs of preſent ſtate.

37.

Speak to the queſtion, it is ſound,
In what of Government the Ground,
Or the foundation may be found.

38.

Strafford with that did lowly bow,
Good Mr. Speaker calm your brow,
And of my Argument allow.

39.

For had your Queſtion any ſenſe,
I ſhould not take the confidence
To give your Worſhip ought offence.

40.

But ſince for non-ſenſe it may paſſe,
To ſpeak to you in *Country-Phaſſe*,
Your Worſhip is a learned Aſſe.

41. Which

41.

Which words he took in ſo much ſcorn,
That nothing elſe would ſerve his turn,
But preſently he muſt adjourn.

42.

Adjourn, quoth *Strafford*, in a fright,
Are you a Burgeſſe or a Knight?
Sure I ſhall to the Tower to night.

43.

But loe, the worſt of all diſaſters,
A *Youth* ſtood up, *My learned Maſters*,
All Governments are *much like plaſters*,

44.

Plaiſters, quoth *Strafford*, let me dye;
If not this poor Academy,
Have not ſome grand infirmity.

45.

And ſince it happens to be ſo,
I may chance be infected too;
Therefore *my Maſters all*, adieu. *Exit.*

The Cobler's *laſt Will and* Teſtament: or, *the Lord* Hewſon's *tranſlation.*

1.

TO Chriſtians all I greeting ſend,
That they may learn their ſouls to amend
By viewing of my *Coblers end.*

2.

Firſt, to the new Lords I would give *all*,
But that (like me) they're like to fall,
Though heartleſs *Fleetwood* has no *gall.*

3. Yet

3.

Yet he deſerves this Legacy,
ROPE take you all, well may I cry,
Hou're Murderers as well as I.

4.

And will thus *(wry-neck)* end your race,
Since wilfulful Murther hath no place
In the late *Parliaments* Act of Grace.

5.

My *Paring-Knife* I'le *Lambert* give,
He may have uſe on't if he live,
For's *throat* as well as his *brow* I *believe*.

6.

But *Richard* and *Harry* I have forgot,
Shall I give them my *Hammers*? No, I will not,
For they did not ſtrike while th' Iron was hot.

7.

Vane take my *Bends*, and *Wilks* my *Clue*,
Atkins my *Hoſe* of Saffron Hue,
But *Gregory* ſaith my *Clothes* are his due.

8.

My *Cuſhion* will fit Q. *Dowager Cromwell*, (well,
Whilſt *Shipton* wifes Propheſie ſhe doth thumb
In Chair of State 'twill eaſe her Bum well.

8.

For *Oliver* thou didſt ſet me on high,
I aim'd not at it, though I winkt of an eye,
Yet I wiſh not now to come thee nigh.

10.

For ſure ere this thou'lt burn with thy Noſe,
Which out of thy Noſtrils Brimſtone throwes,
Would thou wert here to ſinge my Foes.

11.

There is another Lord, that's *Rich*,

To

To cure the *City* whose fingers did itch:
But only I went thorough *stitch.*

12.

And yet they say I was out of my *Trade*
When as *Phlebotomy* I Made,
Some Chyrurgion to do't I'de better have paid.

13.

Ill-looking death turn back thy shaft,
If *Charon* me over *Styx* should waft,
It would disgrace our Gentle-craft.

14.

I'th' Good Old Cause I traded still,
But in't my Lordship smelt some ill,
To mend it though, prov'd past my *skill.*

15.

Therefore to *Tyburn* I must ride,
Although it cannot be deny'd,
But that I have lived single ey'd.

16.

And if my Foes will do me right,
They'l say, *I've set the crooked streight,*
Why then I am a Man upright.

17.

I wish the Jury find it so,
John Lilburns Jury would say no,
Stitch up the Lord, let the Cobler go.

18.

But 'tis no jesting matter I trow?
For I can't laugh although you do;
Yet may make a wry-mouth, or so.

19

Before, when we debauche the Nation,
We could have vouch'd our Reformation,
By a day or two of Humiliation.

20.

Now 'tis not currant Pay, for I
Have wail'd my ſins, and yet they cry,
Hang him, he weeps but with one eye.

The Hangman's *laſt Will and Teſtament, with his Legacy to the* Nine Worthies *viz. Col.* Lambert, Creed, *&c.*

I Have lived to ſee ſuch wretchedneſſe,
When none but Honeſty are Crimes,
That my Ropes are turned into Rimes.
I and my Gallows groan.

Things are ſo carried I can't tell how,
There's as many above ſtill as are below,
I have hang'd ſuch in ſhirts as white as ſnow.
I and my Gallows groan.

Oliver he lived by a Plot,
The Parliament ſits ſtill, and why not?
And I fared well by a bow-knot.
I and my Gallows groan.

All my delight was in a Jayl,
My eſtate was got at a Carts tayl,
I know not what theſe people ayle.
I and my Gallows groan.

Oliver he a Coach would drive,

And

And was honey in the Parliaments Bee-hive,
Neither he nor I lov'd a reprive.
I and my Gallows groan.

I wish I had had his Protectors rest,
I'de have laid it an earnest for a jest,
But Sir *Harry Vane*'s worth all the rest,
I and my Gallows groan.

I have chopt off many a worthy Head,
And thanks to the Sheriffs have been well fed.
But that I can dock must never be fed.
I and my Gallows groan.

Lambert I knew was troubl'd with the yellows,
And more perplexed with his fellows.
Had I liv'd I'de cur'd him at the Gallows:
I and my Gallows groan.

Never was any so bad as my Trade,
The Nine Worthies would have made,
As a Drudge before something a Jade,
I and my Gallows groan.

But I had got nothing by the thing,
There's indempnity against the string,
But my heir may get by a forward Spring,
I and my Gallows groan.

I see *John Lilburn* at a bar,
And Sir *George Booth* that man of war,
But could get neither in my Car.
I and my Gallows groan.

I think the Ordinaries long Prayer,
Hath ſpoyl'd frequenting of my fair.
Till all long-winded R —— are there.
I and my Gallows groan.

For half thirteen pence half penny wages
I would have cleared all the Town cages,
And you ſhould have been rid of all the Sages.
I and my Gallows groan.

There was much climbing among the Grandees,
Yet they all I ſee know the wood from the trees,
And all to couſin me of my fees.
I and my Gallows groan.

The High Court of Juſtice was out of uſe,
The Thieves and the Bench had made a Truce,
For want of Authority, a lean excuſe.
I and my Gallows groan.

'Twould vex any body to keep an Axe
As long as there are any Alderman *Packs*,
Or *Deshorough* eke with his wide Sacks.
I and my Gallows groan.

That *Duckenfield*, *Packer*, and Major *Creed*,
Of my helping hand ſhould have ſuch need,
When I am not able to do the deed,
I and my Gallows groan.

Lambert would alſo borrow the Block,
As well as my Lady did *Olivers* Cock,
But like him I muſt patiently bear this mock.
I and my Gallows groan.

Fleetwood

Fleetwood alſo lacks ſome of my skill,
And that I can't do't Folks take it ill,
I'de hang um all, if I could have my will.
I and my Gallows groan.

'Tis vain to look for old mens ſhooes,
Elſe I had had *Hewſon* in a nooſe,
But my Succeſſor won't him looſe.
I and my Gallows groan

Tyburn was once in mourning clad,
For a great Man, and I alſo very ſad,
A full bunch will make you all glad.
I and my Gallows groan

A Hymne to the Gentle Craft: or Hewſon's *Lamentation*.

To the Tune of the *Blind Beggar*.

LIſten a while to what I ſhall ſay
Of a blind Cobler that's gone aſtray
Out of the Parliaments High way,
Good people pity the blind.

His name you wot well is Sir *John Hewſon*
Whom I intend to ſet my Muſe on,
As great a Warriour as Sir *Miles Lewſon*,

Good people, &c.
Hee'd now give all the ſhooes in his ſhop
The Parliaments fury for to ſtop,

Whip Cobler like any Town-top,
Good people, &c.

He hath been in many a bloody field,
And a ſucceſsfull ſword did wield,
But now at laſt is forced to yield,
Good people, &c.

Oliver made him a famous Lord
That he forgot his Cutting Bord,
But now his Thred's twiſted to a Cord,
Good people, &c.

Criſpin and he were nere of kin,
The gentle Craft have a noble Twin,
But he'd give Sir *Hughs* bones to ſave his skin,
Good people, &c.

Abroad and at home he hath cut many a Hide,
A Dog and a Bell muſt now be his Guide,
They'l laſh him ſmartly on the blind ſide,
Good people, &c.

Of all his War-like valiant Feats,
Of his Calves leather and his Neats,
Let him ſpeak um himſelf when he repeats,
Good people, &c.

I'le only mention one exploit,
For which when he begs, I'le give him a Doit,
How he did the City vex and annoy't,
Good people, &c.

He marcht into *London* with Red-coat and Drum
During the time we had no Bum,

Being

Being right for an Army as a Cows Thum,
Good people, &c.

And there he did the Prentices meet,
Who jeered him as he went through the ſtreet,
But he did them very well-favouredly greet,
Good people, &c.

Bears do agree with their own kind,
But he was of ſuch a cruel mind,
He kill'd his Brother Cob. before he had din'd.
Good people, &c.

He ſtrutted then like a Crow in a Gutter,
That no body durſt once more Mutter
The Capon-Citizens, 'gan to Flutter,
Good people, &c.

After he had them thus defeated,
To his old Quarters he retreated,
And was by *Fleetwood* notably treated,
Good people, &c.

He is for this I hear Indited,
Though the Week before by them Invited,
But Wiſe Men ſay they had as good as Shited,
Good people, &c.

He cares not for the Seſſions a Lowſe,
They reach not a Peer of the other Houſe,
He's frighted to ſee that he is a Parliament chouſe,
Good people, &c.

And now hee's gone the Lord knows whether,
He and this Winter go together,

If he be caught he will looſe his Leather,
Good people, &c.

H'ad beſt get him in ſome Countrey Town,
And companie keep with *Desbrow* the Clown,
You ſee how the World goes up and down.
Good people, &c.

His Coach and his Horſes are gone to be loſt,
He muſt vamp it and cart it and thank thee mine hoſt,
There's no more to be ſaid of an old Toaſt,
Good people, &c.

Sing Hi Ho *Hewſon*, the State nere went upright,
Since Coblers could Pray, Preach, Govern and Fight,
We ſhall ſee what they'l do now y'are out of ſight,
Good people pity the blind.

The Rump Ululant : *or* Penitence *per* force. *Being the Recantation of the Old Ruſty-roguy-rebellious-rampant, and now ruinous rotten-roſted* RUMP.

To the Tune of *Gerrards Miſtriſs.*

FArewell
Falſe Honors, and uſurped Powers farewell,
For the Great Bell
Of Juſtice rings in our affrighted ears.
The Gripes
Of wounded Conſcience far exceed all ſtripes,
Yet

Yet are ſmall types,
Of thoſe ſharp pains Rebellion juſtly fears.
See how
Th' unmasked people hiſs us out of doors,
And call us Knave.
Becauſe though We, their Servants be,
We made them but our Slaves.
For ſince
We laid the Country waſt like ravenous *Boors*,
They ſeek our bloods,
Our Hands
Becauſe they prize their Liberties,
But to devour their Goods.
We dip'd in Royal blood, to take his Lands
At our Commands,
And made 3. Kingdoms headleſs at one blow.

The ſtrife
We caus'd was chiefly to cut off his life,
With curſed Knife;
He that was Vertues Friend, muſt be our foe made
Religion do our Drudgery to baſe Ends.
But now we find,
They that do ſow pretences, mow
A Harveſt of the wind.
And now
When clamorous vengeance calling for amends
Begins our grief,
Our Friend the Devil, with his Evill,
Can give us no relief.

Go ſearch (perch,
All Lands beneath the Suns Star-ſpangled
You'l

You'l find no Church
Like ours, while reverend *Bishops* held the chair.
But those
We know with our designs would never close;
And therefore chose
In their steads to set up *Extempore* prayer.
Poached Eyes, (rers Nose
And words twang'd through a whining Lectu-
Did fill our Purses,
That many have Rings, and better things,
Which now give only curses.
And thus (Gloze
Hell was our Text, though Heav'n were our
And Will our Reason,
Religion we made free of *Hocus* trade,
And voted Loyalty Treason.

Since we (flee,
With wicked Armes have made the Crosier
Errour is free
To lay her nets, to make weak minds her prize,
All Sects,
Schismes cursed Heresies with stubborn necks,
Corrupt our Texts,
And crane up Scripture to maintain their lyes.
You see
The crop-ear'd Anabaptist sowing Tares
In every ground,
Though the Plagues of War, wherever they are
The Church and State confound.
So do
The Roman Noses vend their Popish wares,
By twylight still; (sad,
And the Quaker half mad, though he looks so
Grinds in the Jesuites Mill. Our

Our Drums (Plums
Did drown our Proceſs, and our Writs; our
Bid kiſs our Bums,
We ſent our Laws and Perſons to the *Tower*;
From whence
To be deliver'd, 'twas in vain to ſence
By talking ſenſe;
No *Habeas Corpus* in the Court of Power.
The Gown
Did ſtoop the Reverend Velvet to a crew
In ſhort Red-coats,
Who many a day, have made you pay,
For cutting your own throats.
VVe rob'd
The whole of Food to pamper out the few,
Exciz'd your Wares,
And tax'd you round, ſixpence the pound,
And maſſacred your Bears.

But now
Deſpairs black clouds do hang upon our brow,
For all do bow
Their hearts to their true Shepheard,
Charles their King.
And we,
The Wolfiſh Rulers now muſt Subjects be
To deſtiny,
And end our *Junto* in a fatal ſtring.
Then learn
All future Traytors by our Tragick doom,
E're 'tis too late,
Leſt when you make Kingdoms to ſhake,
You copy out your fate.

VVe

VVe know (Room
Our high affronts to Church and State make
For us in Hell;
But yet we'l hope, till the ſad Rope
Sayes bid the VVorld *farewell.*

Facit indignatio verſum.

The Holy Siſters.

SIx of the Femal ſex, and purer ſect,
Had conference of late to this effect,
How they might change the Popiſh Name of *Preaching*?
Then quoth the firſt it ſhall be called *Teaching.*
The ſecond newly warm'd with heavenly *Nectar,*
Fell to commend the ſacred name of *Lecture.*
The third not half ſo learned, yet full as wiſe,
Said, ſhe likt it beſt to call't *The Exerciſe.*
Nay, quoth the fourth, the Brethren, as I hear,
Do term it *Speaking* in *Northampton-ſhire.*
The fifth with none of theſe yet did accord,
But term'd it purely *handling of the Word.*
Then, quoth the ſixth (*Standing*) a name moſt fit;
For Preachers in the Pulpit ſeldome ſit.
For Application then, quoth they, we fear
Our ſelves not ſufficient th'uſe to bear,
Nor to conceive the meaning of ſome man;
Some able Brethren we muſt have, who can,
Being full of Spirit, Miniſter ſupply,
And help 'gainſt our Carnal infirmity;

Repeat

Repeat the Buſineſs, and all faults redreſſe;
Such, who with zeal and heat can fully preſſe
The Point home, that ſo the Caſe being clear,
We may remember't ſweetly many a year.
And though in Concord Frailties we oft fall,
The help of ſuch good men will raiſe us all,
By putting in New ſtrength and life, whereby
Being edified, We grow and fructifie.
Thus the Six Siſters did at laſt conſent,
And ſo departed thence *Incontinent*.

The Second Part of Saint George for England.

To the Tune of *To drive the cold Winter away.*

NOw the *Rump* is confounded,
There's an end of the *Roundhead*,
Who hath been ſuch a bane to our *Nation*,
He hath now plaid his part,
And's gone out, like a *fart*,
Together with his *reformation*,
For by his good favour,
He hath left a *bad ſavour*,
But's no matter, wee'l truſt him no more:
Kings and *Queens* may appear
Once again in our *Sphere*,
Now the *Knaves* are turned out of door.
And drive the cold Winter away.

Scot, *Nevil*, and *Vane*,
With the reſt of *that train*,

Are

Are into *Oceana* fled,
Sir *Arthur* the brave,
That's as *arrant a Knave*,
Has *Harrington's Rota* in's Head,
But hee's now full of cares
For his Foals, and his Mares,
As when he was routed before:
But I think he deſpairs,
By his *Armes*, or his *Prayers*,
To ſet up the *Rump* any more.
And drive the cold Winter away.

I ſhould never have thought,
That a *Monk* could have wrought
Such a *Reformation* ſo ſoon;
That Houſe, which of late
Was the *Jaques* of our *State*,
Will ere long be a *Houſe of Renown*;
How *good* wits did jump,
In abuſing the *Rump*,
Whilſt the *Houſe* was preſs'd by the *Rabble*;
But our *Hercules Monk*,
Though it grievouſly ſtunk,
Now hath cleans'd that *Augæan ſtable.*
And drive the cold Winter away.

And now Mr. *Prynne*,
With the reſt may come in,
And take their Places again,
For the *Houſe* is made ſweet,
For thoſe *Members* to meet,
Though part of the *Rump* yet remain;
Nor need they to fear,
Though the Breeches be there,

Which

Which were wrong'd both behind and before,
For he ſaith, 'twas a chance,
And forgive him this once,
And He ſwears he will do ſo no more.
And drive the cold Winter away.

'Tis true there are ſome,
Who are ſtill for the *Bum*,
Such *Tares* will grow up with the *Wheat*,
And there they will be, till a Parliament come
That can give them a *total defeat*:
But yet I am told,
That the *Rumpers* do hold,
That the *Saints* may ſwim with the tyde:
Nor can it be *Treaſon*,
But *Scripture* and *Reaſon*,
Still to cloſe with the *ſtronger ſide*.
And drive the cold Winter away.

Thoſe *Lawyers* o'th' *Houſe*,
As *Baron Wild-gooſe*
With treaſon *Hill*, *Whitlock*, and *Say*,
Were the *bane* of *Laws*,
And our *Good Old Cauſe*,
And 'twere well if ſuch were away:
Some more there are to blame,
Whom I care not to name,
That are *Men* of the very *ſame ranks*,
'Mongſt whom there is one,
That to *Devil Barebone*,
For his ugly *Petition* gave *thanks*.
And drive the cold Winter away.

But

But I hope by this time,
Hee'l confeſs 'twas a *crime*,
To abet ſuch a *damnable crew*,
Whoſe Petition was drawn
By *Alcoran Vane*,
Or elſe by *Corbet* the *Jew*;
By it you may know,
What the *Rump* meant to do,
And what *Religion* to frame;
So 'twas time for St. *George*,
That *Rump* to diſgorge,
And to ſend it from whence it firſt came, &c.
And drive the cold Winter away.

A New Kickſhaw for the queaſie Stomack of Sathan and all thoſe that fight under his Banner.

To the Tune of *Cook Laurell.*

YOu pitifull Rimers now be you all dumb;
Let no Dames of the Dunghill ſing Ditties about
St. *George* and the Dragon, and little *Tom Thumb*,
With *Wallingford* Houſe and the Rump are worn out.
Here's an Ola Polidra *ſo pleaſant and new,*
The Tayle of the State had n'ere ſuch a Hogooe.
With a hey down down, &c.

Come liſten you Cooks and learn my new Diſh,
'Tis that that will fill your Gueſts bellyes with laughter,
'Tis

'Tis a meat neither made of flesh nor fish,
But will make all that taste it to lick their lips af-
Here's an Ola, &c. ter.

First take you three Farts from the Parliament-
Breech,
The head of an Onion to rubb on your Platter,
The Hums and the Ha's of Mr. *Scot*'s speech,
Spoke twice to no purpose, and mince not the
Here's an Ola, &c. (matter,

Take the Linings of Alderman *Atkins* his Hose,
Some oth' cobling Collonel's Shooe-makers wax,
The juyce of *Tichburn*'s and *Ireton*'s Toes,
'Twill settle your Stomacks, and strengthen your
Here's an Ola, &c, (Backs.

If an Independent Sermon you hear,
Be sure you take all that is spoke to the Text,
Some of my Lord *Pride* his Zeal for a Fear,
And a Prayer by the Spirit made by that Part
Here's an Ola, &c. (comes next.

Take *Munson*'s chaste motions towards a Wench,
The Sword of the Spirit handled by *Gough*,
The fear of the Judges that sate on the Bench
When the Head of this Isle by the Tayle was lopt
Here's an Ola, &c. (off.

Take all the old Speaker's Honesty whole;
For if it be lessen'd 'twill prove little or none;
And, if you have room, you may stop up the hole
With the Knighthood and Wisedom of Sir *John*
Here's an Ola, &c. (his Son.

Take one of Sir *Arthur*'s paſſionate dumps,
Sir *Harry Vane*'s *Harry Vane*'s hearty Prayers for *Monck*,
The froth of the *Good Old Cauſe* worne to the ſtumps.
And modeſt *Harry Martins* diſcourſe for a Punk.
Here's an Ola, &c.

Of Publick Faith an Ounce if you can get it,
Stew'd well in an Honeſt Committee-mans skull,
Then with the Coales of *Hugh Peter*'s Devotion beat it,
'Twill give all the Devills in Hell Belly full.
Here's an Ola, &c.

Take the Whites of a Puritans lifted-up eyes,
And the Saffron engendred on a Presbyters gums,
Mr *William Lillye*'s Aſtrogolical Lyes,
And the meditations of *Salloway* biting his thumbs.
Here's an Ola, &c.

Of *Lambert*'s Religion as much as a Nut,
And of his Wive's Honeſty much thereabout,
With the ſpirit that moveth holy Brethren to rut,
And maketh the holy Siſters hold out.
Here's an Ola, &c.

Sow it in an Exciſe-man's Conſcience well ſear'd,
And in a French-man's Codpiece 2. hours let it ſtew,
Then ſtrow it o're with a Puritan's beard;
'Tis a Diſh for the Devil and for his Dam too.
Here's Ola, &c.

But

But then if it want a Man to say grace,
It must be done by one that's a Sinner, (place,'
An Independent Doctor just turn'd out on's
Must needs be most fit to give thanks for this Dinner.

England's Triumph : *or*, *The* Rump *Routed by a true Assertor of* Englands *Interest*, *General* George Monk.

A SONNET.

To the Tune of, *Fill up the Parliament full.*

WHat makes the Souldiers
To stand to their Arms?
'Tis for what they profest,
To keep us from harmes,
The Members secluded
Comes in by swarmes
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full.

You know that the City Gates
Late were thrown down,
The Walls too were order'd
By Parliament frown:
But General *Monk* has pleas'd
Souldier and Gown.
And fill'd up the Parliament full, full, full,
And fill up the Parliament full.

A diſpute there was had
By the Members ſecluded,
Brave *Monk* was the Umpire
And found them deluded,
But *Englands* great joy
Is now wholly concluded:
For he's fill'd up the Parl. full, full, full,
For hee's fill'd up the Parl. full.

Sir *Arthur* the Valiant
Muſt make his Speech large,
Leſt the Members Excluded
Lay Treaſon to's Charge.
Hee'd better have dealt
With his *New-caſtle* Barge,
Than to ſee the Old P. full, full, full,
Than to ſee the old P. full.

The Aldermen Grave,
And the Commons o'th' City
Impriſoned were,
The more is the pity,
But General *Monk* ſaid,
That I will acquit ye,
For the P. now ſhall be full, full, full,
For the P. now ſhall be full.

Have you not ſeen
Freſh Flowers in the Spring;
And have you not heard
A Cage-bird to ſing?
But if the Cage-Members
Would bring in the King.——
It would fill up the Parl. full, full, full,
It would fill up the Parl. full.

The

The Parliament now will
Come into their Geers,
For Secluded P——
(That once loſt his Ears)
Marcht in with his Rapier
For Commons and Peers,
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full.

Whoſe often Declaring
Has furniſht the Nation
With Parliament Arguments
Of the old Faſhion,
And would have both
King, Lords and Peers in this Nation
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full.

Our brave General *Monk*
We bound are to thank,
The Honeſt Lord *Fairfax*
Has plaid (too) his prank,
No thanks to be given
To the Rump nor the Shank
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full.

Had the City ne're mov'd,
Nor the Prentices ſtrove,
They'd loſt their Old Charter:
But *MONK* had a love
To challenge the Grand Ones
Which Miſchiefs did move;
And ſo fill'd up the Parl full, full, full,
And ſo fill'd up the Parliament full.

The Parliament-Complment : *or, the Re-admiſſion of the* Secluded Members *to the Diſcharge of their long retarded* Truſt.

SInce ſixteen hundred forty and odd, (rod
We have ſoundly been laſhed with our own
And we have bowed our ſelves down at a Tyrants nod, *Which no body can deny.*

Whe have ſeen a new thing call'd a Council of State,
Upheld by a Power that's now out of date,
Put to th' Queſtion, by th' Members of Forty eight, *Which, &c.*

We have ſeen what we hope we ſhall ne'r ſee agin
Now *Lambert* and *Desbrow* are ſnar'd in the gin,
The tayl cunningly pieced unto the skin.
Which, &c.

A ſword that has frighted our *Laws* out of door,
A Back-ſword I wot, that muſt cut ſo no more,
By the honour of *Monk* now quitting that ſcore,
Which, &c.

A Vote lately called the Judgement o' th' Houſe,
To be eſteemed and reputed not worth a Louſe,
And

And the Grandee of *Portſmouth* made a fine chouſe
Which, &c.

We have ſeen an Aſſeſsment, a thing for Taxes,
Though the Common-wealth wane the private Waxes:
Swords into Plowſhares, and ſuch Bills into Axes,
Which, &c.

Another new ſtory of Qualification,
That belong'd to no honeſt man of the Nation,
Like the ill contrived Authors, quite out of Faſhion.
Which, &c.

Original ſin was damn'd by that Law,
The Son of a Cavalier made a Jack-ſtraw,
To be chewed again by their ravenous Jaw,
Which, &c.

To fill up the Houſe, and to ſhuffle the deal,
New Writs iſſued out, for their new Common-weal,
But it's not worth asking who is't payes the Seal,
Which, &c.

I wonder who payes the late *Parliament* Printers,
That Place they may hold as many Summers as Winters,
And wiſh their Preſſes were broken in ſplinters,
Which, &c.

A great many Traytors by them lately made,
Makes Treaſon be thought a Common trade,

Sir *George Booth* and *Jack Lambert* a while in the
shade, *Which, &c.*

We shall now sure give over that word *sequester*,
Now the tail is cured of that rankling fester,
The twentieth of *April* is much about Easter,
Which, &c.

How many thanks of the House ha' been idely
spent
Upon people that still have been Male-content,
But they must fall from those dainties in this
shriving Lent, *Which, &c.*

That honourable favour no more shall be given
To the factious merit of a Party Hell-driven,
For now our twenty years odds will be even,
Which, &c.

Then room for our Prisoners detain'd in the
Tower,
And away with the new Lieutenants power,
Who's minting the widdowed Good Old Causes
Dower, *Which, &c.*

Sir *George Booth* shall not think this a hit of fate,
Nor Excuse his Keeper whose Warrant's out 'f date,
We shall see them all cry *Peccavi* too late,
Which, &c.

Eleven years Mischief, tumults and rage,
Are the[l] onely Memorials of this *Common-wealths* age,
And all to be thankt by *Hosterigg* the sage,
Which, &c.

Let

Let our *Liberty-keepers* be chang'd to *Reſtorer*,
Let our *Peace* carry *Truth* and *Duty* before her,
Hee's a Fool and a Knave that elſe will adore,
Which, &c.

This *Janus*-like freedom, though it pleaſe not all,
And averſly doth look on the Scepter and Ball,
Will ſhut up his Temple at next Common-hall,
Which, &c.

Then let's pray to Great *Jove*, that made *Monk* ſo kind
To our deſperate eſtate, to put him in mind,
With the reſt of our Worthies of the *Great Thing* behind, *Which no body can deny.*

The Cock-Crowing at the Approach of a Free-Parliament : Or,

Good news in a Ballot,
More ſweet to your Pallat
Than Fig, Raiſon, or ſtewed Prune is:
A Countrey wit made it
Who ne'r got the Trade yet;
And Mad Tom of Bedlam *the Tune is.*

1.

MOre Wine Boy; to be ſober
Is ſottiſh in my Opinion,

When

When ſo near we do ſee
The day that will free
Three Kingdoms and a Dominion.
(*and Scots,*

CHORUS. *Then off with your Pots, Engliſh, Iriſh*
And loyal Cambro-Britains,
From Lobſter-like jump
And the Head-playing Rump
You'l ſoon have an Acquittance.

2.

Though *Monk*'s mind lyes not open
To every mind that's buſie,
A Free Parliament
Is his intent,
No *Noll*, nor *Lambert* is he.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

3.

A Parliament untainted,
(Away with *ſecluded Members* :
New flame it might make,
Again to untake,
And ſtir up rebellious Embers.)
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

4.

A Parliament of Members
That in Blood and Eſtate are no ſmall Boyes;
The deviliſh Rump-elves
Are for none but themſelves,
Thoſe will be (like God) for us all boyes.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

5.

Such a Parliament more happy
Then Fiſhes will create you,

Though

Though no trade you do drive
But to tipple and ſwive,
You'l be plump in fleſh and eſtate too.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

6.

A Hound and a Hawk no longer
Shall be tokens of diſaffection,
A Cock-fight ſhall ceaſe
To be breach of the Peace,
And an Horſe-race an Inſurrection.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

7.

The Stages to their Freedom
Shall be reſtored ſoon after,
And Poets like Lictors
Shall ſcourge our Afflictors,
And make our old Suff'rings our Laughter,
Cho *Then off with*, &c.

8

W —— *P*—— ſhall be the Maſter
O'th' Revells (for's contrition,)
His Hiſtrio-maſtyx
Was one of his raſh tricks,
E'r his early circumciſion.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

9.

We'l preach and pray 'thout canting,
In a Language Heaven knows better
Than ah Lord repeating,
And *Hum* and *Ha* bleating
With calves of the Lips in the Letter.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

10. Wee'l

10.

Wee'l no more to enſlave us
Wear Chains, but to boaſt our Riches,
We Lobſters will eat,
And not be their meat,
When the right *Rump* wears the Breaches:
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

11.

All Nations ſhall adore us,
Stiff *Don* at our foot ſhall tumble,
The Dutch-men ſhall fear us,
And all to *Mijn* Here us;
And French cry *votre tres-humble.*
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

12.

The Citizens ſhall flouriſh,
Lord Maiors, when the office expires,
Shall a Knight-hood obtein,
If they're not of the ſtrain
Of Exciſe, nor Church-land Buyers.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

13.

This *London* had effected
E'r now, and honour had got ſo,
But for Knaves *Ireton*
And *Titchburn* were known,
When the Drugſter's Son was not ſo.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

14.

Each year ſhall bring a harveſt
To th' Plough-man, who was vext ill
When but every fourth year
By the Tax-Calendar
It came like the Biſſextile.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

15. In

15.

His Rent he ſhall pay duly,
Nor to ſpend ſhall he want his groate's;
His Landlord ſhall be
Of his Beer to him free,
And of's fleſh to his Wife and his Daughter.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

16.

But now my furious fancy
A Project is concocting
When God ſhall have ſent
A true Parliament,
What a Rope ſhall we do with this mocking?
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

17.

Like Mare with dock to th' Manger,
To ſhew it no cheat at all is
It like one doth appear,
But it is none, and where
The head ſhould have been, the tail is.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

19.

Or we'l ſend for the Ghoſt of *Lorrell*,
Who choakt ſo neatly the Peak-feaſt,
And hee'l *Carbonado*
It with little a-doe,
To make the Devil a Breakfaſt.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

20.

We read of a Rump in St. *Auſtin*,
That (before this of ours) out-went all,
Which ſounds did let fly
As articularly,
As if it had a *Lenthal*
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

21 But

20.

But nere poor Rump was firked
Like this by wits, and no wits.
Nor ever was game
So fit as this ſame
To enter and fleſh young Poets.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

21.

More good things I could utter,
But now I find by a token,
That the play will begin,
And good fortune come in
E'r the Prologue be quite ſpoken.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

22.

Charls Wanes's 'ore the new Chimney,
The Suns near our Horizon,
The Fowles of the night
Are taking their flight,
Ere *Cheſhire* prey they ſeize on.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

23.

Wee'l drink and pray no longer
For the King in myſtical faſhions:
But with Trumpets ſound
His Health ſhall go round,
And our Prayers be Proclamations.
Cho. *Then off with*, &c.

24.

Now *Iockey*, *Teag*, and *Shenken*,
Shall boaſt no more of St. *Andrew*,
St. *Patrick*, or St. *Davie*,
But St. *George*, who, to ſave 'ee,
'Gainſt Dragon-Rump like a man drew. Cho.

Chorus. *Then off with your Pots, English Irish and Scots,*
And loyal Cambro-Britains,
From Lobster-like jump,
And the Headplaying Rump
You'l soon have an Acquittance.

Saint George *and the* Dragon.

To the Tune of, *Old Souldjour of the Queens, &c.*

NEws, News: --- Here's the Occurrences and a new Mercurius:
A Dialogue betwixt *Hasterigg* the *basted*, and *Arthur* the *furious*:
With *Iretons* readings upon *Legitimate* and *Spurious*,
Proving that a *Saint* may be the *Son of a Whore*; for the satisfaction of the curious.
From a Rump insatiate as the Sea,
Libera nos Domine.

Here's the true reason of the *Cities infatuation*:
Ireton has made it *drunk* with the *cup of abomination*:
That is, ---- *the Cup of the Whore*, after the *Geneva interpretation*:
Which, with the Juyce of *Tichburn's Grapes*, must needs cause *Intoxication*.
From a Rump, &c.

Here's

Here's the Whipper whipt--by a friend to *George*,
that whipt *Iack*, that whipt the *Breech*,
That whipt the *Nation*, *as long as he could ſtand over it*: --- After which
It was it ſelf *Re--jerk'd*, by the ſage Author *of this Speech*:
Methinks a Rump ſhould go as well with a Scotch ſpur, as with a Switch.

From a Rump, &c.

This *Rump* hath many a *Rotten and unruly Member*,
Give the *General* the *Oath*, cryes one; --- (but his
Conſcience being a little *tender*,)
I'll *Abjure* you, with a Horſe-pox, quoth *George*,--
and make you remember
The 'Leaventh of *February*, longer than the *Fifth* of *November*.

From a Rump, &c.

With that --- *Monk* leaves (*in Rump aſſembled*) --
the three Eſtates.
But oh,--how the *Citizens* hugg'd him for *breaking* down their *Gates*,
For *tearing* up their *Poſtes* and *Chaines*, and for *clapping up their Mates*,
(*When they ſaw, that he brought them Plaſters for their broken Pates.*)

From a Rump, &c.

In truth, this ruffle put the Town in great *diſorder*,
Some *Knaves* (in *Office*) *ſmil'd*, ——— expecting
'Twould go furder;

But

But at the last---my life on't, *George* is no *Rumper*,
---said the *Recorder*:
For there never was either *Honest man*, or *Monck*,
of that Order.

From a Rump, &c.

And so it prov'd, for *Gentlemen*, says the General,
I'll make you amends;
Our *Greeting* was a little *untoward*, but we'll *part*
Friends,
A little time shall shew you which way my Design
tends,
And that, *besides the good of Church and State, I*
have no other ends.

From a Rump, &c.

His *Excellence* had no sooner pass'd this *Declara-*
tion and *Promise*,
But in steps *Secretary Scot*, —— *the Rumps man*
Thomas,
With *Luke*, their lame Evangelist ——(the De-
vil keep 'um from us,)
To shew *Monk what precious Members of Church and*
State the Bumm ha's.

From a Rump, &c.

And now comes the Supplication of the Mem-
bers under the Kan,
Nay, *My Lord*, (*cryes the Brewers Clerk*) *good my*
Lord,--- for the love of God,
Consider *your self*, *us*, --- and this *poor Nation*, and
that *Tyrant abroad*;

Don't leave us:——but *George* gave him a *Shrugg*,
instead of a *Nodd*.

From a Rump, &c.

This mortal *Silence* was followed with a moſt hideous *Noyſe*
Of *Free-Parliament Bells*, and *Rump-confounding Boyes*:
Crying, *Gueld* the *Rogues*, *Singe* their *Tayles* ——
when with a low Voyce;
Fire and Sword, by this Light, cryes *Tom*, let's look to our *Toyes*.

From a Rump, &c.

Never were wretched *Members* in ſo ſad a Plight:
Some were *Broyl'd*, --- ſome *Toaſted*, others *burnt out-right*.
Nay againſt *Rumps* ſo *Pittyleſſe* was their *Rage* and *Spite*,
That *not a Citizen would kiſs his Wife that Night*.

From a Rump, &c.

By this time, *Death*, and *Hell* appear'd in the ghaſtly *Looks*
Of *Scot*, and *Robinſon*; (thoſe *Legiſlative Rooks*)
And it muſt needs put the *Rump* moſt damnably off the Hooks,
To ſee, that *when God has ſent Meat, the Devil ſhould ſend Cooks*.

From a Rump, &c.

But *Providence*, their old Friend, brought theſe Saints off, at Laſt,

And

And through the *Pik's* and the *Flames*, *un-diſmembred* they paſt,
Although (God wot) with many *ſtruglings*, and much *Haſt*.
(For --- *Members*, --- or *no Members* was but a meaſuring Caſt)

From a Rump, &c.

Being come to *Whitehall*; --- there's the diſmal mone:
Let Monk be Damn'd, cryes *Arthur*, in a terrible tone:
That *Traytor*: ——*and thoſe Cukoldly Rogues that ſet him on.*
(But, tho' the Knight *Spits blood*, 'tis obſerv'd that he *Draws none*.

From a Rump, &c.

The Plague Bawle you, cryes *Harry Martyn*, you have brought us to this Condition,
You muſt be canting, and be Pox'd, --- with your *Bare-bones Petition*,
And take in that *Bull-headed*, *ſplay-footed Member of Circumciſion*,
That Bacon-fac'd Jew, Corbet: that Son of Perdition.

From a Rump, &c.

Then in ſteps *Driv'ling Mounſon*, to take up the Squabble:
That Lord; which firſt taught the uſe of the *Wooden Dagger, and Laddle*,
He, ——that out-does *Jack Pudding*, at a *Cuſtard*, or a *Caudle*.

And were the Best *Fool* in Europe, but that he
wants a *Bauble.*

From a Rump, &c.

More was said, to little Purpose; the next News,
is a Declaration
From the *Rump*; for a Free-State, according to
the Covenant of the Nation,
And a Free-Parliament, under Oath, and Qua-
lification,
Where none shall be *Elect*, but Members of *Repro-
bation.*

From a Rump, &c.

Here's the Tail Firk'd; *a Piece acted lately with
great applause,*
With a Plea for the Prerogative Breech, and
the *Good Old Cause*:
Proving, that *Rumps*, and *Members* are *antienter
than Laws*:
And that a *Bumme Divided*, is never the worse
for the *Flawes.*

From a Rump, &c.

But all things have their Period, and Fate,
An Act of Parliament dissolves a Rump of State:
Members grow *weak*; and *Tayles themselves runs out
of Date:*
And yet thou shalt not Dye; (*Dear Breech*) thy
Fame I'll celebrate.

From a Rump, &c.

Here lies a Pack of Cheats, that did their *Souls*, and
Country Sell

For

For *Dirt*: *The Devil was their good Lord*, him they
serv'd well;
By his *Advice*, they *Stood*, and *Acted*; and by his
President they *fell*,
(Like *Lucifer*) making but *one step* betwixt *Hea-
ven*, and *Hell*.
From a Rump insatiate as the Sea,
Libera nos Domine.

A Free-Parliament Letany.

To the Tune of, *An old Souldier of the Queens*;

1.

MOre Ballads; —— here's a spick--and--span
new *Supplication*;
By Order of a Committee for the Reformation,
To be read in all Churches and Chappels of this
Nation,
Upon pain of Slavery, and Sequestration.
From Fools *and* Knaves, *in our Paliament-free
Libera nos Domine.*

2.

From those that ha' more Religion, and lesse
Conscience than their Fellows;
From a Representative, that's *fearfull*, and *jealous*;
From a starting Jadish People, that is troubled
with the *yellows*,
And a Priest that blows the Cole —— (a Turd in
the Bellows.)
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

3.

From Shepheards, that leade their Flocks into the Briers;
And then, Fleece 'um. —— From *Vow-breakers*, and *King-tryers*:
Of *Church* and *Crown-lands* from both Sellers and Buyers:
From the Children of him, that's the Father of *Lyers*.

From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

4.

From the Doctrine and Discipline of * *now, and anon*; **Sedgewick*
Preserve us, and our *wives*: from ‖ John T. & Saint † John ‖ *John a Nokes.* † *John a Styles.*
Like Master, like Man, every way but one:
The Master has a large Conscience and the Man has none.

From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

5.

From Major Generals, —— Army-Officers; and that Phanatique Crew:
From the Parboyl'd Imp *Scot*; and from *Good-face* the *Jew*:
From old *Mildmay*, that in *Cheapside* mistook his * *Queue*, * *Repulsed by a Citizens wife.*
And from him that w'ont *Pledge* —— *give the Devil his due.*

From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

6.

From long-winded Speeches, and not a wise word,
From a Gospel-Ministry setled by th' Sword,

From

From the Act of a *Rump*, that ſtinks when 'tis ſtir'd;
From a *Knight of the Poſt*, and a *Cobling Lord*,
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

7.

From all the Rich People that ha' made us Poor;
From a Speaker that creeps to the Houſe by a Back-dore:
From that Badger *Robinſon*, (that limps, and bites ſore:)
And that dog in a doublet *Arthur*,——that will do ſo no more
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

8.

From a certain *Sly Knave* with a Beaſtly name:
From a Parl'ment that's wilde, and a People that's tame.
From *Skippon*, *Titchbourne*, *Ireton*, —— and another of the Same;
From a Dunghill Cock, and a Hen of the Game.
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

9.

From all thoſe that ſate in the High Court of Juſtice;
From Uſurpers, that ſtile themſelves the *Peoples Truſtees*;
From an *old Rump*, in which neither Profit nor Guſt is;
And from the *recov'ry* of that which now in the Duſt is.
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

10.

From a back-ſliding Saint, that pretends t' Acquieſce;

From crossing of Proverbs (let 'um *Hang* that confess)
From a *Snivelling Cause* in a *Pontifical dress*:
And two ‖ Lawyer's, with the Devil, ‖ *Jacks both.*
And his Damm in a mess.
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

11.

From those that trouble the Waters to mend the Fishing;
And fight the Lord's Battels, under the Devill's Commission;
Such as eat up the Nation, while the Government's a Dishing,
And from a People when it should be Doing stands Wishing.
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

12.

From an *everlasting* Moek-Parliament;—— and from *none*;
From *Straffords* Old friends, —— *Harry*, *Jack* and *John*.
From the *Sollicitor's* Wolfe Law, deliver our *King's* Sonne:
And from the Resurrection of the *Rump* that is *dead* and *gone*.
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

13

From Foreigne Invasion and Commotions at Home,
From our present Distraction, and from worse to come:
From the same hand again, *Smectymnuus* or the *Bumme*:

And

And from taking *Geneva* in our way to *Rome*.
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

14.

From a Hundred thousand pound Tax, to maintain Knaves and Whores:
(But it is well given to These, that turn'd Those out of Dores)
From undoing our Selves, in plastring old Sores:
He that set them awork, let him pay their Scores.
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

15.

From Saints, and Tender-Consciences in Buff;
From *Mounson* in a Fome; and *Haslerig* in a Huff;
From both Men and Women that think they never have Enough.
And from a Fools Head that looks through a Chain and a Ruff.
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

16.

From those that would divide the *Gen'ral* and the *Citty*;
From *Harry Martins Whore*, that was neither Sound nor Pretty;
From a Faction, that ha's neither Brain nor Pitty;
From the Mercy of a Phanatique Committee.
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

17.

Preserve us good Heaven from intrusting those,
That ha' Much to Get, and Little to Loose;
That Murther'd the *Father*, and the *Son* would Depose.
(Sure they cann't be Our Friends, that are their Countrey's Foes,)
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*

18. From

18.

From *Bradshawe*'s Presumption, and from *Hoyle*'s
Despairs;
From rotten Members; blinde Guides; Preaching
Aldermen; and false May'rs;
From Long Knives, Long Eares, Long Parlia-
ments, and Long Pray'rs,
In mercy to this Nation, —— Deliver us
and our *Heirs*.
From Fools *and* Knaves, *&c.*
Libera nos Domine.

A Dialogue betwixt TOM *and* DICK: *the former a* Country-man, *the other a* Citizen. *Presented to his* Excellency *and the* Council of State, *at* Drapers-Hall *in* London, *March* 28. 1660.

To the Tune of *I'le never love thee more.*

Tom. NOw would I give my life to see
This wondrous Man of might.
Dick. Dost see that *Jolly Lad*? That's he;
I'le warrant him hee's Right.
There's a true *Trojan* in his face:
Observe him o're and o're.
Dick. *Come Tom; If ever* George *be base,*
Ne'r trust good-fellow more. } Chorus

Hee's

Hee's none of that Phantastique Brood,
That Murther while they Pray;
That Truſſe and Cheat us for our Goods
(All in a Godly way,)
He drinks no Blood, and They no Sack
Into their Guts will poure.
But if George *does not do the Knack,* } Cho.
Ne'r truſt good-fellow more. }

His quiet Conſcience needs no Guard;
Hee's Brave, but full of Pitty.
Tom. Yet by your leave he knock'd ſo hard,
H'ad like t' awak'd the City.
Dick. Fool, 'Twas the *Rump* that let a Fart,
The Chaines and Gates it tore,
But if George *bears not a true heart,* } Cho.
Ne'r truſt good-fellow more. }

Tom. Your City blades are cunning Rooks;
How rarely you collogue him?
But when your Gates flew off the Hooks,
You did as much be-rogue him.
Dick. Pug'h—— 'Twas the *Rump* did only feel
The blows the City bore.
But if George *ben't as true as Steel,* } Cho.
Ne'r truſt good-fellow more. }

Tom. Come, by this Hand, wee'l crack a quart,
Thou'lt pledge his health, I trow.
Tom. Tope boy, *Dick*—— A luſty diſh my heart,
Away w'ot; *Tom*—— Let it go.
Drench me you ſlave in a full Bowl,
I'll take't and 'twere a ſcore.

Nay.

Dick. *Nay, if* George *be'nt a hearty ſoul,*
Ne'r truſt Good-fellow more. } Cho.

Tom. But hark you, Sirrah, we're too *loud,*
Hee'l Hang us by and by.
Me'thinks; he ſhould be vengeance Proud?
Dick. No more than Theee or I.
Tom. Why then I'le give him the beſt Blade
That e're the *Bilbo* wore.
Dick. *If* George *prove not a Bonny Lad,*
Ne're truſt Good-fellow more. } Cho:

Tom. 'Twas well he came, we'd mawl'd the *Tail.*
—— We've all thrown up our Farms,
And from the Musket to the Flayl,
Put all our Men in Arms.
The Girles had ta'ne the Members down,
Ne're ſaw ſuch things before.
Dick. *If* George *ſpeak not the Town our own,*
Ne're truſt Good-fellow more, } Cho.

Dick. But prethee, are the Folk ſo mad?
Tom. So mad ſay'ſt? —— They're undone,
There's not a Penny to be had,
And ev'ry Mothers Son
Muſt fight, if he intend to eat,
Grow Valiant now he is Poor.
Dick. *Come--yet if* George *don't do the feat,*
Ne're truſt Good-fellow more. } Cho.

Tom. Why *Richard*, 'tis a Deviliſh thing,
We're not left worth a Groat.
My *Doll* has ſold her Wedding-ring,
And *Sue* has pawn'd her Coat.

The

The Sniv'ling Rogues abus'd our *Squire*,
And called our *Miſtriſs* Whore.
Dick. *Yet—— if* George *don't what we require,*
Ne're truſt Good-fellow more.

Tom. By this good day; I did but Speak,
They took my Py-ball'd Mare;
And put the Carri'on Wench to th'*ſqueak*:
(Things go againſt the Hair.)
Our Prick-ear'd Cor'nel looks as bigg
Still, as he did before.
Dick. *And yet if* George *don't hum his Gigg,* } Ch.
Ne're truſt Good-fellow more.

'Faith, *Tom* our Caſe is much at one;
We're broke for want of Trade;
Our *City*'s baffled and undone,
Betwixt the *Rump* and *Blade*.
We've emptied both our Veins & Baggs
Upon a Factious Score.
If George *compaſſion not our Raggs* } Cho.
Ne're truſt Good-fellow more.

Tom. But what doſt thou think ſhould be the *Cauſe*
Whence all theſe Miſchiefs ſpring?
Dick. Our damned breach of *Oaths* and *Laws*;
Our *Murther* of the *King*.
We have been Slaves ſince *Charls* his reign,
We liv'd like Lords before.
If George *don't ſet all right again,* } Cho.
Ne're truſt Good-fellow more.

Tom. Our *Vicar*——(And hee's one that knows)
Told me once,——I know what.——

And

(And yet the Thief is woundy Close)

Dick. 'Tis all the better;——That
H'as too much Honesty and Wit,
To let his Tongue run o're;
If this prove not a lucky bit,
Ne're trust Good-fellow more. } Chorus.

Shall's ask him, what he means to do?

Tom. ——'Good faith, with all my heart;
Thou mak'st the better Leg o'th' Two:
Take Thou the Better part:
Il'e follow, if thoul't lead the Van.

Dick. Content;—— I'le march before.
If George prove not a gallant man,
Ne're trust Good-fellow more. } Chor.

My Lord;—— in *Us* the *Nation craves*
But what you're *bound* to *do.*

Tom. ——We have *liv'd Drudges: Ric.*——And *we:*
Both. We would not *dye* so *too.*
Restore us but our Laws agen;
Th' unborn shall thee adore;
If George denies us his Amen,
Ne're trust Good-fellow more. } Chorus.

A Pſalm of Mercy.

Uſula, (who cry's Ends of Gold and Silver) reads, and all the Siſters ſing.

To the Tune of, *Now thanks to the Powers below!*

Sing it in the Noſe.

WHat a Reprobate crew is here,
Who will not have *Jeſus* Reign?
But ſend all our Saints
To Bonds and Reſtraint,
And kill 'um again and again?
Let's riſe in a holy fear,
And fight for our heavenly King;
We will ha' no power
But *Vane* in the Tower
To rule us in any thing!
Come Siſter, and ſing
An Hymne to our King,
Who ſitteth on high Degree;
The Men at *Whitehall*,
And the wicked ſhall fall,
And hey, then up go We.
A Match, quoth my ſiſter *Joyce*;
Contented, quoth *Rachel* too;
Quoth *Abigaile*, yea, and *Faith*, verily,
And *Charity*, let 't be ſo.

Our

Our Monarchy is the Fift,
Shall laſt for a thouſand years;
O'th' wicked on earth
There ſhall be a dearth,
When *Jeſus* himſelf appears!
And we are the Babes of Grace,
The fruits of an holy Seed;
For old Father *Cann*
(That Reverend man)
Begat us in Word and Deed.
The earth is our own,
For Title there's none,
But in the right Heirs of *Sion*;
Then let us be free,
For verily we
No King ha' but *Judah*'s Lion.
'Tis verity, quoth old *Joane*,
And Sooth, quoth my ſiſter *Prue*,
'Tis manifeſt truth, quoth mortified *Ruth*,
And the Goſpel is ſo, ſay's *Su*.

The Biſhops and Bells ſhall down,
For we have an holy Call;
The Saints are beyond
All Order and Bond
Of duty to Prieſts of *Baal*.
Their Pipes and Organs too,
Their Superſtitious Shirt,
Their Canons and Bulls,
(To cozen poor Gulls,)
Wee'le trample 'um in the Dirt.
No Ordinance ſhall
Command us all,

For

For we are above their thrall.
We care not a Straw
For Reason or Law;
For Conscience is all in all.
Ay marry, quoth *Agatha*,
And *Temperance*, eke also,
Quoth *Hanna*, it's just, and *Mary* it must
And shall be, quoth *Grace*, I trow.

The Steeple-house Lands are ours,
Kings, Queens, Delinquents too,
And *James*'s and all
The Court at *White-hall*,
And *Somerset*-house also.
For *The'balds* it is our right,
And *Marrow-bone-Park* to boot,
And *Eltham*'s our own.
At *Endfield* there's none,
But our selves that shall grub a root.
And *Greenwich* shall be
For Tenements, free
For Saint to possess *Pell-mell*.
And where all the Sport
Is at *Hampton Court*,
Shall be for our selves to dwell.
'Tis blessed, quoth *Bathsheba*,
And *Clemence*, w' ar' all agreed;
'Tis right, quoth *Gartrude*, and fit say's (sweet *Jude*.
And *Thomasine* yea indeed.

For Husbands we shall have have none,
But Brothers in purity;

We will not be Wives
And tye up our Lives
To Villanous ſlavery;
But couple in love and fear;
When mov'd by the ſpirit to't;
For there is no ſin
To let a Saint in,
When he has the grace to do't.
And thus are we taught,
No folly is wrought,
When Brothers will execiſe.
Both *Kiffin* and *Hills*
(No Printer of *Bills*)
Have prov'd it in ample wiſe.
'Tis true, quoth *Elizabeth*,
And 'tis very good, quoth *Pris*,
And *Aquila* too will have it be ſo,
And ſo will my Siſter *Sis*.

What though the King Proclaim's
Our Meetings no more ſhall be;
In private we may
Hold forth the right way,
And be, as we ſhould be, free,
Our Husbands wee'l make believe,
We go but to take the aire,
Or viſit a Nurſe,
And lighten their Purſe
With a little diſſembling Prayer.
Or if they be croſſe,
(Let um ſtand to the loſſe)
We'l tempt our Apprentices,
(By writing a Daſh,
To cozen the Caſh,)

And make 'um meer Novices.
Oh very well said, quoth *Con*,
And so will I do, say's *Franck*.
And *Mercy* cry's I, and *Mat*, really,
And I'm o' that mind, quoth *Thank*.

Wee'l cut off the wicked Rout,
And bath us all in their Blouds;
Their Houses and Land
Wee'l have at Command.
And common upon their Goodss
No mortal King nor Priest,
No Lord, nor Duke wee'l have,
Wee'l grind 'um to Grist,
And live as we list,
And we will do wonders braves;
Come *Dorcas* and *Cloe*,
With *Lois* and *Zoe*.
Young *Letice* and *Beterice* and *Jane*;
Phill, *Dorothy*, *Mawd*,
Come troup it abroad,
For now is our time to reign.
Sa, sa, quoth my sister *Bab*,
And Kill 'um, quoth *Margery*;
Spare none, cry's old *Tib*, nor quarter
(say's *Sib*;
And hey! for our Monarchy.

Let's all take the Sacrament,
That we to each other be true,
And kill without pity
In Country and City,
The wicked ungodly Crew.
We'l favour no Sex; nor Age,

No Quality, nor Degree;
But all ſhall to Pot,
Both *Engliſh* and *Scot*,
That hinder our Liberty.
The Maior of the Town,
(That terrible *Brown*,)
And *Cox* and the Captains all,
Wee'l torture and ſlay
In a mercileſs way,
And mince 'um, like herbs, as ſmall.
Ay, that is the way, quoth *Emm*,
Quoth *Phœbe*, we conquer ſhall;
Say's *Lucy*, 'tis well; quoth *Jylian* and *Nell*,
'Twill make us amend for all.

A Loyal Wiſh.

What *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*,
Fanaticks in *Truth* profeſs,
By *Germanie*'s Woe,
And our *Rebels* || here too,
Well may we do more than gueſs
Th' ar' juſt like *Gadarens* Swine,
Which the Devils did drive and bewitch!
An Herd, ſet on evil,
Will run to the Devil,
And's Dam, when their * *Tails* do itch:
The let 'um run on!
Say's *Ned*, *Tom*, and *John*:
Ay! let 'um be hang'd, quoth *Mun*!
Th'ar' mine quoth old *Nick*,

|| or, *Siſters*, *Utrum*, *horum*, *harum*.

* *Brains*

And

And take 'um ſayes *Dick*,
And well come! quoth worſhipfull *Dun.*
And God bleſs King *Charles*, quoth (*George*,
And ſave him, ſay's *Simon* and *Sill*,
I, I, quoth old *Cole*, and each loyal Soul,
And Amen, and Amen, cry's *Will.*

The Honeſt Mens Reſolution.

But what, ſhall we doe with our Wives,
That fisk up and down the Town?
And one is for *Bowles*,
And t'other for *Knowles*,
But all againſt *Cox* and *Brown*?
They cheat us all with their looks,
And ſnivell and ſnot by roate!
And nothing but ſqeak,
For *Venner* and *Feake*,
And for a Lac'd Morning-Coat,
For ſuch a Bell-dam,
Sayes *Sylas* and *Sam*,
Let's have an *Italian* Lock!
No, no! It's far better,
Quoth *Robin* and *Peter*,
To take 'um all down ith' Dock!
But that will not do, ſayes *Nump*,
Then nothing, ſayes *Roger* and *Raph*!
Let's lay 'um, ſayes *Nat*, and ſplay 'um,
(ſayes *Wat*,
And then we ſhall make 'um ſafe.

But

But, *Faith*, y'are all out oth' way!
The Sisters have such a Trick!
No Instrument will
Seclude 'um from ill,
But still against P——'s, they'l kick.
What shall we do then? quoth *Hall*,
Let's cope up their Lecherie!
Sayes *Rowland* we may,
Be Masters, that way.
But will not last long, qnoth * *The.*
What shall we do then,
Quoth *Cutbert* and *Ben*.
Let's do 'um like men, quoth *Dan*,
Let's fill up their Chincks,
Sayes Mystical *Sphynx*.
Quoth *Taffle*, then I'm your man!
And I am as cut, quoth *Cad*,
And *Shenkin*, *Me vat-a-whe.*
Ap Howel, It's true, and *Morgan* & *Hugh*
Y *Cambrie*, *Dieu*, *Dalth-a-whe.*

* *Theophilus.*

FINIS.

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